ELBERT HUBBARD AT PRESS

OLYMPIANS

SELECTED WRITINGS

OF

Elbert Hubbard

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ELBERT H. GARY

Elbert H. Gary

THE United States Steel Corporation, as its name implies, is an American institution. Its working capital is more than a thousand million dollars. ¶ It is the largest employer of labor in the world, and no single corporation in any country does a business approaching it in magnitude.

When the corporation was formed and took over the industries controlled by Andrew Carnegie, paying Mr. Carnegie in bonds of the net par value of two hundred fifty million dollars, many men prophesied that Mr. Carnegie would eventually get his properties back. The prophets, however, were ravens, not humming-birds. There is a difference—also, as Battle Creek avers, a reason.

The production of steel in its varied forms has greatly increased, and the demand today is in excess of its supply.

Americans are a building people. In the United States nothing is quite good enough; it must be made better—hence the scrap-heap

In a disintegrating civilization the scrap-heap plays an insignificant part, unless you count the whole fabric of society as a scrap-heap. Where the eternal discontent prevails, the hell-box is much in evidence. In fact, the scrap-heap and the hell-box symbol civilization. They stand for elimination, the discarding of the old, the outworn, the obsolete.

In the growth and the evolution of America, the United States Steel Corporation is playing a prominent part. Iron enters into all building operations: houses, barns, factories, stations, railroads, locomotives, trolley-lines, automobiles, motorcycles, sky-scrapers—and all agricultural implements. Iron and steel are necessities. As wood becomes more scarce, so does the demand for steel enlarge.

The old worm fence is becoming a curiosity. Ten years ago wire

fences began to take the place of rails and planks. Now steel posts are replacing the wood. The post-hole auger is being discarded because we have discovered that we can drive a steel post in one-fifth of the time that we can dig post-holes, and all of the work of tamping down is obviated. Steel posts are made with clutches that hold the wire as long as you want them to. Driving staples to hold the wire was effective; but if you ever wanted to move the fence, you had a job on hand. The modern wire fence with steel posts can be taken down quickly, without destroying either posts or wire.

Well has it been said that we are living in the age of concrete; but concrete without steel is impractical. The skyscrapers owe their stability to the steel frame, and not to their coating. Pipes and conduits all demand steel. Civilization is a matter of pipes and wires. And the steam-engine did not come until we had iron plates to make a boiler that would withstand pressure. The expansive power of steam was known two thousand years ago, but there was no teakettle to hold it.

A barrel was not enough.

The coming silo will be made of flanged steel, not of wood.

Now there is steel lumber, studding, lath, shingles, ceiling, all of steel, built to endure time, to withstand fire, to outlast the life of wood—and of the owner.

The increased use of steel is largely owing to the new inventions which the United States Steel Corporation has brought forward. They are looking for markets for their wares, and the cost of selling this steel is reduced to the minimum.

One mill makes supplies for another. For instance, a mill that turns out steel ingots will have its entire product taken by a mill that makes sheet steel; then in turn the mill that makes sheet steel will have its entire product taken in advance by a mill that makes shingles, ceilings, culverts and silos.

Here we get the overhead charges reduced to the minimum.

Advertising is scaled down until it becomes a simple announcing of where and what.

Boards of high-priced directors are eliminated. Things gravitate from the iron mountains down to where they belong, like unto the modern manufactory that lifts its raw stock to the top floor and distributes it by the law of gravitation and kindly chutes, to the office of the Parcel Post.

The economy with which the iron ore is transferred to the mills, where the coal and flux abound, and then this crude product of the mills is sent through the various subsidiaries, each one doing the thing that it can do best, reaching the ultimate consumer in the shortest possible space of time with the shortest haul possible —all this traces largely to the fertile and active brain of one man, and that man is Elbert H. Gary.

Well has Gary been called " The Great Pacificator." His influence in the business world today is greater than that of any other individual we can name.

Gary is a peculiar kind of man. He does not fit easily into a type. He is a product of the Middle West, of semi-pioneer times, of storm and blizzard, of sun and cloud. Born in decent poverty, he has evolved, by divine right, to the proud position that he now holds. And yet in the man's composition personal pride exists only as a chemical trace.

Gary is modest, gentle, kindly, and has all the time there is. He has the supreme ability to delegate, relegate and supervise.

Supervision is the greatest tax that there is today on the industrial world. In olden times, when slave labor abounded, production reached a quick limit through the necessity of supervision. Slave labor never could compete with free labor, simply because it demanded a constant and costly supervision.

The year Nineteen Hundred Twelve was the most prosperous year that America has ever known, not alone because we had bumper crops in cotton, corn and wheat, but because we have

gradually lessened the cost of supervision by evolving a better type of workman than the world has ever seen.

Wages are bound to increase in America as the expense of supervision decreases.

To put it in another way, every laborer, every employee, pays for his own supervision; and the man who not only needs no supervision, but can supervise the work of others, is bound to get a reward accordingly. The pay-envelope is an automatic proposition. When we get wise enough, we will discover also that the whole system of rewards and penalties is automatic in its working

Adam Smith said that wealth was produced by labor applied to land. He would have come nearer the truth if he had said that wealth was produced by ideas applied to land.

The success of the United States Steel Corporation is simply a question of ideas applied to the Mesaba Range. In the supplying of these ideas, let the name of Elbert H. Gary stand first in the list

Gary was born in Wheaton, Illinois, thirty miles from Chicago in the year Eighteen Hundred Forty-six. His father was a farmer, and the lad was brought up to do everything that farmer boys do: pick up chips for his mother on baking-day, keep the woodbox full, shovel out snow, and churn. And then when he got a little bigger, he cultivated with one horse; then plowed with two. He kept up his station with the binders when harvesting; husked corn, and this without complaining, when the frost was on the pumpkin; broke colts, drove steers, milked cows, cut down trees, laid out roadways, and went to school when the ground was frozen up so he could not work out of doors.

Yet the boy got an education, because he had an educated mother. And she filled his round head with the idea that it would be fine to go to the "Academy."

Then there was a desultory course at the Normal School—the

school supposedly where schoolteachers were made. But it was a fine substitute for a university for a vast number of boys and girls in the Mississippi Valley.

From the Normal School to the Law School of Chicago University was an easy jump; and when twenty-one years of age, Elbert H. Gary was duly admitted to practise at the bar.

The little town of Wheaton then had a population of three hundred. Elbert H. Gary had ambitions. He thought Wheaton should be a city. And so he brought the subject before the people of the town, and they were inoculated with the municipal microbe ❧ ❧

Wheaton became a city, and Elbert H. Gary was its first mayor. ¶ He practised law in Wheaton, running the entire gamut of justice of the peace to mayor.

There was not much money in this kind of work, but it was good experience. In due course he was elected county judge of DuPage County, and served two terms. He had turned into the forties and was cultivating a becoming bald spot before he moved to Chicago to become general counsel for several railroads.

Corporation law came along as a matter of course, and Judge Gary became noted as the principal authority in Cook County on the subject of corporations.

The other day I said this: " There are three kinds of lawyers: the lawyer that gets you into trouble; the lawyer that gets you out of trouble; and the lawyer that keeps you from getting into trouble."

That listens good; and after writing it I went down to The Roycroft Spring and treated myself to a Roycroft Martini on the strength of it.

The fact is, however, that the lawyer who keeps you from getting into trouble is n't much of a man, after all. The sole object of life is n't to keep out of trouble. The dead are out of trouble, and for the most part, so are the lazy and the stupid.

Julius Cæsar had a way of bringing about peace; but always and forever over the peaceful provinces of the late J. Cæsar, the vultures soared and sailed.

Spain had a way of bringing about civilization, and her method was to indict every idea, every method, every enterprise, every ambition, every desire, that did not have the sanction of the dead and dusty past.

In business there are two kinds of men, one on the side of expense and the other on the side of income. The man who brings in the business is the Sure-Enough; the other is the Pretty-Near.

The lawyer who is a builder is a lallapaloosa; the other kind are brakemen, and sometimes barnacles.

Peace with honor is all right, provided it does not include death and dissolution in the formula.

I notice that most good lawyers have a way of saying," Don't do that; you will get into trouble."

Their business is to keep you away from the courthouse; and certainly it is better to keep away from the courthouse than to linger and make goo-goo eyes at the blindfolded goddess.

But the sober fact is that if you take the advice of the average good lawyer, accepting him as your counselor and guide, you will never do anything.

The recipe for unkind criticism is, say nothing, be nothing, do nothing ❧ ❧

And so Mr. Quirk, of Quirk, Gammon and Snap, has the interests of his clients so at heart that he advises them to go into their holes and pull their holes in after them. And then he stands guard. For this he will soak you with a good big stiff fee. Where you are to get the money is your own affair. He has nothing to do with that. What he wants is a check.

Now there is a lawyer of another kind, a new kind, and this is the man who, when you lay a proposition before him, will not say, " My dear boy, you can't do that; I advise you to leave it strictly

alone!" This is n't what he says. He says, "If you will be here tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, I will, in the meantime, formulate you a plan of action that I believe will work out to the advantage of everybody concerned."

This is exactly what Judge Elbert H. Gary did for a whipped-out manufacturer of steel. Gary was County Judge of DuPage County, Illinois. He lived at Wheaton, a common everyday county seat, population two thousand, and a public square and a courthouse in the center, with a row of stores all round. There were two banks, a bakeshop, three dry goods stores, two drugstores, a few more groceries than were needed, not to mention a restaurant, and two saloons, not counting the one at the station. Judge Gary was fairly prosperous; had served two terms as County Judge, and given up the job to a more worthy man, because he wanted a wider field.

The salary of the County Judge was four thousand dollars a year. ¶ Gary thought he ought to make five thousand, anyway.

Then it was that the whipped-out ironmaster came to him. The ironmaster was on the verge of making an assignment; but out of the wreck he wanted to pull a few thousand dollars to save his family from starvation.

How to get this money out and let the business go to the devil was the question at issue.

Right there is where the lawyer, say of the kind that keeps you from getting into trouble, sees his chance. Lawyers are always interested in receiverships, bankruptcies, dissolutions. Did Gary show the ironmaster how to lie down and take the legal count? Not at all. He studied the case and he found that this man had assets, say, of three hundred thousand dollars. His liabilities were over a hundred thousand dollars, and these were coming due, and the man had no money to meet them. From the standpoint of the ironmaster, the case looked very dark.

Gary discovered that there were two other manufacturers of

iron in the same vicinity; and these three manufacturers were fighting each other fiercely. They manufactured pig iron, steel ingots, bar iron and sheet steel, all in hearty competition with each other; men on the road cutting prices, offering rebates, and the cost of selling cut seriously into the profits; overhead and deterioration took the rest.

Judge Gary decided that if these three men could be gotten together, and the three companies combined in one, the problem would be solved. How to get enemies together was the question. These men did not speak to each other as they passed. They had threatened each other in the mails. Lawsuits had been carried on between them.

However, Gary took them one at a time and showed how the three mills should and could be owned by one corporation. Every man should be paid a proportionate amount of stock, in payment for his business. Then one mill should make the pig iron and the ingots. All of its product would be taken by one of the other mills, which should manufacture all of the rolled bars. And the mill that made the ingots should also supply the third mill, which rolled the sheet steel. This would cut out two-thirds of the sales force. Also, it would help to maintain prices. Bonds then could be issued on the entire business, and the creditors paid in these. This would clean up the floating indebtedness of the entire outfit, and the cash sale of a few of the bonds would give working capital.

Here was the work for a diplomat and a financier, and Gary was the man. He showed these fighting, competing individuals the silliness of economic warfare.

The whole thing was consummated, and out of the idea grew the Federal Steel Company, an institution essentially sound, strong, productive ❧ ❧

Where did Judge Gary get his fee out of this getting three fighting competitors together? Oh, he simply took a certain per

cent of the bonds. Nobody in particular paid him his fee; nobody was strained or overcharged. The service he rendered was worth the money; but Judge Gary's fee was—never mind the exact figures—call it one hundred thousand dollars.

Not only had Judge Gary supplied these three competitors, all of them on the verge of bankruptcy, a big idea, but he also supplied himself one. Out of this transaction grew the United States Steel Corporation.

A man who can take a complex situation, where good and able men are distressed, at their wits' end, not knowing which way to turn, and make friends of men who were before enemies, and transform bankrupt institutions into a paying enterprise, is a genius. And the simplicity and ease of the whole transaction is of such a commonsense sort that one is amazed to think that no one else had ever done the thing before.

Peace, to Judge Gary's mind, is n't the peace of Julius Cæsar, nor is his civilization that of Ferdinand and Torquemada. It is the antithesis of these.

He touched the rock of national resources with the wand of his genius, and the welling waters gushed forth.

Judge Gary is now Chairman of the Board of Directors and Chairman of the Financial Committee of the United States Steel Corporation.

The President is James Farrell, a man who has come up from the ranks, having once worked as a laborer. Step by step, Farrell has climbed the steel ladder.

Farrell and Gary form a great team. There is a complete understanding between them. They do not usurp each other's territory and each assumes that the other knows his business. When either of these men wants to do a thing, the other gives way and allows him to do it.

The general offices of the United States Steel Corporation are plain, simple, unpretentious. There are no costly rugs, hangings

or furnishings. There is no advertising of power by conspicuous waste; and certainly they do not advertise it by conspicuous leisure ❧ ❧

Anybody who has business with Judge Gary can see him.

He has set a new example for executives in office furnishings.

Judge Gary has no desk. He simply sits at the head of a long table, with chairs down each side, and for two or three hours every morning holds a continual reception. Any one who wants to see him is invited in and takes one of the chairs. Judge Gary sits at the head of the table, with pencil in hand and a pad before him, and talks or listens.

If you had never seen the man before, you would put him down as a Christian Scientist. He has the placid smile, the glow of health, the good teeth, the bright eyes, the patience, the hopeful attitude that marks a man who is on good terms with himself, with the world, and with his Creator.

With him nothing matters much, but everything matters a little. And as he visits with one after another, and gently disposes of them, each man going away pleased and satisfied, thinking that he has got something, all without jolly or josh, it grows upon you that the title of " The Great Pacificator " is eminently fit and proper ❧ ❧

Judge Gary dresses well, but not too well. He wears a tiny little pearl in his scarf, and his scarf matches his socks. The simple, gray of his well-fitting suit blends with the iron-gray of his hair. He is becomingly bald, but no other sign of age seems to be in evidence.

¶ He is never irascible, peevish, fretful. He does not accuse. If any one makes accusations against others, Judge Gary always seems to be forming a defence. You hear him gently murmur in reply: " Oh, well, you know his intentions are right. He carries heavy burdens. You must remember how long his hours are. He copes with great difficulties. His tasks are very much greater than ours."

Such simple phrases, interjected in the conversation, show the attitude of the man's mind. He is not militant, save passively. He wins through sympathy, through sociability, through knowing what he wants; and he does not want anything that is not within reach. His plans are eminently practical, and his business is to work from the complex to the simple.

He thinks with pencil in hand and a pad before him. There are no letters in sight; no papers. One thing is brought to him at a time, and he gives a decision on it, as a wise judge should and that disposes of it.

His secretaries seem to be clairvoyant. They know his needs and move quietly on O'Sullivan rubber heels, entering into no disputes, understanding that their chief is a man who comprehends everything with a minimum of explanation.

Elbert H. Gary is a great democrat; he is one of the demos. His days of poverty, struggle, obstacle, trial are still before him, unforgotten. He has great respect for old people, and his love for the young is unfailing. His nerves do not play him false.

When you call on most of the so-called Napoleons of finance, you will find them fussy. They monkey with papers; pick things up and lay them down; play with their watch-chains; cough, sneeze, and indulge in a deal of vacuity and sometimes verbosity.

Judge Gary does none of these things. He gives his undivided time and attention to each visitor, to each project in hand, to every document that is laid before him. He does not try to anticipate you, nor run ahead of you. I would not put him in the class with Sir Isaac Newton and Alexander Humboldt. He is just the average man focused—the strong, able, practical, athletic type of Middle-West man—a man who in his youth constantly met with what the pampered sons of the East might have called misfortune ❧ ❧

All difficulties are comparative, and a man who has known trial and obstacle and loss early in life is doubly blest, in that the small

misfits of life are accepted quite as a matter of course. And so I can not conceive of Elbert H. Gary needing a father-confessor into whose pliant ears he would pour a tale of woe.

Gary is an inspirer of men, and his attitude is one that gives courage and lends ambition.

We have heard much in the newspapers about the famous Gary dinners, and it has been intimated that at these dinners the price of steel was fixed and that, Camorra-like, certain firms were marked for the double-cross, and that always and forever the ultimate consumer was chiefly valuable for his pelt.

The plan of giving a noonday luncheon and asking in his business friends was adopted by Judge Gary twenty years ago. But I believe he was the first man who made the discovery that you could say things to a man across the board and over the teacups that you could not under other conditions or in other circumstances

Judge Gary discovered also that men who eat together and laugh together do not go away and defame each other. Gary got acquainted with men and made other men acquainted by inviting them to lunch. Thus animosity, fear, the grouch and the grudge were eliminated. The same practice was continued after Judge Gary became head of the Steel Corporation. Any one interested in the metals was invited to attend these dinners. The discussion is full, free and frank.

That these dinners had a practical end in view, there is no doubt, but that end was to establish a basis of friendly association, enabling each one to obtain full knowledge concerning the affairs of the others, that beneficial results might follow.

It is a somewhat curious thing that since Judge Gary began giving these dinners, inviting in competitors, fully a hundred other lines of business have taken up the same practice.

As far as I know, Judge Gary is the first man to suggest Government supervision, with the Government right to fix the prices of

monopolies. In old-age pensions he has formulated a practical working scheme which is of vast benefit to the employees of the Steel Corporation.

In the matter of safety appliances, he has interested himself to a degree that no other man in America has. The safety devices now in use by the Steel Corporation are being adopted by a great number of manufacturers throughout the United States. None of these appliances invented and worked out by the Steel Corporation is patented. There are no secrets about them; and any knowledge that the Steel Corporation has on the subject of factory betterments is at the disposal of any one who can use it.

The logical end of competition is monopoly. And the end of monopoly is, " for all of the people, all of the time." And this under the wise and sympathetic supervision of men especially selected for their fitness by the Government. When Utopia is reached it will be by going forward, not backward.

Samuel Pomeroy Colt

WHEN I studied the noble art of English literature at Harvard, there was one axiom passed out by a learned professor that is unforgettable. It was this: "Begin every theme with an incontrovertible fact."

So here goes: Rhode Island is the smallest State in the Union. Let us have no argument on that.

However, Rhode Island had kicked up a cosmic dust, for over two hundred years, quite out of all proportion to her size.

When you weigh Rhode Island for intrinsic worth, weigh her Troy, not Avoirdupois. If you will visit Rhode Island, you will discover that she is not running on momentum.

Rhode Island is being born again.

She has the power to change, to move with the times, to adapt herself to new conditions. If one thing will not work, Rhode Island knows something else just as good.

Down at Rhode Island I met a typical Yankee who used to make chains for use on board ship.

But when ships shifted from chains to wire hawsers, our old man was out of work. And what did he do? Sit down and shed salt tears? Not he. He invented a machine to make chains twenty times as fast as he had been making them. Then he convinced the automobile world that neither a Ford nor an automobile was properly fitted up unless she carried chains to prevent her skidding, and make her obey the rudder.

And in the ten years this man has been making automobile-chains, he has attached himself to more money than his ancestors made in the hundred years preceding. And the joy that has come to this man through snatching success from the jaws of failure has allowed him to turn the dial back, for nothing is so hygienic as success and nothing so unsanitary as failure.

Adaptability is a great thing. In astonishment a man from the fertile prairies of the Middle West once asked a Yankee, "What do you raise here?"

And the reply was, "We raise men."

You can raise men only where there is storm and sleet and ice and snow and difficulty. The sailor pedigree is a good one—let everybody remember this in selecting his ancestors.

Sailors have to tack eternally, to have a weather-eye out for squalls, to scud before the wind, to take advantage of every blowing breeze.

Constantly they are being cast out of their course, and their business is to get back, and hold 'er nose in the eye of the wind.

¶ The State of Rhode Island—which was first thought to be an island, but is n't—is forty-four miles long, twenty-eight miles wide and has an area of one thousand two hundred miles. Fifteen per cent of the State is under water at high tide.

The population is over five hundred thousand, one-half of these living in the city of Providence.

Providence was named by Roger Williams, for obvious reasons.

¶ Freedom of thought in America dates from Roger Williams, and the city of Providence is the place, and the date, Sixteen Hundred Thirty-six.

Then think of Anne Hutchinson, who was driven out of Massachusetts Bay Colony and found a refuge here, and expressed about all that has been said or can be said on the subject of equality ❧ ❧

And the spirit of freedom here abides.

Bristol is fifteen miles south by east of Providence.

You follow down Narragansett Bay by train or in an automobile, and you are never out of sight of the great salt sea. All along you see industry manifested by clam fishermen, and great flocks of wild ducks and gulls wheel and fly and swim and float, and the restless, tireless sea goes nosing her way along the coast.

Bristol is a little city. Perhaps eight thousand five hundred people live here. Bristol once divided honors with New Bedford as being the center of the whale-fisheries.

Then came in Twenty-six Broadway, with all that this number implies, and the whale-fisheries languished.

Bristol might have gone out of business, and become but a memory, but she shifted from the making of wooden ships to steel, and from a merchant marine she made craft for sportsmen, for Bristol is known the wide world over as the home of the Herreshoff brothers—by name John Brown and Nathaniel Greene. John B. has been blind since boyhood. But he has seen more with his inward vision than most of us have with two good glimmers. He is today in his seventy-fourth year.

The other brother, Nathaniel Greene Herreshoff, is sixty-eight. These men work together as one man. They have designed and built the fastest sailing craft in the world, and have snatched the laurels from that great and good man Lipton. Please pass the Hyson—one lump will do, thank you!

However, the Herreshoffs build something besides sporting craft that hug the shore. They make the most luxurious yachts ever devised by human brain.

Royalty, across the sea, patronizes them, and he who wants the best in the line of sea speed has to reckon with Bristol, Rhode Island

Things that are different should not be compared, but there is a never-ending argument among the good people of Bristol as to whether Bristol is on the map on account of the Herreshoffs or on account of the National India Rubber Company.

One thing sure, the Rubber Company passes out the pink and pudgy pay-envelope with a regularity that adds immensely to the prosperity not only of Bristol, but of Rhode Island, and all New England. This concern employs about three thousand people, and manufactures just one thing, tennis-shoes, and thus

perhaps sportsmanship makes the Rubber Company and the Herreshoffs akin.

This rubber business at Bristol was inaugurated immediately after the War, and various articles made from rubber were here manufactured. The business had an up and down career until Eighteen Hundred Eighty-seven, when it went down for good—took the count—and Colonel Samuel P. Colt, Attorney at Law, was appointed receiver.

Colonel Colt then was thirty-five years of age, and was regarded as a very safe and diplomatic young lawyer.

His success had turned on his ability to rescue failing concerns from total wreck.

He seemed to know how to eliminate animosity and hate and get the parties together.

Colonel Colt's middle name should have been Pacificator.

No one expected the Bristol Rubber Company to pull through.

¶ The only thing was to realize on the assets by getting rid of the surplus stock, for the concern had expanded to a point where to " bust " was regarded as inevitable.

Then comes in the young lawyer Colt, with no special experience in manufacturing, and a knowledge of the rubber industry that was negligible.

Colt at this time had a law-office in Providence, but evenings he now devoted himself to studying out the whys and wherefores of India Rubber.

He found that this concern was in hot competition with various other rubber establishments, each one manufacturing a diversified line—hose, galoshes, rubber boots, rubber coats, tennis-shoes—and now tires for bicycles were being made of rubber.

Rubber was being supplied in big square chunks for wagon-springs and was being used under railroad passenger-cars for a like purpose ❧ ❧

The Bristol Rubber Company had out a score of traveling men,

each of whom seemed an adept in working the expense-account. Some of these concerns specialized on one thing, and cut the price. ¶ Another factory cut the price on something else, until prices were slashed all along the line, and goods were being sold at a loss, with a general disheartening condition of the whole rubber industry ❧ ❧

On investigation Colt found that rubber companies all over the country were in almost the same condition as his own concern. ¶ However, civilized people were using rubber goods more and more ❧ ❧

He picked out the three or four articles that could be made at a profit; stood the creditors off with smiles and promises; started his men out, and sold just the few things that paid. And behold, the first six months' work of the receivership showed a profit! Here was something without precedent. The courts granted the receiver permission to run the business for a year.

And that year revealed an increased profit. By this time Colonel Colt had gotten a good line on what his competitors were doing. He reorganized his own company, settling with the creditors in cash and stock.

A paying business can always borrow money.

The National India Rubber Company of Bristol was going, and going in the right direction.

About this time Colonel Colt had organized the Industrial Trust Company of Providence.

The receivership of the Rubber Company was lifted, and Samuel P. Colt was its first president.

He was likewise president of the Industrial Trust Company of Providence. The Industrial Trust Company was a concern that brought together the big moneyed interests not only of Providence, but of New England.

Colt had proved his power. He knew how to use money to make more money, and the way he made money was by manufacturing

and selling to the people the things that the people needed. He improved the quality of the goods.

He eliminated friction, got rid of quibble, and reduced hate and jealousy to a chemical trace.

Just as Elbert H. Gary took three warring little steel concerns and formed the Federal Steel Company, which is the parent company of the United States Steel Corporation, so did Samuel P. Colt get the rubber interests of America together.

Colt organized one company, the United States Rubber Company and this concern bought up forty different factories where rubber goods were being made.

Specialty became the big word. Each factory was devoted to making one thing.

Thus did co-operation take the place of destructive competition.

¶ High-priced officials were eliminated. Red tape was cut, wound up into balls and sold to paper-makers. The junk-pile grew and the scrap-heap flourished.

Old ideas, even though they were good, were replaced by better ones

Nothing was quite good enough. Everything must be improved. Economy was the rule.

The United States Rubber Company became a quest for talent. Strong men who could do anything especially well, received salaries such as were unknown in the old days.

A department of inventors was organized. It is proverbial that the average inventor lives on half-rations, and dies in the poor-house

Colt realized that you could get the best out of a man only when he was well-paid and happy, and made free. He liberated his men from fear of the yawning almshouse, by giving them liberal salaries and permanent positions.

He inaugurated sick benefits, old-age pensions, regular vacations, and concentrated all the rubber knowledge of the entire world

in a way so that it was accessible to any one who wanted it. ¶ Instead of dozens of inventors working along the same ideas and at cross-purposes, each inventor knew what the other was doing ❧ ❧

They worked together, instead of against one another.

Secrecy was put on the slide—and gum-shoes were sold, not consumed on the premises. The business flourished, and with the aid of new inventions the world was taught to use rubber in many ways where it had never been used before.

The business of the United States Rubber Company in the year Nineteen Hundred Fourteen aggregated one hundred million dollars ❧ ❧

The consumption of rubber per capita today is twice what it was twenty-five years ago. Much of this increase is owing to the use of the automobile. No substitute for rubber has yet been found for automobile-tires.

We have to admit that luck plays a certain part in this game of life. Twenty years ago John D. Rockefeller devised a plan of selling gasoline, which was then a by-product, to farmers. ¶ But in order to get the farmers to use the gasoline he had to sell them gasoline-engines at practically cost, and show the agrarians how to use these.

Then came the automobile business right out of the blue sky, and John D. Rockefeller, who is one of the great men in the world, has to acknowledge that, in spite of his shrewdness and prophetic vision, he did not foresee the coming of the horseless carriage propelled by Rockefeller fuel. He had little or nothing to do with making the automobile business, the third most important industry of the time. As the use of gasoline in automobiles actually came without the help of John D. Rockefeller, so the rubber tire for automobiles was a section of prosperity that was flung straight at the head of Colonel Colt.

But Colonel Colt plays the game, and never muffs anything, and

so today the manufacture of rubber tires is the second most important item in the business of the United States Rubber Company, footwear being the first. Since Colonel Colt took up the business of manufacturing rubber goods in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-seven, every year has shown a distinct, sure, steady advance on the previous year.

As the wealth of the world has increased, so has increased the business of the United States Rubber Company, until today it is by far the largest rubber-manufacturing concern in the world; and while Colonel Colt does n't say so, the fact is the United States Rubber Company is Colonel Colt, and Colonel Colt is the United States Rubber Company.

In this man's make-up I discovered one particular trait that marks the industrial superman. Colonel Colt has the ability to win human hearts.

He gets at the vital issue, and is not distracted by little personal jealousies or animosities. He is big enough to waive all temperamental idiosyncrasies. His motto might be, " Get together, get together, get together!" just as Blackstone said the business of the law was, " Getting on—getting on!"

His was the farseeing, prophetic vision which makes co-operation possible. And as an economic factor today, competition is as dead as feudalism.

Competition died when the genius of an American inventor devised a machine that could produce commodities beyond the present wants of the people.

It was then discovered that it was better to sell goods at cost than to shut down.

But when you sell at cost it is only a question of time before the receiver will pound on your door, for disintegration and deterioration are always at work. No firm can continue in business and sell at cost.

Co-operation means working with folks, instead of against them.

As I have already intimated, Colonel Colt has n't an enemy in the world. He has a smile that is persuasive. He can listen until the other man has explained every grievance, and then he reaches out his hand and the past disappears, and is wiped from the slate forever.

Colonel Colt does not brag about what he has done, nor boast of what he intends to do. He succeeds through selecting men, and binding them to him with hoops of steel.

Friendship plays a big part in modern business. Without the supreme faculty of making friends Colonel Colt could never have gotten together all the warring, jangling, jealous interests that once made up the rubber industry, and united them into one big happy family, where just enough misunderstandings come along to prevent introspection.

Some years ago I heard Colonel Colt make a speech before the United States Supreme Court.

It was in reply to a noted lawyer who had preceded him in an address which contained a goodly degree of muriatic acid. This man spoke for the prosecution. His tones were loud and declamatory ❧ ❧

When it came Colonel Colt's turn, he arose to speak for the defence, and spoke in a voice that was quiet, friendly and conversational ❧ ❧

Three of the judges who had been asleep—or pretending to sleep—awoke.

Two that were writing letters home laid down their pens. All leaned forward and listened. The auditors ceased whispering.

And then we discovered we could all hear the speaker perfectly.

¶ Colonel Colt scored before he had said a dozen words—he scored because he had compelled the Court to come to him.

The speech was about like this:

" Your Honors: I hesitate to address you after the learned argument with which we have just been favored.

" My knowledge of this theme seems to be very slight, and my opponent has covered every possible phase of the subject and done it thoroughly.

" Nevertheless, there are two or three minor points where, possibly, he is in error—unintentionally, of course.

" I am not as well versed in the technical phases of the law involved as I should be. Nevertheless, I will endeavor to present the issue, briefly, as it seems to me."

Colonel Colt spoke for exactly eleven minutes by the Waterbury.

¶ But during that time he managed in his quiet way to convince the Court and everybody in the room that there was only one proper view of the subject, and that was his.

And the final result was that the Court agreed with Colonel Colt.

¶ Before the United States Supreme Court, oratorical caloric does not pass as legal tender. It is character that counts. A tainted plea is quickly detected. Nevertheless, the habit of giving everybody due credit, paying deference to your opponents, meeting every issue smilingly and gently, is good, practical psychology.

Colonel Colt is a man in whom other men believe.

" What is the best collateral in the world? " asked Samuel Untermyer of J. P. Morgan when Mr. Morgan was being Pujoed before the Pujo Committee.

" What is the best collateral in the world? " And Mr. Morgan answered, " Character."

And it was then that Mr. Untermyer asked a question which deserves rank with that of Pilate.

" What is character? "

And Mr. Morgan replied, " Character is the sum total of what a man is."

There are not half a dozen men in America who have played bigger parts in industrial development than Colonel Colt.

Character has been the basis for his credit—although he has never talked about it.

Money for investment purposes has flowed to him from every quarter, simply because he knew what he was going to do with funds, and other people's money to him was more sacred than his own. Thus has he won and held the confidence of investors.

¶ Samuel P. Colt's success has turned on good health, his ability to laugh and play, his habit of industry, his love of knowledge, his sympathy with the world of workers, his bias for art, and his honesty of purpose.

Art ministers to the sense of sublimity, and the man who can enjoy looking at a beautiful painting, hearing a beautiful piece of music, reading an exquisite poem, has reached a vein of shining spiritual gold.

The transmutation of metals is n't wholly a dream. Some men transmute thoughts into a bank-balance.

Diversity of interests and emotions played off one against another has kept Colonel Colt young. He 's a colt, always, I was going to say, but that is obvious.

We used to speak of a man of sixty as old, but no one ever calls Colonel Colt an old man.

He has a boyish heart, he mixes with young people, his heart is gay, and he carries with him the bright anticipations of the morning of life.

Colonel Colt has a farm of four hundred acres, with two miles of water-front, where you can fish, shoot ducks or dig clams. If one crop fails, others make good. At the inviting entrance of this most remarkable farm is a sign in big bold letters reading thus:

COLT FARM
PRIVATE PROPERTY
PUBLIC WELCOME!

And as I walked in through the spacious entrance I thought of a man who once had a bookplate reading thus: " This book belongs to John Smith."

And another man improved on it this way: " This book belongs to Joseph Brown and his friends."
A third man sandpapered it thus: " This book belongs to William Jones, his Friends and his Enemies."
Colonel Colt has no enemies that he recognizes as such. He greets the public as a friend, everybody is welcome, and I noticed that pretty nearly all the citizens of Bristol and most of the automobilists of Rhode Island regard the Colt Farm as their property.
¶ It is a park and playground for all of the people. So here we get a farm that is more than a farm.
The barn alone cost one hundred thousand dollars. It houses a herd of perhaps a hundred registered Jersey cattle. It is a lovely herd of cattle all right, but there are some of the cows that are old enough to vote. I saw this for myself, but it was explained to me privately by Cheesman, the private secretary.
Mr. Cheesman has been on the premises since the time of Roger Williams, and Cheesman confidentially told me that the farm was a losing venture—that if figured up, the milk costs a dollar a quart and the eggs fifty cents apiece. These things are breaking the Cheesman aorta—for Cheesman is a Yankee from Scotland.
¶ Cheesman one time tried to explain to his Chief that certain cows should be turned over to the butcher, but Colonel Colt gently waived the issue and declared that those cows had stood by him for twenty-five years and he was not going back on them now
All of Cheesman's endeavors to show a balance-sheet and figure out the farming costs were pooh-poohed.
" There are some things," said Colonel Colt, " which a man is better off without knowing. In fact, who is there who owns three automobiles who ever dared to figure up what the net cost is per day—in fact, we do not want to know, any more than we want to know the net cost of a baby. These things are luxuries, and all these cows are my babies.

" Go to, Cheesman; take a run up the road and get a little fresh air and figure up how much clams cost you a dozen when you dig them yourself. Also, if convenient, you might study the nature of the clam and profit by its example in several ways that need not be mentioned."

Cheesman was so peeved over the reckless purchase of unproductive bulls that he relieved himself by explaining the matter to me.

But what are dogs, horses, cattle, flowers, pictures, music, but friends that cheer us, sustain us and stimulate us, giving us courage to do and dare—adjuncts to clear thinking and big deeds!

¶ Colonel Colt makes his money out of the rubber business, not farming, and yet when he was subpoenaed on a jury in Boston and his Honor, the Justice of the Peace, asked Colonel Colt his occupation, the reply was, " A farmer." And the Justice of the Peace, who seemed to have his wits with him, solemnly asked, " Is this Court to understand that you are a farmer and not an agriculturist?"

And far away on the horizon a sea-gull called to its rival, " Rubber rubber, rubber!"

Samuel P. Colt descends from an illustrious line of ancestors.

¶ He traces to Bannockburn, where a lot of Englishmen went up to Scotland—and are there yet. The Colts are Scotch, but the thistle in Colonel Colt's make-up is modified and changed by being crossed with a violet.

His mother was a DeWolf, and the DeWolfs were French—far enough removed, however, to be thoroughly Americanized. The DeWolfs were interested in the shipping business of New England for over one hundred years. They were privateers in the year Eighteen Hundred Twelve, and owned the ship ***Yankee,*** which supplied the ***Emden*** precedents on the high seas in the days of President Jackson.

Colonel Samuel P. Colt now lives in the house, built in Eighteen

Hundred Ten, in which his mother was born, and in which she died ❧ ❧

Theodora Colt was an extraordinary woman. She possessed intellect plus, was poetic, kindly, gracious—a magnetic personality, and a woman who wielded large influence in her time, and who has left her impress for good upon the world.

She lived in the early days of the New England Lyceum, and had much to do in extending its vogue. She managed a lecture course in Bristol, engaged the talent, and entertained in her home Emerson, Greeley, Wendell Phillips, Doctor Holmes, and others high in literary repute.

Among the cherished remembrances that have come down to Colonel Colt from his mother are a silver pitcher and wash-basin. These were used by four Presidents on their visits to the home of Colonel Colt's father and mother: James Monroe in Eighteen Hundred Seventeen; Andrew Jackson in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-five; Ulysses S. Grant in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-eight: and Chester A. Arthur in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-three. ¶ Colonel Colt did me the delicate and beautiful honor of bringing out this silver set for my use on the occasion of my visit to his home.

What more fitting monument to a great woman than a Schoolhouse! Yet there are schoolhouses and schoolhouses. But here is a schoolhouse that symbols the soul of the great woman in whose memory it was built.

Mrs. Colt possessed the great welling mother heart. Also, she was an artist in spirit. She stood for the beautiful, the useful, and the true. And to her these three things were one. "Beauty and use are one," she used to say. Moreover she was an economist, for waste and idleness she could not endure.

So here is a monument beautiful as a dream of Athens at her height, that will pay a dividend every year in minds made better. ¶ It is a place where happiness abounds, because the pupils are

busy at congenial tasks. Practical work with the hands has a big place in the curriculum. Youth is taught how to earn a living; how to get under the burden to benefit self by helping humanity. Education for honors is not enough—honors must come, if at all, as a result of service rendered.

The Colt Memorial School cost three hundred thousand dollars —the whole a gift to the town of Bristol from Colonel Colt, as a loving memorial to his mother.

And as if this superb schoolhouse were not enough, I discovered that adjoining the Colt Memorial School, a Museum of Fine Arts is under way—also the gift of Colonel Colt.

This Art Gallery will be an adjunct to the school. It will afford a home for the superb collection of art treasures that now belong to Colonel Colt. Instead of allowing these priceless properties to be distributed at his passing, he provides, now, that they shall become the property of the people. And so a suitable home is being built for them.

In the collection which is to be transferred to the Colt Museum are three marbles by Rodin, numerous bronzes by Borglum and Barrias, and over a hundred canvases by Rosa Bonheur, and others of the world's great artists living and dead. It is just a practical plan by which an art collector perpetuates his collection, and gives it to the people.

One of the loveliest books ever printed and bound by the Roycrofters is a volume of poems written by Theodora Colt.

The poems reveal great delicacy of thought and purity of diction, with a clear and steady gaze into the heart of things.

Only a great and noble woman could have penned these poems. The range of subjects is wide, and the themes are those that can never grow old—motherhood, work, song, love, play, laughter, and the religion which recognizes the eternal spirit of the Creator in all things. In the work there is a quiet dignity and reserve that mark the superior person. There is nothing cheap, trite or

trivial. The author's Quaker ancestry is apparent. With the Society of Friends, equal rights was n't something to be fought for—it was assumed.

The Voice spoke through women—aye, even more than men. ¶ This woman was a woman's woman. She was the sister of all women and in spirit the mother of all children. She was the friend and the defender of the helpless.

In spirit she was one with Elizabeth Fry, Lucretia Mott and Florence Nightingale. Colonel Colt is the son of his mother. All that love of beauty—the joy in music, poetry and painting—and the restless ambition, patience and persistence, the grasp on the practical—the knowledge of values, revealed in gentle, kindly humor—all these are the gifts of mother to son.

Mrs. Colt read Shakespeare, Addison, Carlyle, and she knew her Emerson by heart. She could repeat whole sermons by Fenelon, and give you essays by Montaigne in French without the book. ¶ Somewhere she read that Macaulay had such a good memory that he could repeat offhand the names of sixty-two Roman Emperors. And she smiled and said, " If Macaulay could do that, so can I."

And so she did, to the delight and wonder of her children, who tried it, too. Not only could Mrs. Colt name the Emperors of Rome, but she could give you the date of the reign of each. ¶ Likewise she could name you the Kings of England, the books of the Bible, the plays of Shakespeare.

She could call the stars by name, and when Henry Ward Beecher once lectured in Bristol she gently corrected him on his astronomical distances and put him right as to the rate at which light traveled ❧ ❧

She memorized scenes from *Hamlet*, and could recite the *Book of Job* word for word, with an inflection, emphasis and intelligence that would have done credit to a Siddons or a Rachel. ¶ Mrs. Colt passed away in her eighty-first year, with mind

unimpaired and faculties acute to the last. On the very day of her death, when her children were gathering at her bedside, she smilingly named the sixty-two Emperors of Rome, just to show that though her body was weary, her brain was on duty.

And thus, even though she were an Athenian, she had in her make up a goodly trace of the Spartan, for not even Death could affright her.

She had tasted of life and found it good, and her faith was firm that the Power which had cared for her here, would never desert her there.

And so she fell asleep; and her beautiful, helpful hands were folded forever.

Colonel Colt traces to William Bradford, who came over in the *Mayflower*, a ship which we are told was somewhat overcrowded.

¶ The father of Colonel Colt was Christopher Colt.

Samuel P. was the fourth child.

He was born in Paterson, New Jersey, where his father was in the business of weaving silk.

Young Samuel got his early education at Hartford, Connecticut, where he lived with his uncle, Samuel Colt, inventor of the revolver, and also maker of a wonderful little printing-press of which there are a full dozen in the Roycroft Shop.

If the testimony were sifted, the fact would be found that Samuel Colt was not only the originator of the revolver, but that he was also the first inventor of the submarine.

Education is a matter of shifting your environment and fitting into new conditions.

At the age of eighteen, Samuel P. was given his choice between Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He chose the Tech

Many of Colonel Colt's nearest and dearest friends are Harvard men, but in merry quip he keeps up the ancient feud. "You can always tell a Harvard man—but you can not tell him much," said

Colonel Colt in a speech delivered at a Tech dinner, twenty years ago

And the remark has passed into the current coin of language.

¶ Tech and Harvard have always been at war. But now Harvard has gotten even by putting in several Tech courses.

Samuel P. Colt, named after his uncle, was a pet of the great inventor, and if the boy did not revolve he certainly evolved.

¶ His uncle used to refer to the lad as his finest discovery.

¶ Colt's love for mechanics and also his pride in the achievements of his uncle had turned him into the direction of the men who do things rather than the men who talk about things. It was the practical education that he wanted, rather than the classic.

¶ Samuel graduated in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three, went to Europe for a year, changed his mind about going to his uncle's factory as assistant foreman, and decided on a career of his own.

¶ He entered Columbia Law School, New York, graduated in the Spring of Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, and was admitted to the Rhode Island bar in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-seven.

He was a handsome rogue, with a military bearing, and combined the graces of the French with the shrewdness of the Yankees, all flavored with the " hoot mon" economy of the Scotch.

He was made a member of the staff of the Governor, on account of his faultless form. Shortly after he was elected a member of the General Assembly of Rhode Island. He was re-elected four successive years, on account of the shape of his head and what there was in it.

He was made chairman of the Committee on Corporations, and in order to fill the position he studied Corporation Law assiduously.

¶ Emerson says that any man who studies anything fifteen minutes a day for three years will be pointed out as an authority on his particular subject.

Samuel P. Colt at thirty years of age was looked upon in New England as an authority on Corporation Law.

He was made Assistant Attorney-General of Rhode Island, and served during the years Eighteen Hundred Seventy-nine, Eighteen Hundred Eighty and Eighteen Hundred Eighty-one.

He became Attorney-General in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-two and served until Eighteen Hundred Eighty-six.

He was one of the Committee appointed to revise the Constitution of the State.

He made various trips to Europe on business for different New England corporations, and when he was appointed as receiver of the National Rubber Company in his own town, it was just a matter of course.

Lawyers, usually, are very fond of the juicy receivership.

Nothing gladdens the heart of the average attorney quite so much as the joy of winding up a bankrupt concern, or mixing in of Jarndyce versus Jarndyce.

Usually he makes the job last until the creditors get discouraged or die or accept anything in order that they may forget the past.

¶ In all history of industrial operations in America I do not know of another case, excepting that of the United States Steel Corporation, where as great a success as this was worked out by taking a bankrupt concern, putting it on its feet, teaching it to walk, and eventually making of it an Olympian athlete.

I am positive that money is not the big thing in the heart of Colonel Colt.

He plays the game of life. Dollars are the counters in the game.

¶ The money that Colonel Colt has made has come incidentally to a service rendered.

When I think of Colonel Colt I take back all of those remarks tinctured with essence of the Mesaba Range which I have made about lawyers.

Colonel Colt knows the law and he knows humanity, and humanity to him comes first. He has used the law to build, to instruct, to create, and not to embarrass and tie down.

If Colonel Colt should be called upon to revise the Ten Commandments, he would make every one affirmative, and they would read something like this:

I. Thou shalt think well of thyself and well of thy neighbor.

II. Thou shalt add to the health, wealth and happiness of the world ❧ ❧

III. Thou shalt be on good terms with sunshine, fresh air and water ❧ ❧

IV. Thou shalt get eight hours' sleep a day.

V. Thou shalt eat moderately, and exercise every day in the open air ❧ ❧

VI. Thou shalt love the memory of thy mother, and be true to the friends that have done so much for thee.

VII. Thou shalt recognize the divinity in all men.

VIII. Thou shalt remember the week-day to keep it holy.

IX. Thou shalt remember that thee can only help thine by helping other people, and that to injure another is to injure thyself, and that to love and benefit others is to live long and well.

X. Thou shalt love the stars, the ocean, the forest, and reverence all living things, recognizing that the source of life is one.

¶ The only negative commandment Colonel Colt would introduce would be " Thou shalt not take thyself too damn serious."

Both the family of Colt and the family of DeWolf trace a royal pedigree and find place in Burke's Encyclopedia of Heraldry.

¶ However, when I asked Colonel Colt for a bill of particulars as to times and places, he gently pooh-poohed the whole proposition and quoted Bobbie Burns, " A man 's a man for a' that."

¶ The brother of Colonel Colt, Judge LeBaron Bradford Colt, is United States Senator from Rhode Island, taking the place so ably filled by Senator Aldrich.

Senator Colt is a man of culture and an honor to the body in which he serves.

Had Colonel Colt addressed himself to politics instead of business,

he would have climbed pretty nearly to the limit. However, it is fortunate that business absorbed him.

His strong point is his ability to mold men to his own way of thinking. He is the prince of traders. Thus has he been a most important unit in the evolution of this Age of Co-operation in which we live.

However, the strange part is that Colonel Colt thinks of himself as a mechanic and an inventor, and occasionally sighs because he has not the leisure to work out several mechanical inventions which have been seething in his brain.

Next to mechanics Colonel Colt is a farmer. He will talk to you on art, books, business or the rotation of crops. Or, he will try again the old case of the Jerseys versus the Holsteins until you cry, " Hold, enough!"

It is this diversity of interests that has kept the man sound, sane, sweet and wholesome, enabling him to carry great burdens jauntily, by his genius setting vast multitudes at work, adding to the welfare of the world, helping self by helping others.

Henry Hudson

WE belong to the Aryan Race, and the Aryan Race had its beginnings on the uplands of India. There man multiplied. The conditions were right—soil, sunshine, water. But the food-supply did not keep pace with the growth of population. And besides, there grew up the leisure class, which showed its power by a conspicuous waste and a conspicuous leisure. This class is made up of two elements—the soldier and the priest. Both are parasites, and when they have their undisputed way, are tyrants.

To find freedom and bread, men swarmed. There were six principal migrations from India, as follows: the Egyptians, the Assyrio-Semitic, the Greco-Roman, the Teutonic, the Celtic, the Norse.

Civilization had its rise in Egypt, where the city of Memphis once ruled the world. Memphis was the educational, the financial, the artistic hub of the universe.

When Moses led the children of Israel out of captivity, fifteen centuries before Christ, Memphis was already falling into decay. Civilization had moved on, and younger blood, that carried a redder hue, was in the saddle. Babylon and Nineveh had siphoned the best of Egyptian youth and genius.

Note how Egypt grown old, senile and satisfied with her own achievements could not afford Moses room to exercise his powers. He had to go out into the desert in order to find space in which to breathe, and in which to formulate a moral code that had in it enough of the saving formaldehyde of commonsense to make it last thirty-five centuries and more.

Memphis lies buried beneath a hundred feet of drifting sand. ¶ The broken fragments of Babylon and Nineveh strew the plains

Civilization pushed on and we get the grandeur that was Greece. The armless and headless marbles in the British Museum symbol the splendor of her dreams. Greece for a time ruled the world, and Athens was the center of art, philosophy and finance. Alexander, captain-general of the Greek forces, conquered the world and then died sighing for more worlds to conquer.

Greece lived her little day; and then the Romans overran her borders and tumbled her priceless marbles from their pedestals, thinking they were gods.

Rome subjugated the world—or at least all she could find of it. And having succeeded she sat back and got lime in her bones, and worshiped the god Terminus, telling of the things she had done in the days agone.

This gave the barbarian his chance, and the Goths and Vandals played pitch and toss with the things that had brought her fame.

¶ In the year Five Hundred after Christ, we find Constantinople supreme, with Justinian and Theodora dividing the power of the world between them.

Then were cast those four bronze horses, which now ornament the portals of Saint Mark's in Venice.

The marauding Norse, those wolves of the sea, coveted the horses, so they took them by divine right. They also annexed about everything else that was portable. And behold! Venice, throned on her hundred isles, becomes mistress of the seas, the center of art and light and education. Hers was the badge of power, hers the pomp and circumstance of war.

But not forever. Spain is forging to the front, and the Moor and the Jew are combining to construct the Alhambra. Read your Washington Irving.

When Venice built her Ghetto she planted the germs of decay.

¶ Power moved on, and Granada was the capital of the world.

¶ In that unforgettable year, Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two, we find Columbus, the Genoese, writing to Queen Isabella this

letter which is now in our possession: "Now that you have succeeded in driving the Jews from Spain, I make bold to call your attention to my own petty affairs," etc., etc.

Alas, the pretty compliment of Columbus, designed for the shell-like ear of Isabella, was true. She had succeeded in driving the Jews from Spain, and already Spain was where Memphis stood when the air got so full of patchouli that Moses had to go.

¶ Imagine, if you please, some satrap writing a letter to Pharaoh congratulating him thus: "Now that you have succeeded in driving the Jews from Egypt," etc., etc.

And as Spain declined, Holland grew great.

The center of the stage shifts to Amsterdam. From Sixteen Hundred for nearly a hundred years Holland was the Schoolmaster of the world. Holland taught England how to read and write, how to print and bind books and how to paint pictures.

In Sixteen Hundred Nine England was a pioneer country, forging to the front in a rude and crude way. She had the ambition and the restless desire of youth. But Holland had the art, the education, the philosophy—and the money.

In portraiture Holland struck thirteen. The work done by Rembrandt, Rubens, and Frans Hals stands supreme today, even after these three hundred years.

Art is born of the surplus that business men accumulate. The business men of Holland were favorable to the portrait-painter. He immortalized many of them on canvas, and they live for us only because some great artist painted their pictures.

The Plantins of Antwerp and Amsterdam, the great bookmakers, were then getting under way.

In those days a printer was somebody. Printers went into the business in order to express their ideas. The very word "compositor" carries the thought. The man composed his mind and set up his thoughts in type at the same time. Peter Plantin was a printer. He was also a great geographer. He made a close and

complete map of the world, and wrote a book on the formation of the earth.

The Plantin print-shop is now the Plantin Musee at Antwerp, the property of the state. In this most rare and curious old printery you will get the books and maps of Peter Plantin. And in one of these maps you will see the coast-line of America. The country was very narrow according to this map, which was made in Sixteen Hundred Seven. Piercing the land were inlets leading out into great lakes or bays; and just on the other side was the Pacific Ocean. The whole country was supposed then to be about like the Isthmus of Panama, where Balboa stood and looked over to the Pacific. And across the Pacific, at a distance of less than half the way across the Atlantic, was India—India, the land of silks and teas—India, the land of gold and spices, of gems and 'broideries

To reach this land of wealth without going around the Southern point of Africa was the problem.

Columbus had discovered land, but had failed in his attempt to find the passage to India, and had died in chains. Americus Vespucius had discovered the continent, but had been unable to pierce it with his ships. The Cabots said that if they had had a few days they could have traversed the woods and stood upon what we call the Alleghany Mountains and looked down the peaceful Pacific beyond. The Indians had told them they could do this. But three difficulties lay in the way of getting valuable information from the Indians—one was that the Indians did not know, the second was that they did not care, and the third was that the white man could not understand them, anyway.

But that the Pacific was just "over there," as the Indians affirmed, was the belief of the Plantins, and of the thinking men of the world.

England, young and lusty, was reaching out for this get-rich-quick route to China and India.

Holland knew that if England found the route she would claim it by right of discovery, and might block it against the world. England had just wrecked the Spanish Armada, and her nose was in the air.

Holland had the art and she had the books, but she had traded brawn for brain, so she lacked the blood that makes the explorer. What then? Why, hire some steeple-jack of the sea to find this quick route.

On the walls of the Plantin Musee, close by the protrait of Peter Plantin, is a picture of " Heinrich Hudson, the Dutch Explorer." Let the fact be noted that Heinrich Hudson was not a Dutchman. He was born in England, of English parents, and his remote ancestry was Danish.

He had made two trips to Greenland on a commission to sail around the north end of America and go through to India. He had reached as high a latitude as eighty degrees but had then been turned back by the ice. The man who can sail through to the North Pole will reach the Pacific and India, all right.

Hudson's feat was a disappointment, but the wily Dutch said we work by elimination. There is a middle passage.

When the Indians had told of the sea " just over there," they had in mind the Great Lakes.

What more natural than to suppose that these lakes had an outlet on the western side into the Pacific! Indians did not travel far, and they were not interested in India. The name " Indian " was given them by a worthy explorer who thought that he had discovered India.

Several of the rich merchants of Amsterdam made up a purse, and sent a man over to London to hire this man Henry Hudson, who had no fear of the unknown.

They found him living in the boat-house on the Thames. He was poor in purse, and without a talent for getting on, but he was full of the enthusiasm of discovery.

Out in the Rocky Mountains one can find the typical prospector, who prospects all his life and dies at last alone on the mountainside. He is brave, hopeful, restless, but failure is his fate. It becomes the habit of his life.

Hudson was living with his wife and three children in what would have been absolute want were it not for the kind hearts of the ship-captains whose boats were anchored near.

These men who skirted the coast were sensible and sane. They sailed only the seas that were mapped, and always were in sight of land.

Hudson craved the unknown. The others respected him—yes, but they touched their foreheads with the tip of a forefinger as he passed.

Hudson had lost money for everybody who had trusted him. Only a year before this, those merry knights who founded Jamestown had asked him to join them, but Hudson had scorned their invitation.

His wife believed in him, because she partook of his delusions, as loving women are prone to do.

Hudson was no longer young. His red beard was streaked with white, his ruddy face was seamed with lines of care, his blue eyes had lost a little of their luster looking out on the snow and ice of the North.

He was the typical stubborn, freckled, sandy Englishman who never knows when he is whipped.

The English blood carries a mighty persistent corpuscle.

The modern Briton breed is made up of a cross between the Saxon and the Norse, with a dash of the Celt to give it flavor. All of the English names beginning with the letter "H" have come down from the Norse, or the Danish, which for us is the same thing. The name of William the Conqueror was Hubba, and among his followers were men who bore the following names: Howells, Hume, Howard, Hood, Harkness, Hildebrand, Holman,

Hughson, Harding, Holmes, Hudson, Herbert, Henderson, Henry, Hubbard. The ending "-bert" is a Saxon ending; but the initial "H" is Norse. It was the introduction of this letter "H" that threw the English tongue in the air, and the sons of 'aughty Halbion 'ave n't yet got it straightened out, you know.

Names beginning with "E," like Ellison, Eldridge, Ellsworth, Elbert, Elberta, Ethelred, Ethelbert, Ethelstan, Ensign, Ernest, are Saxon.

Hudson seemed to be the surviving spirit of those "wolves of the sea," who discovered America about the year One Thousand, and built a monument or two along the coast of Rhode Island and then sailed away on adventures new.

They knew that if they remained they would have to pay taxes to the Irish, and so they moved on.

The Hollanders liked Hudson, and as he was out of a job, waiting for something to turn up, he hired out to the Dutch. This agent was acting for the Dutch East India Company, which was a trust made up of six separate companies, one in each city, as follows: Amsterdam, Zeeland, Delft, Rotterdam, Hoorn and Enkhuizen.

¶ An agreement was drawn up and signed. Hudson's wife was to be given eight hundred guilders at once, and if her husband did not return in a year she was to get two hundred more.

Beyond this Hudson got nothing but his expenses. A guilder was what to us would be forty cents; so we see that the price Hudson set upon his own life was eighty dollars. This was the sum of his life insurance. If he found the passage, however—ah, now we are getting it—if he found the passage, it was to be named for him, and he was to be the first governor of the territory.

So Hudson bade his little family a stolid, sailor good-by, and went over to Holland at once to receive his instructions, the syndic taking close care that his man did not escape.

At Amsterdam he met Peter Plantin, the geographer, and a committee of merchants.

Hudson knew all they knew, and his hope was high that there was a passage through to the Pacific somewhere between latitude thirty-eight and fifty degrees. Captain John Smith had been told of this passage by the Indians, and the assurance that the sea was " just over there" was strong in all hearts. He was also very sure that there was a way to go clear around America to the North, but he agreed with the Plantins that the passage would always be dangerous on account of the cold and ice.

A little ship, the *Half-Moon*, was set aside for Hudson. The craft suited him. It was staunch and strong, and rode the waves like a cockle-shell.

She only carried a few feet of water, and this was well, for sand-bars were to be counted on in making " that passage."

There were eighteen men in the crew—nine Dutchmen and nine Englishmen. Hudson stood out for all Englishmen, claiming he must have men who could speak his tongue. A two-days' argument followed, and a compromise was effected.

On April Fourth, Sixteen Hundred Nine, the *Half-Moon* hoisted sail and slipped slowly down the Zuyder Zee.

The news had gone out, and half of Amsterdam lined the wharves. The Weeper's Tower was filled with relatives of the sailors. No one wept for Hudson. His heart did not beat one throb beyond the normal. The land faded from view, and the *Half-Moon* was alone on the waste of waters.

The log of the voyage still exists. It is written in Dutch, evidently on dictation of Captain Henry Hudson, who now was " Heinrich Hudson, a citizen of the Netherlands."All of which was evidently a legal expedient designed to make good all Dutch claims, " by right of discovery."

Hudson did not obey orders to steer straight West for America. He steered for the Land of the Midnight Sun. He still hoped it was possible to strike here a current that would carry him straight across to the Pacific.

On May Nineteenth, after a sail of forty-four days, the crew came to Hudson in a body and demanded that he turn back ❧ One man had died and the sight of the sun that had forgotten how to set was on their nerves.

The Captain parleyed with them, and set an hour the following day to talk it over. The next day the weather had changed for the better, and the spirits of the men rose. Hudson ordered a double ration of grog for all hands, got out his maps, and at great length told them of Captain John Smith's idea concerning the short inland passage that lay at about forty degrees.

They consented to sail South, but they must get away from the icebergs and the terrible land where the sun never went down, but remained a blood-red ball in the heavens. Hudson started a song and all joined in as the prow of the *Half-Moon* was headed South ❧ ❧

Sixty-four days they sailed and sailed, when the wooded shores of America came in sight. They entered " a fine harbor," which is now believed to be Casco Bay on the coast of Maine. Here they replaced their mainmast, which had snapped off short in a gale. So far as we know this was the first attempt to utilize the spruce pine of New England for the uses of civilized man.

This beautiful bay was tempting. They put out two small boats and skirted it carefully for signs of an inlet. They killed a deer, which was the first fresh meat they had had excepting fish.

After a week's rest, they again put out to sea and skirted the coast slowly down to Cape Cod. A map was made, which reveals the coast-line fairly well; but in some way Boston Harbor was missed, perhaps because the gilded dome of the State House was not there to welcome them. They sailed past Sandy Hook, giving only a casual look at the inlet.

The *Half-Moon* reached Delaware Bay and entered, but the signs of an inlet were now propitious, and Hudson decided he would go North and examine the coast with greater care. On the

morning of September Second, Sixteen Hundred Nine, he dropped anchor in what we now call the Horse-Shoe of Sandy Hook. From here he put out with a small boat and three sailors.

The log reports, " found a good entrance between two headlands." A drawing is then given, which beyond a doubt is " The Narrows."

Hudson was at home on the open sea, but here he moved with great caution. He feared running his ship upon the sands or rocks, and so we find him going ahead in a small boat, with the *Half-Moon* trailing along slowly as he swings his hat and signals her. He passed Staten Island. Next he reached Manhattan. Here he put ashore on the shelving beach. He drew the boat up, and planted the flag of the Netherlands on about what is now Twenty-six Broadway. Then he moved on up the river to a point where " hills are straight and the waters deep." This was, beyond doubt, the Palisades.

Beyond, the river widened and ahead was the clear, open, placid waters. They came to the Catskills, and two men were sent ashore " to climb the highest hill and the highest tree they could find, and look for the Pacific Ocean."

The men were gone over-night, but came back reporting only mountains and woods beyond. The Pacific Ocean discovered by Balboa twenty years before was not in sight.

Bill Nye once told us that Heinrich Hudson had nearly reached Albany before he made the startling discovery that the river upon which he was sailing bore the same name as himself.

This was a lapse on the part of Bill. The fact is, Hudson knew the name of the river very soon after passing the toe of Manhattan's Isle, for he had written in plain letters on the map as he sailed, " Hudson's River."

He felt sure he had found the long-looked-for passage, and remembering the promise of his employers that the passage should bear his name, he wrote it down.

He reached the present site of Albany and remained a week in the vicinity, carefully exploring the banks of the river for an inlet. Then he sorrowfully turned the prow of the *Half-Moon* to the South. John Smith was wrong; the Indians were wrong; Henry Hudson was wrong—the voyage was a failure.

Already signs of autumn were in the air, and the leaves were turning to gold. It would not do to try to winter here—the *Half-Moon* must sail back to Amsterdam and frankly report failure.

On the way down the river there were many Indians to be seen along the banks. The news of the strange ship had evidently gone out and the red men were more than curious.

Here was the first ship to stretch her sails on this mighty river, that had existed here for ten thousand years or more.

Hudson drew in to the shore near the present site of Poughkeepsie, and after much signaling and beckoning the Indians came near enough to be spoken to. But alas! they spoke neither " Anglaise," Dutch, nor French. Hudson made the universal sign of hunger, and this was responded to at once, which gives the lie to that popular saying that " the only good Indian is a dead Indian."

The squaws brought parched corn, dried venison, beans, pumpkins and wild grapes. They also brought oysters, and " speckled fish not of a salt-sea kind." These were doubtless brook-trout ❧ ❧

Next they cooked a dog in honor of the great White Chief.

In return, Hudson and his men gave the Indians knives, beads and colored strips of cloth.

There was much attempt at talk and both sides made long orations, but to small purpose, since the interpreter was not yet.

¶ What Hudson was working for was to get the confidence of the Indians so they would give a clue to the passage to the Pacific.

Hudson reports that the Indians had no " aqua vita, nor spiritus frumenti." When he gave them rum they drank it like water, and " soon were very merrie and next mad."

Evidently Hudson's men had imbibed, too, for two of his sailors lured a squaw into a small boat and were about to fetch her aboard the *Half-Moon*. Hudson saw the commotion among the Indians and headed off his reckless sailors. He broke an oar over the head of one John Coleman before he could get the woman safely back to land. As reparation for her injured feelings, Hudson presented her his official red coat with brass buttons and gilt braid, which he had intended to wear on the day the complete passage to the Pacific was made.

The Indians had now lost their fear of the white men, and also they had lost their respect for them, since several of the sailors had stolen all of the furs and skins they could lay their hands on. Hudson now saw nothing to do but sail for home. The Indians followed down the river, and along the route arrows occasionally skimmed the air too close to the sailors for comfort.

Near Manhattan the Mohicans " put out in a multitudinary swarm in hollow logs, and surrounded the good ship, the *Half-Moon*, and the sailors had to fight for their lives. Then for the first time they had to use firearms. It is feared some Indians were killed. Straightway the *Half-Moon* put for open sea, having been in land-locked waters for the space of a full month."

The *Half-Moon* had strong breezes from the West and made fast time homeward. She dropped anchor in the harbor of Dartmouth, England, on November Seventh. Hudson made haste to go to London and see his family, before he went to Holland to report to his employers.

In December, we find Hudson again full of hope and sure that " at a point about sixty degrees North of the coast of the New World the passage to India will be found peradventure of a doubt."

It was a gamble—the Dutch vs. Fate. The odds were big. If the passage were found untold fortunes awaited.

Another ship was fitted out at a greater cost. She was called the

Discoverie and "her double plankings were made so to withstand the strongest crush of ice." She carried a crew of twenty-nine men.

On April Seventeenth, Sixteen Hundred Ten, she sailed away. She reached that marvelous body of water which we know as Hudson's Bay.

Inland they sailed for a thousand miles. Here was salt water all the time; while the puny little Hudson River ran fresh water a day's journey from the sea.

Heinrich Hudson was now so sure he had found the prized passage to India that he refused to sail for home when the first nipping frosts arrived.

The crew went into winter quarters, and the ship by December was fast frozen in the ice.

Game was plentiful, but the sailors were afraid to venture far inland, "for fear of sirens whose songs could be plainly heard, and goblins that flitted everywhere over the ice."

The dark, cold winter dragged its long, slow length past.

The ice at last began to melt and move.

By May the ship was free. Several of the crew were sick with scurvy. Four had died. Hudson, himself, had been sick, but with spring his spirits arose and he grew better. There is nothing so hygienic as hope. He announced his intentions to press on to the West and explore every inlet until he had found the one that opened out upon the Pacific Ocean.

The crew demurred—another winter and they would all be dead. They must make for home at once, for there was no doubt as to whether they could now even find the passage out to the Atlantic, much less to the Pacific. Hudson sought to use his authority. He was disarmed and declared insane.

He was given the privilege of being put afloat in a boat, or of sailing for home. He chose the open boat. And he and his son John, aged sixteen, and seven others were sent adrift with

provisions to last a month. They were given guns and ammunition ❧ ❧

The *Discoverie* hoisted sail, and left the invincible master on that trackless inland sea, skirted by a country that was seemingly desolate and without inhabitants.

The *Discoverie* reached Amsterdam in October, and the mutineers told their tale.

They were arrested, tried, convicted—and pardoned.

They made it appear that they wished only to save the ship and report to the owners. Their frankness saved their lives.

The *Discoverie* could have been sent back after Hudson, but there was no one to captain the ship, and Heinrich Hudson was left to his fate. The mutineers brought back a map of " Hudson's Bay." Traced across the map in bold letters was the name of the dauntless discoverer.

What was the fate of Hudson, his son, and the loyal seven who stood by him?

No one knows—not a sign ever came from them in any way. Their little craft may have foundered and all been drowned before reaching shore, on the same day the *Discoverie* sailed. They may have lingered on for another winter and died of cold, starvation and disease.

They may have been murdered by the Indians. They may have fallen in with Indians, been kindly welcomed, settled down to make the best of a bad situation, and grown old, babbling to their neighbors of strange sights and scenes they had known years and years before across a trackless waste of waters to the East. No ships came that way from Holland for thirty years.

The Netherlands had given up the quest, and the lives of nine men are things too small to disturb a nation, especially if the men be foreigners.

And as for England, she had never missed her Henry Hudson—only his wife and children mourned him. And their grief did not

really count in a world where woe is common and the tears of women are nothing strange. Women are born to weep.

But the shrewd Dutch merchants remembered Hudson's River and Manhattan Isle, and there where Hudson had planted the flag of the Netherlands they founded a city.

And they called it New Amsterdam.

Henry Hudson sought for one thing. He found another. It is ever so. And the tide of wealth and power ebbed from Amsterdam to London.

Then from London to New Amsterdam, which we now call New York.

And behold New York as the financial center of the world, with her storied Wall Street on the very site of the shelving beach where trod the feet of Henry Hudson.

And the tide of Empire still surges toward the setting sun, with New York as the great central gateway to America, the land of Promise. Did Henry Hudson live and die in vain? History says, No!

And the morning sun, smiting the Palisades, and gilding them with his glory, says, No!

And a city of four million people, a powerful, restless and unfolding city, immense in her possibilities, where nothing is, but all things are becoming, pays her loyal, loving tribute to Henry Hudson, and declares that out of his failure sprang success and his memory shall not be as that of one whose name is writ in water.

The Steinways

THE gentle reader whose education has been blessed by reading *Little Journeys* will probably recall something of what the world owes to "the last run of shad," to use the phrase of the Reverend Theodore Parker.

The latest celebrant in the list to come to my attention is Luther Burbank.

He was along here one fine day. After supper we drifted into the Roycroft Music-Room. A girl sat down at the Steinway Grand and played the "Spring Song" of that gentle and sublime spirit, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

And an appreciative visitor present remarked that he would rather have written that song than to have evolved a spineless cactus

"Spineless men are plentiful," I ventured. "Perhaps," was the reply; "but think of the vertebræ and its surmounting brain of the man who worked for fifty years before he was able to make a piano that pleased him. And see how a great man blesses the world. Here we have the net result of a life of invention, dreams, toil, love, work and aspiration. The man is dust—his dream is ours. Strike the keys, child! Gently—so, it is the soul of a man."

Luther Burbank did n't care to talk about himself or his work; he wanted me to tell of Steinway, for I had mentioned the fact that I had been to the Steinway factory in New York a few days before

When I told him that Henry E. Steinway was the youngest in a family of twelve, he smiled and said, "Good! One more in the list—I myself am the thirteenth in a family of fifteen. Proceed!"

John and Charles Wesley were two in a nice little family of nineteen. And Susannah Wesley, their mother, was the twenty-fourth child of her parents. Edmund Burke was one of fifteen.

Daniel Webster was the eleventh little Webster. Theodore Parker was also the eleventh and last in his family.

Froebel and Beethoven were preceded by big broods, which were to achieve oblivion, save for the distinction of being kin to that last, little, wailing surprise-party.

William and Caroline Herschel had nine brothers and sisters. Coleridge was in competition with twelve other Coleridges, several of whom were twenty years, and more, older than he. Josiah Wedgwood and Richard Arkwright were each the thirteenth child of their mothers—and not unlucky numbers, either. James Oliver was the baby in a family of eight.

Benjamin Franklin was one of a family of seventeen. He was the last except the " anoder baby," or two. When fourteen, Ben was apprenticed to a brother who had yellow chin-whiskers and was twenty-two years his senior. After Ben ran away, this brother sinks from sight, so far as Clio is concerned, but the soul of Ben still goes marching on.

In the famous family of Rothschild there were five sons and five daughters. The five sons were made barons in a single day, and the daughters should have been similarly decorated, for they, too, had the genius of their mother, who lived to be exactly one hundred, and saw all her children and several of her grandchildren grow great. When past ninety, surrounded by more than a hundred of her descendants, the pride of Letizia Rothschild was profound, and surely pardonable.

But all these things happened before the stork was replaced by the teddy-bear.

Henry E. Steinway was born February Fifteenth, Seventeen Hundred Ninety-seven, at the little village of Wolfshagen, in the Hartz Mountains. He was the baby in a big brood of twelve. But the brood being not quite big enough, they adopted three more —orphans left by a stricken neighboring family.

It was a happy, busy, economical group, where the garden gave

vegetables, the mountain-stream fish, the forest fuel. The simple life of the forester and his family was bounded by six square miles. Of the great, troubled, outside world—the world of war, of strife, struggle and ambition—this happy, peasant family knew little. Their days were full of work and quiet, homely joys.

But in the midst of peace and smiling plenty came the army of the Corsican. It swept that pass in the Hartz Mountains, where lived the simple, modest, peasant family. It devoured the substance of the villagers, carried off their portable wealth and left them desolate. After the French had gone, came the Prussians. The father and older brothers had obeyed the call of their country and were far away in the field. The French returned to drive the Prussians out. The soldiers quartered themselves in the houses of the people, and compelled the women to cook for them—this as punishment for having given aid and succor to the enemy.

Saint Paul speaks of the degradation of being chained to a Roman soldier; but think of having to feed and house an idle, lawless and vicious soldiery! The Corsican boasted that he fought his way to success " with the criminal class," since he had opened every prison-door and given liberty, or glorious death, as payment for enlistment.

Of course, it will not do to say that the French were necessarily worse in war-time than were the armies of Prussia or Italy. Men are men, and when war, red of tooth and claw, loosens the floodgates of passion, the Ten Commandments are waived and bestiality is rampant. Like a cloud of locusts on a Summer field, the soldiers stripped the villagers of their all. They stabled their horses in the churches, and made the houses their own. Before the food was entirely gone, the women and children fled to the mountains. They followed the winding goat-paths, where the soldiers with their wagon-trains could not follow. Up there with the edelweiss, alone with God and her children, worn by worry,

hunger and cold, the mother of Henry Steinway passed away. Her children covered her worn-out form with a pile of rocks, and left her tired body there on the mountain-side. Several of the motherless children gave up the struggle and cried themselves to sleep, to awake no more.

Henry and one brother and a sister made their way back to the village, only to find it a mass of blackened ruins.

They set to work and built a cottage of logs and stones.

Spring came, and the singing birds—those wonderful Hartz Mountain songsters—were there. A little garden was planted. The sun came out. The soft showers came. And Nature, intent on hiding the results of man's inhumanity, sent her creeping vines and trailing flowers.

There were still distant thunders and rumors of wars. The Corsican was in Russia, where " the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast had scattered his legions like Winter's withered leaves."

The villagers had prayed hard and often that they might thereafter escape the dread scourge of war. God seemed to harken to their prayers.

The years passed, and Henry Steinway was fifteen, tall, strong, self-reliant, a man before his time, made so by grief and responsibility

He was a forester, and as a mountain guide had piloted the Duke of Brunswick on hunting excursions up into the fastnesses where the wild goats herded, and through the gorges where the bear-licks lay.

His boyhood makes you think of Aristotle, the Macedonian who was guide to King Philip, and finally tramped away across three hundred miles of mountain and plain to join the school of Plato. Henry Steinway had his dreams of books and study and the world of art, seen by him in fancy as soldiers and travelers told their tales around campfires when the sun went down.

His only surviving sister had married and followed fate and her soldier husband down to the cities. She had tasted of life, found it bitter, and had given up the struggle.

The father and three brothers had returned from the war. They had taken up their work of building roads and planting trees for the Duke of Brunswick on his estate, repairing the ravages of war.

And so it came to pass that, on a certain day, Henry Steinway, three brothers, their father and two other men were at work on the mountain-side.

A sudden storm came up, and they sought shelter in a deserted cabin. While huddled there, escaping the beating rain, a bolt of lightning came, striking and rending the house, prostrating every occupant ❧ ❧

Henry crawled out of the debris, over the bodies of his companions ❧ ❧

All were dead.

He alone survived. And he alone now bore the name of Steinway. Had he suffered the fate of his father and brothers, with them would have died the name.

When the Corsican returned from Elba, and the cry, "He 's back," startled and chilled all Europe, Henry Steinway joined the troops of the Duke of Brunswick and became a part of the "Army of the Allies."

The night of June Seventeenth came, when there was a sound of revelry by night at Brussels, and the boom of cannon was heard bumping against the dark.

The next day the Battle of Waterloo was fought. Preceding the battle, the Duke of Brunswick's troops became a part of Blucher's brigade ❧ ❧

Napoleon knew old "Marshal Vorwerts" and admired him. Also, he feared him. Blucher had been under Napoleon's command, and Napoleon jealous of his power had relieved him of his generalship ❧ ❧

Napoleon was forty-six years old, Blucher was seventy-four. Among other accomplishments, Old Forward had a vocabulary which unlimbered made him rival to Mephisto.

On June Fifteenth at Ligny, Napoleon said, " We will have to kill Old Forward, or he may get after us with his cuss battery." Napoleon's fire, from three points, was centered on Blucher. This was the plan of action that won most of Napoleon's battles. Napoleon was an artilleryman, and he liked to fight with projectiles. By centering his fire on a certain spot he pounded it to pieces. The idea survives in modern football, where eleven men often throw themselves on one—the one most to be feared, and put him out of the game.

Blucher withdrew before Napoleon's awful fire. At least, that is the word that Blucher used, " withdrew." Napoleon called it a rout and spoke of " Marshal Backward." Napoleon was always a joker—he joked even at St. Helena.

Blucher's horse was shot, and the rider was pinned under his weight, but the rider escaped.

On the afternoon of the Eighteenth, Old Forward had his revenge. He came up late, when he was not expected, and struck Napoleon's picked troops on the flank. It was horsemen against artillery, and at close range. The horsemen sabered the gunners at their posts before they could flee. And Old Forward, hatless, coatless, muddy and bloody, personally exercised with terrific energy both his tongue and his sword.

In this last scene, subaltern Steinway played his part.

But war was not to the liking of young Steinway. And in his kit he always managed to carry a wondrous jew's-harp of his own manufacture. The jew's-harp was so called because it was small and portable, and even Jews on the wing could carry one.

Nathan Rothschild was on the battlefield of Waterloo on that memorable day, and as the sun went down he did not know whether Napoleon or Wellington was victor. No one knew. But

Nathan says, " As darkness came, I saw the English making campfires and the Germans were singing, and one was playing some sort of musical instrument." We know the rest. Nathan Rothschild rode eighty miles before sunrise, and his message to his brother, " Buy English Securities," reached London twenty-four hours ahead of the official post. The move made the House of Rothschild supreme in finance. Who that German soldier was that was playing some sort of musical instrument, we do not know. As for myself, I like to imagine that it was Henry Steinway. After Waterloo, it took Europe some months to get her nerves back to norm.

Most of the troops were still held, ready for trouble.

During these long weeks of waiting in barracks, young Steinway improved his time making a cithern, or zither. It was simply a box made from spruce, with strings strung across, and played by plucking, but it made sweet music and broke the monotony of " those piping times of peace."

There are just two kinds of musical instruments. One is the stringed instrument and the other is the wind instrument. One had its rise in the hollow reed, or the pipes of Pan, and the other began with the hunter's bow, which some hunter on a march noticed " sang " when struck and made to vibrate.

Then another hunter discovered that no two bows sang just alike, owing to different degrees of length, structure and tautness. Where it was, or when, that the hunter took one bow and with it agitated the strings of another, and thus suggested the " fiddle," we do not know.

Also, we can only guess when it was and where that a soldier sitting near a campfire surprised his fellows by putting four strings on a bow and making music on that progenitor of all 'cellos

To add many strings and make a harp played with the fingers was a natural and easy evolution.

We hear of how a thousand years before Christ the Israelites " hanged their harps upon the willows." The harp was the symbol of joy and gladness, and when a supreme sorrow came it was laid aside, and grief was expressed by singing, or wailing. In Ireland, the wail of the professional " keener," or mourner, is still heard, and once heard is never forgotten.

About the same time that Henry Steinway was relieving the tedium of life in barracks with his cithern, and playing a pleasing accompaniment to any song that might be sung, he tried his hand at making a dulcimer, which was played by striking the strings with little hammers.

The clavichord was played by striking keys, which released little hammers, which in turn struck the strings. This principle was an adaptation from the pipe-organ, which by pressing keys released the pressure of air in the pipes and made music.

Organ music reached perfection with Sebastian Bach.

The violin reached its height with Stradivarius, and the piano—but that is another story.

When turned twenty-one, Henry Steinway left the army with an honorable discharge and a bronze medal for bravery.

The special bravery consisted in playing a bugle while leading a charge where the men on both sides of him were shot—and never missing a note. The man who could play and not flat under these conditions surely deserved recognition.

The House of Steinway was to have more medals later, but this first one was always called " our music medal." In his old age Henry Steinway used to say, " I want no more medals on these conditions, and would rather lose this one than try for it over again."

Henry's success in working in wood got him a job in a cabinet-shop. He made furniture, and evolved into a wood-carver who made eighteen marks in good money every week.

He now lived in the little town of Seesen, at the foot of the Hartz

Mountains. Near by was a barracks, where he led the band, and the Colonel of the regiment paid him five marks a week out of his own pocket for the work.

He resigned his job in the cabinet-shop to take a place in a little factory where church-organs were being made. Incidentally, he played the organ in the village church.

Here comes in one of those pivotal points in life that make for glory or despair. The Colonel of the regiment told young Steinway that he wanted him on the spot all the time. But he must enlist in order to have the place. His rank would be that of Lieutenant, and his pay, including perquisites for breaking in musical recruits, would amount to thirty marks a week.

At the organ-building he only made twenty marks, because he was supposed to be learning the business.

The offer of the army was tempting. It meant ease, honors and a sure and safe position for life.

Henry laid the case before a fair-haired German girl, Doretta Kinder by name, the daughter of the village doctor. When Henry played the organ in the village church, Doretta was always there. She loved music; also she loved Henry Steinway.

The gilt braid, the brass buttons, the tall bear-skin cap, and dangling sword had no lure for Doretta. Her woman's wisdom knew that Mars meant misery for women, even more than for men. She loved the obscure mechanic for his own sake, and the man who played the organ in the village church was more to her than the man who led the band on parade.

Love had its way. One decision leads to another. In February, Eighteen Hundred Twenty-five, they were married. Henry played the organ at his own wedding; the girl pumped the bellows; and then they descended from the loft and the ceremony was performed ❧ ❧

The bride's present from the groom was a piano—a curious little instrument with two strings. Stradivarius fixed the limit of the

violin at four strings. Two strings for a piano, with the hammers striking the strings at different positions, was supposed to be ample

Across the case of this love-piano were cupids carved in relief, all playing hide-and-seek in the flowers.

Beyond this wonderful piano, Henry Steinway never expected to go. It was his Meister-stuck. Also, it was a "Steinway"—on this point there was no dispute.

But in a year we find Henry working evenings in the kitchen of the little house where they lived. He was making another piano—a better one than the first. It was to have three strings—this was in keeping with the poetic unities—for there were three in the family, now.

This new piano was to be for Doretta's baby—little Theodore, aged only a few weeks, but making merry music of his own. His fond father used to say that little "The" was the only baby in the world that never cried off key, but always with a genuine musical expression.

The baby was to be known to the world as C. F. Theodore Steinway

This piano for the baby "that never cried off key" was n't completed for fourteen years.

As the father worked, his ideas of what a piano should be increased and enlarged. Long before the case for the first piano was complete, with his inward vision Steinway saw a better one.

Little Theodore learned to creep. He played in the shavings at his father's feet and crowed and yodled.

He evolved one little white tooth, then two.

He pulled himself up and stood on fat, wobbly, little legs and tried to help.

Finally he wore his first pair of trousers and talked good, genuine German

"How is the piano getting along?" the neighbors would ask.

"Ach, Mein Gott in Himmel, I gave it to the Frau for a cupboard!"

A year later the question was answered thus: "Ah, the pianoforte —yes, I gave it to the Frau for a bookcase!"

Pianos were made and a few sold, but the one ideal piano, the piano for Theodore, was not completed.

Other babies came—one, two, three, four, five, six. Theodore was twelve years old. He was a handsome youth, tall, strong, sturdy, with brain to match. He read and played all and any kind of music at sight. He saturated himself with sweet sounds; and as he worked at the bench by the side of his father he sang songs from Sebastian Bach.

"My son," said the father, "I started out to make an ideal piano for you. I could have achieved it all right, had not the ideal kept ahead of me. Now you must help me make it!"

In Eighteen Hundred Thirty-nine, this first "Steinway Grand" was exhibited at the State Fair of Brunswick. It commanded marked attention.

Musicians came from distant cities to see and hear this wonderful musical instrument. The tinkle, tinkle, tin-pan tones of the harpsichord were gone. Here was a full, clear, vibrant expression. Albert Methfessel, the celebrated composer, played on the instrument, examined it, tested it, and a special gold medal was struck, the highest honor that could be paid, and this medal was presented to Henry Steinway. Instantly, the father hung the medal about the neck of his son Theodore.

The piano had been begun for the boy. The boy himself completed the task. We can imagine the good old Teutonic enthusiasm of those who saw the sight when that medal was presented.

The boy was called upon for a speech. He could not think of anything to say. Then they called on him to play. He sat down to play, struck two bars—and burst into tears.

At the time he thought he was disgraced, but the Duke of

Brunswick, who was present, afterward said that by no possibility could anything be thought out and done as touchingly impressive as this inability of the boy to play.

This piano was bought by an " unknown music-lover "—probably the Duke—for three thousand marks. The sale made the name Steinway synonymous with pianos.

And today no one can discuss the subject of pianos for five minutes without using the word Steinway. You can refer to your " Steinway " in any civilized language, to civilized people in any part of the globe, and the allusion is always understood.

The word goes as legal tender, having passed into the current coin of language. It is neither German, English, French, Spanish, Russian nor Italian—it is a universal word.

When Wu Ting Fang, that most versatile and inquisitive man, came to East Aurora and was being shown about, as he entered the Music-Room he remarked, " Oh, I see you have a Steinway! I have one, too, at my home in China. What did yours cost? "

The year of Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight was a time of unrest throughout Europe. The dictum of Thomas Jefferson, " That country is governed best which is governed least," was not understood or appreciated by the men in power.

" Make way for individuality," was the cry among bands of earnest young men all over Germany.

Richard Wagner was arrested in Dresden for making speeches on the street corners in the name of liberty.

He escaped to Switzerland. A price was placed upon his head. For ten years he lived in exile, and then it was that some of his first scores were written. But he had to wait until Franz Liszt came down to visit him before his creations were given a voice, for Wagner was not a performer.

But exile and persecution have their advantages.

We remember the man who prayed for an enemy, to arouse him out of his mental sloth. Enemies are often our friends in disguise,

since they sting us into action. However, the matter of enemies can be overdone.

Yet the fact remains that exile and prison-bars have given the world some great songs and great books. Go ask John Bunyan and Victor Hugo!

Liszt contended to the day of his death that without exile we would never have had that half-tragic, cumulative, sublimely appealing and defiantly harmonious discord which constitutes "the Soul of Wagner."

The political storm which blew Wagner out of Germany placed an interdict on that most gentle and beautiful character, Friedrich Froebel. Four years later he died, a whipped-out and broken-hearted man.

It was a panic, when kings were holding their crowns on with both hands and calling for deliverance from the Spirit of Liberty.

¶ Down at the little village of Seesen young men were talking and writing. We hear of one accusation to the effect that the young man was playing "revolutionary music." Government spies were on the track of the Steinways. The father and eldest son were not so much to blame as Charles Steinway, the second son, born in Eighteen Hundred Twenty-nine.

Charles was just twenty-one. He lacked the artistic genius of Theodore, but from all we can gather he did not lack energy. He had read Benjamin Franklin, Paine and Jefferson, and had organized a "Junta" where the word liberty was used a trifle more often than was consistent.

The lines were being drawn about him. He escaped into Switzerland between the dawn and the day, and made his way by relays to Paris and then to London. From there he sailed for New York, and arrived in New York, May, Eighteen Hundred Forty-nine.

Charles was strong, hearty, practical and willing. He got a job without delay in a furniture-shop. Soon he was assistant foreman, and was making as many dollars every week as his father was

making marks. His glowing letters home were not without avail. The whole family—father, mother, and six children—decided to follow the adventurous Charles.

To leave their modest little home, with its garden and flowers, and its shop in the backyard, over which ran the trumpet-flowers, and where the pianos were made, and turn the cow and the goat over to the neighbors, was an awful pull on their heart-strings. But every letter from Charles said, "Come!" And finally the oldest daughter, Doretta, took things in her own hands and she wrote to Charles, "We are coming."

The Steinway family sailed from Hamburg, and landed at Castle Garden, June Ninth, Eighteen Hundred Fifty.

They were not destitute nor poor, yet they were far from being rich. All they saw ahead was good, plain, hard work, and plenty of it ❧ ❧

Charles had been able to discover about a dozen pianos in New York, but the future for pianos in America did not look bright. In fact, it was a semi-pioneer country, and pianos were a luxury. That there would be a market for pianos in an extensive way might come about in, say, a hundred years. But, anyway, everybody needed furniture. Charles Steinway had looked up the Astors. John Jacob Astor was a German and a musician. He was the first man to make a business of selling musical instruments in New York. In fact, he proved he was a true disciple of Sheldon when he started into the woods, bound for Canada, with no baggage but a pack of flutes.

When he came to an Indian village he announced his appearance by playing a flute. The Indians came out to see what the trouble was ❧ ❧

And the result was that always he sold them a flute and took pay in a bale of skins, usually worth about five hundred dollars. As a part of the bargain, he also taught the proud aborigines to play.

Charles told this story to his father. And Pater Familias shrugged

his shoulders and said, " Ach, Mein Gott! You can carry flutes into the woods and sell them to savages, but think of carrying a piano on your back and educating Indians to play it! "

The boys settled down to a weekly wage in stores and shops. As the months went by, the Steinways got acquainted with both language and customs. The newness wore off, and the younger children were talking United States like Yankees born.

New York was not nearly so barbaric as they had thought. The best society was Dutch and had a decided musical bias. With the father and mother there were nine in the Steinway family—enough for a baseball team or an orchestra.

They had one, at least, of every kind of musical instrument, but no piano. All their pianos at home had been sold—to save freight, and because the money was needed.

Now Theodore, Charles and their father were hard at it making a piano.

The neighbors were taking quite an interest in this new instrument ❧ ❧

When the piano was finished they were invited in. Others came. Theodore was a player of decided ability, and Doretta was an artist above the average. Doretta and Theodore played " four hands."❧ ❧

A concert was given for the benefit of a neighboring church, where nobody but Steinways took part.

Two more pianos were being made. Peter Cooper had bought the first. At least, Peter Cooper had a Steinway which he always declared was the first one made in America. This piano is still in the Cooper family. I saw it a few years ago, and it is a good piano yet.

The Steinways now rented a barn in the rear of a house in Varick Street. And the whole family were at it building pianos—girls and mother included.

Theodore was an artist and an inventor. Doretta, the oldest

daughter was a player and a worker. Her enthusiasm, ambition and good cheer were infectious. Also, she had the salesman's instinct. She picked possible customers and took them to the factory, where in an office eight by twelve there was just one square piano. She played for them, and when they hesitated about buying, "because Mary can't play," Doretta said, "Oh, I'll teach her! "

And soon the home of the Steinways became a radiating musical center for teachers and performers.

Charles Steinway was the business man—earnest, active and practical. He bought materials and looked after ways and means

Henry Steinway, Junior, was one year younger than Charles. He was a workman and an inventor. Other pianos were being made in America—the Steinways must keep ahead of all competitors, not by selling a cheaper but by making a better instrument. To Henry Steinway, Junior, must go the credit of the iron frame which holds the strings in a Steinway. This invention did away with the uncertain, nasal, thin tone, and gave a resonant, sure and distinguished style to the vibration, which became at once known and is still known as the " Steinway Tone." Theodore had had the idea all right and was close upon it, but not until Eighteen Hundred Fifty-five, in New York, was a way devised to duplicate instruments with an absolute certainty that they would carry the " Steinway Tone."

The World now recognizes Henry Steinway, Junior, as the mechanical genius of piano construction. What he might have done or might not have done, were it not for the inspiration and constant aid of his brothers, Theodore and Charles, we do not know, but this we do know, he succeeded in standardizing the Steinway

And until this was done the work was interesting, and it was artistic, but there was no financial profit to speak of. Experiments

eat up money, as moths go through your last year's woolen suit. From the invention of the iron frame, the Steinway fortune was assured. And never was a ship better manned for making the Port of Success. The father had the industry, economy, directness, and the truth-loving qualities of the Vaterland. Theodore was an artist and inventor.

Doretta was a " mixer."

Charles was a business man.

Henry was an inventor.

William was a salesman.

Wilhelmina was a singer, player and worker.

Albert was a schoolboy, who evolved into a mechanic, superintendent and salesman.

The barn in Varick Street soon proved too small, and quarters were engaged at Eighty-eight Walker Street. Two big rooms were utilized. Soon the tenants upstairs were bought off, and in two years stores on either side were rented, and then bought. The Steinways were making money, and making it fast.

There were no commissions, and the overhead charges were at a minimum ❧ ❧

Doretta, Charles and William located every family in New York who did n't have, but should have, a piano. They went after big game only.

If there were " Fairs," " Institutes," or " Exhibitions," the Steinways were there. They had the goods; they had the people to show the goods; they had the bounding health and that firm faith in themselves which makes others believe in us, and without which life is drowned in shoals and shallows. Steinway spells success ❧ ❧

Whether genius is a gift or an acquirement is still a debated question at the Little Red Schoolhouse on Friday Afternoons. Perhaps both sides are right. Certain natural endowments are required, and then fate and environment do the rest.

The one particular strong all-round man among the Steinways was William, born in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-six, died in in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-six. When the family reached New York, William was fourteen. We hear of his father asking him what he wished to be, a mechanic or a musician, and the boy answered, " Both."

And he was.

At fifteen he was working in a cabinet-shop, doing a man's work for a boy's pay.

When eighteen, and the Steinways had discovered that New York wanted pianos, William's skill as a woodworker was needed in the Steinway Shop.

After Charles had passed away, in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-five, William by natural selection became head of the house.

It was owing to the strength of character of this man, his persistency of purpose and boundless enthusiasm, that the house of Steinway and Sons achieved its proud place at the head of the piano world.

Emerson says, " Every great institution is the lengthened shadow of a man."

In this case, William Steinway was the man. You must have the goods, that is granted, but to organize your forces and sell them is genius. " Pa " Hamlin used to speak of Ed Geers as a " horse general." And most certainly William Steinway was a business general. Every field of human activity was to him familiar. It was through his initiative that Steinway Hall was built. Here, in what was then the finest auditorium in New York, was heard every great singer, player and orator of the time.

Theodore Steinway when abroad rounded up the artists of Europe, and William met them on the dock and introduced them to America. Rubinstein, Patti, Gerster, Joseffy were his proteges. William Steinway sent a thousand dollars to that most worthy man and wonderful artist, Ignace Paderewski, at the time, like

'Gene Field, broke in London. Paderewski's first recital was given at Steinway Hall. William Steinway had guaranteed Paderewski thirty thousand dollars for the American tour. The amount secured was forty-five thousand dollars, all of which Steinway turned over to the gifted Pole, with the remark, " To have discovered you is pay enough."

Steinway's great hope and generosity made him an easy prey to hundreds of unappreciated artistic Weary Willies who were always lying in wait for him. He was constantly victimized but he never lost faith in the race.

William organized the New York Philharmonic and made Theodore Thomas its leader. At a Philharmonic banquet given in honor of Paderewski, William once expressed one regret concerning Theodore Thomas, and that was that he was not a Pole. And when Theodore Thomas arose to reply he expressed the regret that William Steinway was born in Germany, otherwise he would have been President of the United States. The remark comes pretty close home, for William Steinway was a king among men. However, he was a democratic king—also a lifelong member of the Democratic Party. Colonel Ingersoll once said, " If Democrats were all like William Steinway, I'd forsake the Republicans." And William, not to be outdone, made the obvious reply

William was the neighbor and close friend of Samuel J. Tilden, and one of Tilden's presidential electors.

Also, he was twice a presidential elector when Grover Cleveland was chosen Chief Executive.

William Steinway could have been Mayor of New York, but he declined to run. He was a " Rapid-Transit Commissioner;" one of the Commissioners who planned the first New York Subway; a member of the Park Commission; an organizer of Kindergartens; a Public-School Trustee; and one of the Directors of Cooper Union. He organized the East River Gas Company,

and was chief owner of the Long Island Street Railways. As a musician and the friend of all artists, a manufacturer, a financier, an educator, an all-round man of affairs, tender, sympathetic toward all human endeavors for betterment, pure in purpose, young in heart, firm in the right, America has never seen the equal of William Steinway.

Jacob Ziegler, mechanic, inventor and artist, had followed the Steinway fortunes across the sea. He was a mechanic of rare skill, " with an infinite capacity for taking pains." And this capacity for taking pains, according to Ralph Waldo Emerson, constitutes genius

Propinquity and fate had their way, and Doretta Steinway and Jacob Ziegler were married.

Never was a couple better mated.

That " the gray mare was the better horse " was always admitted by Jacob. And her father used to say of Doretta, " Nothing but her petticoat keeps her from running the whole town."

Henry Ziegler, born in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-seven, the son of Doretta, is now the active Director and Head of the Department of Construction in the Steinway factories. Whether he has the genius of his mother or not it would be indelicate to ask; but I can testify that he is a man of genuine worth and power. Moreover, he appreciates good literature, for he told me last week that he reads everything I write.

The plan of educating young men for their work, at their work, of slighting nothing and of never evading a burden or a duty, is a lesson fixed as firmly in the House of Steinway as the " Steinway Fame "

The idea of work and human service is the keynote in the character of Charles H. Steinway, the present captain of the Steinway ship. His father, Charles Steinway, the man who was blown out of Germany by the blizzard of Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight, died in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-five, when the tide of the busi-

ness was at flood—literally working himself to death. Charles H. was then twelve years old.

He went into the factory as a boy in knee-breeches, and has evolved to his position as President of Steinway and Sons, simply by divine right. He is the financier and business man, and in times of doubt his word is law. He is an athlete in physique, and has the quiet self-possession, all sobered by stern responsibilities, that mark the Master-Man.

Charles H. Steinway has more medals, degrees and decorations than any man in America. Every crowned head of Europe has honored itself by honoring him. Mr. Steinway modestly apologizes for the decorations, thus, "You see they can't vote a university degree to a corporation, because corporations have no souls, so they hang the medals around my neck, pin the ribbons on my coat, and thrust the diplomas into my hands. I'm convenient, that's all!"

The actual truth is, that Doctor Steinway—he does n't like the "Doctor" part—is wrong when he says that corporations have no souls. The corporation that has no soul does not stay long in business. There is a Steinway Soul, as surely as there is a Steinway Touch and a Steinway Tone.

This soul stands for harmony, health, happiness—work, laughter, love and human sympathy—all symboled in sweet sounds. Frederick T. Steinway, brother of Charles H., and three years younger, is Vice-President of Steinway and Sons.

William R. Steinway, born in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-one, and a son of William Steinway, the fourth son of William Engelhard Steinway, is the assistant of Charles H. Steinway, the Major-General. And I was glad to see that William R. is a man of decision, to whom are gravitating big burdens nobly borne.

Theodore E. Steinway, born in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-three, is also a son of William Steinway. Theodore is understudy and hands and feet to Henry Ziegler, who, it will be remembered, is

the son of Doretta the Daring. This sketch would not be complete without mention of Nahum Stetson, the Secretary of Steinway and Sons. Mr. Stetson came with the house in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, from the Centennial Exposition. The Steinway pianos were perhaps the most elaborate exhibit at Philadelphia during that great year which ushered in the American Renaissance, in which we now live.

Mr. Stetson had charge of Machinery Hall at the Centennial. He was then but a youth in his twenties. Besides having marked executive and mechanical ability, he was a pianist of power. When he had an hour off he spent the time in the Steinway exhibit

He gravitated to the Steinways according to the law of natural selection. Much of the continual success of Steinway and Sons since Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six has turned on the sterling commonsense and business ability of Mr. Stetson. Big men succeed through selection of their helpers. Charles H. Steinway is to be congratulated on Stetson, and Stetson is to be congratulated on his ability to serve the House of Steinway.

And adown the centuries still marches the Soul of Henry Engelhard Steinway, sole survivor of war, disaster and sudden death. Bugler under Blucher—"Old Forward," the farmer-general, grim and fearless—steady and unwavering, moves ever on, and on, and on, the soul of Steinway.

Influence never dies. The eddies set in motion by that simple, modest, unassuming life of honesty, industry, economy, and high endeavor widen and widen yet again, and now circle the globe. So, wherever human hearts are sad or glad, and songs are sung, and strings vibrate, and keys respond to love's caress, there is known, revered, respected—loved—the name and fame of Steinway

HENRY FORD

Henry Ford

IN days agone, when conversation lagged and languished, some one always turned to the topic of Arthur Brisbane's salary.

Nowadays the theme is Henry Ford. You hear it in barber-shops, bar-rooms, smoking-rooms, ad-clubs, Sunday Schools, sewing-circles.

But while it is a fact that you can lie about Arthur Brisbane's salary, yet you can not qualify for the Ananias Club by talking about Henry Ford's income.

The figures baffle bunk, balk the brain, calm the cabeza, and put the romancer to the bad.

Arthur Brisbane draws a salary of one hundred thousand dollars a year.

Henry Ford's income is about 'steen million dollars a year. This is more than Eva Tanguay gets. It is more than I made in vaudeville. Also, it is more than any vaudeville artist ever said he was offered.

Nobody knows how much twenty million dollars a year is, so I will have to explain that it is sixty thousand dollars a day—and then some.

In two days, Henry Ford pulls down as much mazuma as Arthur Brisbane does in a year, and then has enough left so he can go to the moving-picture show.

Sixty thousand dollars a day is six thousand dollars an hour for ten hours, or one hundred dollars a minute.

When the Income-Tax Bill goes into effect, Mr. Ford will be the second largest taxpayer in the United States—that is to say, the second largest taxpayer in the world.

The Rockefellers come first, since Andrew Carnegie has proved to the New York Board of Assessors that he is hopelessly in debt, and may have to take to the Chautauqua Platform to retrieve

a hazard of lost fortunes. It is eminently proper and poetic that the name of Rockefeller and Ford should be linked, because " Ford owners " are the biggest and best customers that the Standard Oil Company have. Ford owners require fuel and lubricant, and the S. O. supplies both for a modest consideration. Next year at this time one-half of all automobiles that will pass you will be " Fords."

You will find the Fords now in every capital of Christendom—Saint Petersburg, Paris, London, Vladivostok, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Manila, East Aurora.

Here they come! Note the brass breastplate in front—where it should be—and on it the single word, " Ford."

Around Henry Ford is growing up a literary corona. The man is surely being boswellized.

A sample fictive creation by way of illustration: Six years ago, Mr. Ford called on a certain Detroit banker to help him out with a very inconvenient ingrowing payroll.

The banker coughed twice, sneezed three times, as bankers do, and gave Mr. Ford some gratuitous advice on the subject of over-expansion.

And this was all he gave him.

As for the payroll, it might as well be sandpapered then as later. Ford went away and wiggled through, by kiting checks and doing a few humiliating financial stunts that you and I have done. On June Second, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen—it is always nice to be exact and specific when you are telling a lie—that banker sent for Ford. He did n't tell him that he could have the money now—that was understood. Anybody that does n't need money can get it.

The banker wanted to be friends with Ford. Both were getting along in years, etc., etc. Ford agreed to let bygones be bygones, and also admitted the past was past. And to prove it, he promised to send around a little deposit the next day. And he did.

He sent a check for two million dollars. The whole bank went up in a biplane.

The check was passed around, examined, scrutinized, and pronounced a forgery. " There hain 't no sech animile!"

What to do?

No bank can accept a deposit like that, subject to call. Suppose Henry Ford should walk in the next week with a grip, shove a check in at the gazebo behind the bars, light a cigarette, and ask for the two million dollars in fives—!!!

The directors were 'phoned to come a-running.

A war conference was held, and it was decided that Henry Ford was trying to bust the bank. Peace was declared only when Henry Ford wrote a letter agreeing not to call for any of the money for a year, and then, in no case, to draw out more than fifty thousand dollars a month.

" I returned, and saw under the sun that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill, but time and chance happeneth to them all."

Time and chance brought us gasoline and automobiles. No one individual had the prophetic eye to see the extent to which gasoline would be in demand, because no one anticipated the extent to which automobiles would be used. Ten years ago kerosene was the thing, and gasoline the by-product. Now gasoline is the thing, and kerosene is yours for the asking—nearly.

In England they are still manufacturing automobiles in batches of one hundred.

A few manufacturers in America run automobiles out in batches of five hundred.

At the Ford Motor Works they simply feed in vanadium steel, aluminum, leather, hair, paint, bolts, springs, wire, and out comes a procession of autos two miles long every day.

They make " Fords " at the rate of two a minute—that is to say,

a thousand a day. The times have played into the hands of Henry Ford and Johndee.

Henry Ford has influenced his times and he has been influenced by his times. Ford is a Fabian, and a Fabian is an opportunist. Quintus Fabius is the man who fought the Carthaginians to a frazzle—who whipped them as ten to one. He knew the value of time, and he had read John J. Ingalls' sonnet to a purpose. Christian DeWet, of South Africa, was very much such a man. Every man in DeWet's regiment was equal to twenty Englishmen, and after the war the English acknowledged it. When DeWet, a simple, unpretentious Dutchman, visited London on business, the English soldiers insisted on taking his horses from the carriage and drawing the vehicle through the streets. To pull an auto by rope would be no compliment; to pull a carriage is. Ringing cheers for DeWet were everywhere heard—DeWet the opportunist. The high price in gasoline is one of the big factors in the colossal fortune of Ford.

A Ford car will run twenty miles on a gallon of gasoline. Your trusty "Six" will carry you eight miles with the same amount of fuel; and your "Forty" will take you, say, twelve miles. That is to say, the Ford cars require just about one-half the fuel of the average car.

The Ford has the minimum of weight with the maximum of strength. Its lightness decreases wear and tear on tires. It runs at a moderate rate of speed—say somewhere between twenty and thirty miles an hour, and thirty miles is about as fast as any sane man wants to go on a public highway.

Economy and efficiency are the two big words about this time, and these two words apply especially to the Ford car.

Fifteen years ago Henry Ford was on a salary; ten years ago he was on his uppers.

When the Ford Motor-Car Company was formed he was unable to pay his attorney a fee of one thousand dollars, and so the

attorney said, "Never mind: give me five thousand dollars' worth of stock," and so the stock was issued to the attorney, and today that shuddering shyster is drawing over forty thousand dollars a year in dividends from that one-thousand-dollar fee which Henry Ford could not afford to pay. Henry Ford personally owns fifty-one per cent of the Ford Motor-Car Company stock. He is the man at the helm—always on the job. He is a man of few words—simple, plain, unaffected, democratic, direct. He wears a smile, but no hat. He is a farmer and spends many happy hours every day monkeying around with plants and pets.

Henry Ford is big enough to get other people to do his work. He is the only mechanician in history who is a first-class businessman. Of course Edison has gotten along pretty well in a business way, but Edison has been more stolen from than any other man in existence. Thousands of men have appropriated his ideas, and attorneys without number have sat up nights working out schemes to get around his patents, and many of these schemes have succeeded.

Nevertheless, good to say, Edison is not on half-rations.

Ford is a mechanic and an inventor, and yet he is a great businessman ❧ ❧

Working with him is a very strong, very able, level-headed financial man—a man big enough to be Secretary of the Treasury, and who would do honor to the position.

Then there is a sales-manager in the Ford Works who has a selling organization that runs on Silvertown tires, with automatic lubrication. And salesmanship is n't merely industry—it is inspiration.

Also, Mr. Ford's advertising men are artistic and literary, and are hands and feet and eyes and ears for their Chief.

His private secretary looks like a part of the landscape, as a private secretary should. Then there are inventors, chemists, statisticians—all spiritual antennæ to Henry Ford.

In the factory Mr. Ford has men after his own heart, and about all of these have come up from the ranks.

There are more than seventeen thousand people on his payroll.

The Ford factories are run as units.

When the Ford works are enlarged it is simply by adding on another unit, and duplicating the machines.

The Ford Company has never had a labor trouble nor a financial jolt

It began small and has grown at an even pace.

The whole thing is self-lubricating and runs on ball bearings.

Henry Ford throws responsibility on men and they carry it off, and by carrying it off they become strong.

He himself has all the time there is. His hobby is birds.

His success has come to him since his hair began to turn gray. Now he is just fifty.

He uses no tobacco, no strong drink and no strong language. Moderation is his watchword.

He is temperate in all things, except in the manufacture of automobiles

In his private office there is a series of subterranean passages that lead to seven different points in his factories. He is liable to come up at any one point at an inopportune time.

The beggar and the mendicant are after him continually—of course. He is asked to subscribe for everything, and letters come in at the rate of one thousand a day from people who want help. Naturally very few of these letters ever reach Mr. Ford's desk. They are taken care of by private secretaries who know their business. To give people money does not help them. Mr. Ford knows this. He does, however, give countless thousands a chance —a chance to work.

What he will eventually do with his money is the problem that is under discussion in the smoking-compartment of all Pullman palace-cars

I hear it stated that in a few years we can have a "Ford" by paying one hundred dollars a year for its use. Then every year we will send our old car back and get a new one—so we will always have a new Ford.

There are a few people of course who will not ride in a "Ford," just as there are a few men who insist on having their clothes made in London and pay seventy-five dollars for a suit.

No manufacturer can ever catch up with The Ford Motor Company. Ford has the equipment, in men, money and machines. All have to take his dust—and will until Socialism arrives and the Government supplies every voter an auto and a key to the public gas-tank.

Ford makes the machinery that manufactures the Ford. This department in itself is a gigantic business.

No one manufacturer of tires could keep him going.

Recently at West Orange I saw a six-story concrete building erected for the sole purpose of supplying electric-light fixtures for Fords, Model T, 1914.

Henry Ford is the king of standardization. "This one thing I do." And possessing a superb mechanical noodle he has worked out a machine that appeals to the people God loves.

In the manufacture of these machines he has simply made the Mesaba Range a suburb of the city of Detroit.

There are a dozen factories in different sections of the United States, each working on separate parts of Ford automobiles. Everything is comparative. You think Arthur Brisbane has a big salary because yours is less. Then don't you remember a few years ago, when we heard that John McCall had a salary of one hundred thousand dollars a year as President of the New York Life-Insurance Company, how we raised our hands and rolled our eyes in wonder.

Most of us have a unit of thinking. When we have dollars in our minds we think of ten-dollar bills—that is, if it takes us a week

to earn ten dollars. Other people think in hundreds. Some in thousands. A very few men think in millions.

I can remember when a millionaire was a man who had a fortune of a million dollars. Then there came a time when a millionaire was a man who made a million dollars in twelve months. Now a millionaire is a man who spends a million dollars a year.

The frantic effort of the peanut politician to curtail big business is owing to the fact that he is not used to thinking in millions, and being full of prunes and suspicion he believes that a man who makes money is intent on oppressing the plain people.

It is a time of adjustment, of big things done in a big way by bigger men than the world has ever seen. And one of these is Henry Ford—slim, slender, smiling, boyish in appearance, appreciative, modest in voice—this man with the mild blue eyes, the clairvoyant prescience, the prophetic outlook.

Here is a new kind of millionaire.

The difference between him and some men you know is that he has a bigger unit. He thinks in millions.

What 's the use of placing limits on anything, nowadays? The only things limited are inertia, stupidity, fear, hate, jealousy and doubt. And all these have been eliminated from the cosmos of Henry Ford, so that if they are ever found in his heart at all, it is only as a chemical trace.

Into his car Ford has put the truth, integrity, simplicity, sanity and commonsense which he himself possesses.

The only power that is valuable to the world is that which you have left after taking care of your own cosmos. A good motor-car must not only run itself, but it must carry a load. A "Ford" has a surplus. And so has Henry Ford—a surplus of money, power, ideas and human affection.

I suggest that Henry Ford be made General Manager of the United States, to occupy the office for life, or during good behavior, at a salary of a dollar a day.

This plan will not in any way disrupt the present machinery of government. It will simply add one able man over all the rest, and lubricate, polish, rebuild and put our government affairs on a practical business basis.

The General Manager will be the direct representative of the people; also, of course, the servant of the people.

Government is a dual proposition—social and economic.

The social side of government is a matter of necessary piffle. The economic deals with utilities.

It is universally conceded now by economists, and by philosophers with a scientific bent, that the trust is a beneficent institution when properly managed.

The United States of America is the greatest trust in the world. It is made up of a parent corporation, and forty-eight subsidiaries ❧ ❧

We, each and all, own one share of stock in the institution.

The commission form of government has been tried out in various municipalities, and in every instance has been declared to be a great improvement on former methods where the idea of party politics prevailed. The elimination of the Political Boss is quite as necessary as the elimination of the Ward Heeler. If the commission form of government is a good thing for a city, why would it not be a good thing also for a nation?

We have gotten past the idea that government is a matter of governing people. The intent of all good government is to do away with the necessity of governing, just as in education, graduation of the pupil takes place at the vanishing-point of the teacher. Once we chose as the governing head of a nation the man who could kill most.

From that we moved off into another stage where we selected a lawyer who could talk most.

Now, we are pleased to name a schoolteacher who can instruct most—which is beautiful and right.

A schoolteacher is an improvement on a lawyer, but why not a businessman who can produce most?

The most important thing in life is to earn a living. Read Henry Buckle's *History of Civilization!*

Not only should you produce enough to support yourself, but you should also produce a surplus, and this surplus, or a portion of it at least, should be at your own disposal in order to equalize circulation, give sweet sleep o' nights, and prevent premature old age.

If earning a living is the most important thing in life—as Herbert Spencer and many other philosophers have claimed—then business is really more important than any other profession.

The United States of America is a business institution, and the head of this institution should be a businessman. Without businessmen to subsidize and endow colleges and universities, these things certainly would not exist.

Our custom of electing as President a man untried and inexperienced in the matter of business gives us a Government by Experiment, a part of the time, and a Government by Hysteria the rest.

When we choose men for responsible executive positions, we hire only men who are successful, save in this matter of statesmanship. The fact that President McKinley was a bankrupt when he entered the office was never once mentioned against him as a disability, so dull were we to a great issue.

We all want success. We want food, clothing, shelter, gardens, good roads, books, automobiles, pianos, and above all things we want leisure to take a little vacation every day—this that we may preserve our sanity and increase our efficiency, so that when we work we can produce results.

Under these conditions, is it not the part of wisdom to select as General Manager of this great corporation the most efficient, able and practical man we know? I think, Yes.

Mexico is a failure because she has no Middle Class. Ninety per cent of the inhabitants of Mexico are illiterate. The man who can read and write in Mexico is exceptional, and the woman who can read and write is a curiosity.

The strength of any nation lies in its Middle Class.

The fewer the hoboes, and the less grand dukes, the better. Both are barnacles.

To eliminate the parasite is the problem of progress.

Henry Ford knows the wants of America's Middle Class better perhaps than any other living man, and he has proved it in so practical a way that the matter is beyond argument.

Henry Ford is not a highbrow, not a theorist, not a professional reformer—he is a worker and an executive. Also, he is a teacher and a learner.

In Canada the Governor-General is not governor at all. He draws his salary and his breath, lays cornerstones, dedicates orphanages and walks off with the honors; but the actual power lies with the people and the Premier as their representative. Neither in England is the King the actual ruler. His duties are social, poetic, symbolic, and the scepter is a purely mythical instrument, having no more practical use than a mace, truncheon or gavel. The gavel is a rudimentary weapon. It once had a long handle and was used by the umpire to paste obstructionists on the scone. Now its use is to make a discordant noise, and call attention to the owner.

In corporations when they want to give some man a big office without throwing anybody out, they make him Chairman of the Board, or, if you please, Chairman of the Finance Committee. Make Henry Ford First Commissioner, Chairman of the Board, or General Manager—what you call it is a small matter.

And the man is diplomat enough not to run afoul of any social customs. He is a workingman who has not only drawn a salary, but has also earned it. Ways and Means is his plaything. He

has had a wonderful schooling as a builder. Henry Ford possesses every qualification to fill this highest office within the gift of the people. He has no college degrees, no entangling affiliations with societies, churches, frats, parties. He has no political debts to pay.

No man can buy him—for one reason, because no man has money enough ❧ ❧

Next he has youth, for while he has lived fifty years, he is good for fifty more. He has the work habit, the health habit, the play habit and the study habit.

There are only five men in the United States who are fitted by natural endowment and experience to fill this important position. These men are James J. Hill, Theodore N. Vail, John H. Patterson Julius Rosenwald and Henry Ford.

Henry Ford has a little more liquid money than any of them, and a modicum more spiritual fluidity and adaptability. He is the man who can strike the rock of our natural resources and make the waters of prosperity gush forth.

Government, aside from its social features, is a matter of housekeeping, extended. It deals with line-fences, good pavements, fresh air, pure water.

It is a matter of umpiring the game of life so everybody will have his inning. It is not a matter of this party or that.

Politicians and parties pass, but the people live on forever.

Farming and transportation are the two most important things in civilization, and neither is Republican or Democrat, any more than Baptist or Methodist.

Ford is an expert in farming and transportation. Also, he is a lover of Nature, and the welfare of children and the education of the young have a big place in his heart.

When you want to get things done call on a busy man; the other kind has no time. Ford has all the time there is.

You can 't name another man in America so well fitted by Nature,

experience and general mental equipment to stand at the head of this nation as this man Ford.

He wants nothing; he gives everything, and he has more to give than has any other living man. With it all, he believes in Votes for Women. This means equality of opportunity—all anybody should ask for.

This man would not be our ruler. He would be a great deal more than that. He would be our servant.

With Henry Ford as Chairman of the Board, the disturbing political racket with its blowing of horns, pounding of drums, spilling of oratory, burning of kerosene, which we experience every four years, would be strictly nixus nil nisi raus.

Henry Ford always reminds me of Thomas Jefferson.

Ford is slender in build; moderate, active, earnest, intelligent, sympathetic, courteous, kind. He is always well—always at work. He has the ability to co-operate with a vast number of people. He is a wise, able and safe leader. He is a teacher, and a teacher of teachers. Instinctively he is a farmer, a lover of the great Out-of-Doors, and is on good terms with the birds, bees, butterflies, flowers and trees, as every man is who is on good terms with himself. Henry Ford is a good Public Servant.

With it all he has the far-reaching persistency and the impelling love of truth that mark the extraordinary individual.

In the office of the Ford Motor Company I saw an autographed picture of Thomas Edison, and below were the words, written in that unmistakable hand of the telegraph-operator, who prides himself on legibility:

> To Henry Ford—one of a group of men who have helped to make the U. S. A. the most progressive Nation in the world.
> —*Thomas A. Edison.*

If ever a man wrote a Declaration of Independence in the automobile business, it was Henry Ford, who fought, single-handed,

the Selden patent: beaten in the lower court, and finally winning in the higher, with argument so strong and effective that the opposition had no heart to carry the suit further.

Instead, they gave a dinner to Henry Ford and produced the Pipe of Peace. Henry Ford is not a smoker, but in this one instance he broke the rule.

" Thrice armed is he who knows his cause is just."

But the news of legal victory had to be given out by the defeated, for in the character of Henry Ford there is no such thing as exultation in success nor despondency in defeat.

He had not tried his case in the newspapers. Instead, he allowed the Seldenites to announce their own defeat and to do it in their own way.

He moved along the even tenor of his path, with full faith that eventually, in the words of his old friend John Burroughs, " Mine own shall come to me."

Victor Hugo says that whenever you think out a thing with your head and make it with your hands, it looks like you.

Not only does God create in His own image, but His children do the same.

" If there is a single sleazy thread in your character," says Ralph Waldo Emerson, " you are going to weave it into the fabric that you make."

The criticism on Rembrandt's portraits was that all of his pictures looked very much like Rembrandt.

A Ford automobile looks like Henry Ford. It is light in physical weight, strong in every part, well-balanced, safe, effective and thoroughly efficient.

It has about it a look of honesty, which quality is proven by its use ❧ ❧

Henry Ford is not the typical American businessman—he is more than that. He is as fine and as gentle as Luther Burbank, and is just as devoted. He is very seldom in the lime-light, and then

not of his own choosing. He is a mechanic, an inventor, a naturalist. He loves the woods and the fields. He likes to work in his garden

He knows Nature in every form. But he also knows every part of his great manufacturing establishment. He moves among the men as one of them. They know him and respect him.

Also, he respects them.

He has time for a nod and a smile, and a word of greeting as he passes

Henry Ford has the ability to concentrate and consecrate.

He is the only automobile-manufacturer today who invented his car, developed it in every part, and grew as his business grew.

¶ I regard it as one of the great privileges of my life to know Henry Ford

Just remember that this business started in Nineteen Hundred Three on a paid-in-cash capital of only Twenty-eight Thousand Dollars

About Eighteen Hundred Ninety Mr. Ford made an explosive gas-engine. This little gas-engine was made at odd times in the boiler-room of the Edison Illuminating Works, simply as a matter of recreation.

He dismounted two old bicycles, using the wheels as wheels for his buggy. These, with a buggy-seat and a steering-gear—and he was ready for business.

Mr. and Mrs. Ford and their son Edsel used to ride up and down Woodward Avenue in this machine.

It was the first one and the only one in Detroit.

About the same time, however, there was a machine of somewhat similar pattern made at Kokomo, Indiana, and another at Springfield, Massachusetts.

All great inventions are invented in different parts of the world at the same time.

Darwin hastened the publication of his great book, *The Origin*

of Species, because his friend Alfred Russel Wallace had written a book along almost identical lines.

The telephone was invented by three men at the same time, without any communication between them.

Mr. Ford, with his little gasoline-engine, kicking away at inopportune times, found it very easy to pass the most of the horses on Woodward Avenue. He found it very easy to scare these horses into the curbs, and up on the sidewalk. So a worthy policeman, intent on maintaining order, arrested Mr. Ford, not only for exceeding the speed-limit, but for blocking traffic.

Whenever Ford stopped his machine and went into a store on an errand, he had to fight his way through the crowd in order to get back to his old " No. 999."

Mr. Ford had to adopt the plan of chaining the machine to a lamp-post in order to keep mischievous boys from trying their hand at running it, while he was inside.

I believe a special permit was finally given by the Mayor for Mr. Ford to run his automobile. At that time he was the only licensed chauffeur in America.

In the Ford works can be seen the original gas-engine which Henry Ford made, the first gasoline-engine and half a dozen others, showing the gradual evolution of the idea until it emerges in the form of the Ford standard machine.

The Ford Plant is equipped just as well as money, ingenuity and skill can possibly equip it.

It is not decorated with either bonds or mortgages.

Everything in it has been paid for, and bought with the cash discount off.

Of the five thousand workmen who are employed in the Ford factories, all are employed by the day.

There are no pieceworkers, for the experience has been that men who work on piece are sometimes anxious to turn out quantity, and quality in their minds comes secondary.

A Ford workman is a specialist. He does this one thing until he can do it superbly well, and every inducement in the way of compensation, encouragement and mutual help is offered this individual ❧ ❧

There is no other extensive manufacturer of automobiles in the world who makes simply one style of car.

The motto of Henry Ford is, " This one thing I do."

He has standardized automobile-making until he has not a single competitor. He sells more machines, has more machines in process, has more raw stock on hand, and more cash in the bank than any other individual auto company in the world.

He has made one car—"the universal car"—he has made it well —and that 's the reason seventy-five thousand of them will be sold to seventy-five thousand delighted users this Year of Grace Nineteen Hundred Twelve.

The works of the Ford Motor Company cover sixty acres of floor space. There are two main shops nine hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide. And two more are in contemplation the same size ❧ ❧

The Ford motor is full twenty-horse. Every motor is exactly alike. The body, the wheels and the running-gear are all the same; and all of a quality that is just as good as skilled mechanics can possibly make. It makes no difference whether you buy a town car, a runabout, a commercial roadster, a touring-car, or a delivery-car, you can get the same thing except super-structure, which is completely equipped.

Doctor Weir Mitchell, perhaps the greatest living physician, has said, " Men die because a part gives out."

The intent, thought out with minutest care by a hundred specialists, was to make the Ford car equally strong in every part.

Not only does the weakest place stand the strain, but the place that stands the strain is not only made just as strong as the rest, but doubly so.

Henry Ford says, " When one of my cars breaks down, I know that I am to blame."

Curiously enough, Ford cars no longer break down.

No one has lived long enough to see one of them go to pieces—" all at once, and nothing first, just as bubbles do when they burst," like Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes' " One Hoss Shay."

Everything has its life, even vanadium steel. And what the life of a Ford car, Model T, is, nobody has lived long enough to say.

¶ Henry Ford owns and lives upon the farm where he was born—eight miles out of Detroit. He has added to the acres, however. Anything in the line of economics, the saving of human muscle and the dead lift of labor, and the utilization of valuable materials gives this man a great joy.

The successful man now is always a builder—he is always and forever widening, extending, expanding, improving, and it is all in the line of human service, of human betterment.

To exploit humanity is to fail, and all wise, successful men know it

To plunder is to die.

Thomas Jefferson said that, through invention, creation, distribution and universal education, the United States would take a foremost place among the nations in the onward march of civilization

The prophecy is coming true.

As an inventor, creator, manufacturer, humanitarian, and public servant, the name of Henry Ford will endure. He will live in history, not only as one of the Makers of America, but as the one man who made it possible for all humanity to ride in motor-cars.

John H. Vincent

THE Chautauqua Idea has outstripped the dreams of its founder, John H. Vincent, and has taken a course unguessed both by him and his gifted son, Doctor George E. Vincent. The modern Chautauqua is the Garden School of Plato, Americanized—a fair, a festival, a holiday, devoted to intellectual, esthetic and social pursuits. It is a new departure under the sun and has not nearly reached the height of its evolution. Every year brings decided changes in the way of betterment.

The Holy Day, the Holiday, the Feast Day, and the Time of Great Rejoicing are festivals as old as man. To make a pious pilgrimage to this place or that was once a duty, and a duty is a thing we find a joy in doing, and then make ourselves believe it a task—thus we get a credit which otherwise would not be ours. Had my foresight in Eighteen Hundred and Eighty been equal to my hindsight in Nineteen Hundred and Nine, I would have dedicated my life to the Chautauqua Idea, and captained it to a success unknown in the history of pedagogy—or else I would have gone down with the debris when the forts of folly fell; and the victors when they came, would have found my body by the wall

The fairs of the Orient were always closely timed with Holy Days. These fairs and bazars where everything was sold and bargained for, and where the cries of the huckster mingled with the prayers of the devotee, were common sights. Sheldonism was unknown. The western survival of this instinct is seen in any County Seat of the Middle West on a Saturday afternoon and evening, when the gramaphone of the Nickelodeon is rivaled by the drum and tambourine of the Salvation Army. The Nickelodeon ministers to the people who go forth to their labors until the evening, as

well as to those who have no labors. It prevents introspection, lightens the burdens of life by helping us to forget it, and gives a theme for conversation until Saturday afternoon comes and we can go again. The expense of hiring living people to play histrionics is lessened by the puppets of Punch and Judy; now moving pictures and the talking-machine make continual plays possible at small expense.

And lo! The agrarians rejoice, the mill-hands wax glad, and the rest of us sneak our way in to see how bad the show is, or else we take the children and brazenly attend.

About the year Eighteen Hundred and Five, there was a tidal wave of religious emotion in America that found form in Camp-meetings ❧ ❧

No auditorium was big enough to seat the throngs. People would gather for fifty miles and live in tents, or in the prairie-schooners, and praise the Lord for a week or more.

The great Kentucky Revival is a matter of recorded history. It was a gigantic spiritual jag.

Various families were so wrought upon that they refused to go home from the Camp-meeting; they abandoned and repudiated all exclusive relationship and banded themselves into groups, awaiting the " Second Coming of our Lord," and the transfiguration to Heaven, where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage ❧ ❧

Those who are interested in this particular phase of social psychology would do well to read the history of Shakerism.

This Camp-meeting impulse was carried up into Ohio, across to Indiana and Illinois, through Michigan and western New York. New England was a little too cold and cultured to take to it. Besides that, New England had the sea as an outlet for cooling and exercising pent-up emotion. But the plains, prairies and forests needed the stimulus and change of Peter Cartwright's presence and oratory.

Man is a gregarious animal. The "Meeting-house" was a social necessity of the Puritans.

They thought it was religion that brought them together. But religion was only an excuse, just as it is with Jeremiah and Jerusha who meet purposely by chance at the Methodist Church on Sunday Evening, when Jeremiah, he sees her safe home, first asking, " Jerusha, do you like chicken? "

" Of course," answers the shy maiden.

" Well, then take a wing," and he proffers his arm as a clinging support to the Amazon who, if she were going into battle with spear and shield, would ask but one question, namely, " Is my helmet on straight? "

Mankind has ever deceived itself as to the reason why it does certain things. That gentle philosopher, Mr. E. S. Martin, says that women do not get together and form literary clubs because they love literature, but they form the clubs because they love to get together.

Incidentally, even the sadly satirical must admit that the girls imbibe and absorb a certain amount of literature from their getting together.

In Illinois, in a sparsely settled country, in the late Sixties, I have seen ten thousand people gathered together in the woods along the banks of the muddy Mackinaw. The excuse was a Camp-meeting. To be sure, a political barbecue, with Tom Corwin as speaker, gathered just as big crowds in Ohio. Were the people intent on political truth? Not exactly—they were after the good time and the excitement of mingling in a crowd.

Were we intent on religion at the Camp-meeting?

Let me speak for one—I was n't. The wails and groans of the sin-stricken, the cries for mercy of those under conviction, and the jubilant shouts of triumph from those who had " the assurance," were only amusing to me. However, I took care to keep myself immune and not get too near, lest I be caught in the swirl

of feeling, and I too be howling for mercy. Many came to scoff and remained to pray. But more came to scoff, and continued to scoff—it was proof of your proud and devilish prowess.

The scoffers were quite as popular in their own circle as the prayerful ones were in theirs.

If good people came fifty miles, the bad ones gathered to the call of the wild for a hundred.

On the fringe of the pious throng, men and women intent on deviltry mixed with rustic innocence. At night pitch-torches and bonfires led the way to tents where hard cider flowed and gambling was rife. If the more brazen of the rogues were driven out by the force of Muscular Christianity, they started an opposition dust a little distance away.

That there were many conversions goes without saying; but that the whole thing was an orgy in which all and each plunged according to his nature, is sternly true. And yet Professor James of Harvard has written an essay in which he not only defends the orgy but recommends it. He says that it is a useful psychic exercise ❧ ❧

Into this arena of discussion I do not enter, feeling that I am not qualified to speak—I merely state the facts.

From Eighteen Hundred and Fifty, there was a gradual decline in the Camp-meeting propensity.

The County Fair, and the Agricultural Horse Trot, were in the ascendency. They represented more brains and less emotion. The elements of secrecy and night were eliminated. The County Fair represents human achievement. And a horse race in the open is better than a still-hunt in the woods.

Sam Jones called a Chautauqua a cross between a Camp-meeting and a County Fair. Accepting the simile, it will be found that the child is an improvement on either of its parents.

It is also a half-orphan, since the Camp-meeting is dead, but the County Fair is still alive. And it will live as long as it stands for

human achievement and displays the results of industry, economy and good taste, but it will have a Chautauqua attachment. In October, Nineteen Hundred and Eight, the *Opera House Guide* showed that there were five hundred and sixteen Chautauquas in America.

John H. Vincent was born in Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-two. He became a school-teacher and boarded 'round. He attended several buckwheat colleges at odd times, and evolved into a Methodist preacher. His education was gotten after he left school—gotten out of his work, at his work, and in continual bouts with the world, the flesh and the devil.

His habitat was northern Illinois, and his hunting-ground principally the Rock River Conference.

As an exhorter at Camp-meetings, his services were in demand. In the late Sixties, this young preacher became gradually convinced that the Camp-meeting was becoming an anachronism, an excuse, and a thing that Christianity might well slough. He began to focus on Sunday-school work, and had a glimmering glimpse of what a secular school might do for young and old, with religion as a round-up.

To this end he helped organize the " Sunday-school Union," and arranged a system of *Lesson Leaves*. There was no genius in his cosmos. He was a consistent, conventional Methodist, who worshiped the god Terminus, shaved his upper lip, wore a white tie, and in all of his sermons dwelt heavily on the undisputed fact in a very solemn way, that you will never have but one mother. The emotional and the lachrymose were close to the surface, and yet he had much simple commonsense in worldly matters ❧ ❧

In Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-two, he heard of an abandoned Camp-meeting ground on the shores of Lake Chautauqua, in western New York. The grounds were secured for a small rental, and Vincent issued a call through his periodical, *The Sunday-*

school Teacher, for a Sunday-school Assembly. The old Camp-meeting experiences were in his brain—he had gotten the habit, like a horse that has been used on a milk wagon gets the habit of stopping.

The Assembly was a sort of school, or say a conference for Sunday-school teachers and " workers." The idea seemed to take. The old plan of calling the sinners together had this disadvantage: the sinners who came were too many and too polluted to disinfect. Now, the plan was to simply help decent people and let the sinners go to hell—provided the local clergy could not head them off in their endeavor to exceed the speed-limit sprint for Tophet.

It was a Camp-meeting for the education of people who would educate others.

It was minus the soul-saving and snatching-souls-from-the-burning policy.

In Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-four, there were over fifty Methodist families on the Chautauqua Assembly grounds, all living in tents. Vincent was leader of the group. Suddenly one day it came to him that these people should study something besides the Bible if they were going to be good teachers. He had a small school-history of Rome, and read from this. Then he sent for a dozen copies and gave them out, and had classes and quizzes on secular Roman History.

The next year Greek History was added, and talks on Botany were sandwiched into experience meetings.

In Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-nine, I was living in Buffalo. I had a cousin by the name of Jabesh Harris, who collected kitchen grease and made it up into soap, which he personally served to his " route."

Jabesh was a Methodist, and wore a six and three-fourths hat. He had much worldly shrewdness, and knew a good thing when he stumbled over it. One thing he prized was salvation. He

assured me that he was n't going to hell when to be saved meant simply belief.

Jabesh had often tried to bring me forward to the mourners' bench, but without success. Now, he had something that I needed as much as conversion—that was education. He was right —I needed it. I was twenty-two years old, and knew my failings —or some of them.

He told me of Mr. Vincent's " Assembly," where everybody read up on Julius Cæsar.

Jabesh had a tent there, and supplied soap to the bunch for a modest consideration. I visited Chautauqua with Jabesh, rowing over from Mayville. To camp out and study, struck me as a mighty good scheme. Not only that, but Vincent laid out a course of reading for these people that extended through the whole year, and from time to time they were to report progress to him.

Jabesh loaned me his books, and I read up on Socrates and Cicero. I could not join the class because I was n't a Methodist or a Sundy-school teacher.

In Eighteen Hundred and Eighty, I again met Mr. Vincent (shortly after this he was made a Doctor of Divinity, and later a Bishop) and he told me of " The Chautauqua Circle." This was a plan of study—a four years' " College Course." Two persons studying together could form a " Circle," three would be better, and fifty would not be too many.

The good old evangelistic idea of the cottage prayer-meeting was utilized, and the circle was told to meet once a week in the homes of the various members.

The initiation fee was fifty cents—the set of books was five dollars a year, and the *Chautauqua* Magazine a dollar a year more, making six dollars and a half for a year's tuition and books. The local leader, or president of the Circle, of course, worked without pay.

In four years, if you stuck to your work, you were graduated and given a diploma, beautifully engraved and duly signed, sealed and certified.

Theoretically, you were supposed to go to Chautauqua and receive your diploma, walking through the Golden Gates, and receiving the hand-grasp of Gabriel, otherwise Mr. Vincent. But if you could n't go, it was sent to you by mail and the hand-grasp was given over the miles.

I organized various local circles, and was president of one for eight years. I received my diploma, and then took various post-graduate courses, receiving sundry seals, with which my diploma is embellished. At the same time that I was following the Chautauqua course in New York, my mother was doing the same in Illinois ❧ ❧

We graduated the same year, and our course of studies was always a source of pleasant correspondence.

So well did the idea take that it soon overran its original intent of educating Sunday-school teachers, and became a cause of consolation and profit to thousands of men and women everywhere. There was much contributory literature advertising the plan, and the stories by " Pansy " helped not a little.

Mr. Vincent became Doctor Vincent, with honorary degrees from Yale, Harvard, Washington and Jefferson Universities. His glowing personality, not too profound, impressed the multitude wherever he spoke. A part of the plan was to have a lecture course in each town where there was a " Chautauqua Circle." I maintained a lecture course in East Aurora, and held the lectures alternately in the Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian churches, enlisting the co-operation of each, a thing which some declared was impossible.

John H. Vincent came several times and lectured in our course. In Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-two, we paid him forty dollars for a lecture; in Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-four, seventy-

five dollars, and in Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-six, his price had advanced to one hundred.

One man at least, the Chautauqua Idea educated. And that man was John H. Vincent.

In Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-eight, he hated a Catholic as the devil hates Holy Water; the sight of an Episcopalian gave him goose-flesh, and sent him off talking of " popery," and that Babylonish woman. In Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-eight, he had invited Bishop Potter to speak at Chautauqua, and a little later Bishop Ryan also was so honored.

Vincent simply had not known other denominations, but his conversion did not take place until his son had married a charming girl who was a " Churchwoman."

When it was seen that the Chautauqua Idea must have a home, Lewis Miller of Akron, Ohio, stepped forward and financed the real-estate side of the question. A good hotel was built on the site of the old Camp-meeting ground. An auditorium was erected that would seat five thousand people, and this was fitted out with a valuable pipe-organ and other needed accessories.

So occupied was Vincent in spreading his ideas, in building up the place and conducting the summer encampment which began July First, and continued until September, that he had been glad to delegate many details to others.

In Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-five, there were nearly a hundred thousand people enrolled as Chautauqua students. The money they paid for books was over half a million dollars a year. Vincent had given this valuable privilege into the hands of certain good men, who mistook a great plan of education for a good scheme to sell books. The set of books was changed every year, so as to compel the student to buy more books. Also, the books used in one four years' course could not be used by other students later. This was a great business stroke, since it cut off all traffic in second-hand books. It also laid the management open

to the comments of the critical. The books were very cheaply printed and bound, and had a slap-dash look.

The accusation of graft was freely bandied.

The headquarters of the Chautauqua Idea were supposed to be at Chautauqua, and should have been there. However, John H. Vincent lived at Plainfield, New Jersey. The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle was under the direction of a worthy woman of the name of Kate F. Kimball, at the same place. Miss Kimball used also to lecture occasionally, and spoke for me twice at East Aurora. Her heart was in the work, but unfortunately, the business grew faster than did her business ability. The books were being made at Meadville, Pennsylvania. The Magazine was issued from Cleveland, and George E. Vincent, instead of buckling down to details of the greatest and most beneficent educational plan ever up to that time devised by mortal man, was at Yale University exploiting culture. A little later his father and mother moved to New Haven to be with him, and Miss Kimball struggled on alone, under her mountain of correspondence.

John T. Duncan, Superintendent of the Chautauqua Grounds, lived at Syracuse, New York, and Doctor Harper, the "Principal" of Chautauqua, was bowed with his burden as President of the University of Chicago.

The eggs were in a dozen baskets, and were being watched by a multitude of petty, pious, pestiferous, peascod grafters.

In this time of welling prosperity, some one made a lot of money, and also an awful lot of money was wasted. Let it here be stated that the man who made the money was not John H. Vincent. He was so innocent of finance that a big, fat wad of bills, counting up to, say, five hundred dollars, was more to him than a New York draft for ten thousand.

The calamity in any enterprise is to have it grow faster than the men who manage it. Vincent loved the smoke of rhetoric, and a

sea of fluttering, white handkerchiefs made him forget cold cent-per-cent contracts, and chuck the future.

The goose that laid the golden egg was plucked of all her feathers. All she could now do was squawk.

Dr. Vincent was made a Bishop of the Methodist Church. He lived for a while on Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, and was then marooned to Topeka, Kansas, and later exiled to Zurich, Switzerland. His son, George E. Vincent, was a professor in the University of Chicago, in a sort of fond hope that the *hoi polloi* would hitch up a sure-enough college in their minds with Chautauqua, and come to rub a little culture off upon them.

John H. Vincent has never gotten over the inward grief that he was not a "College Man." He became one vicariously in the person of his son—this was the best he could do.

There will be hundreds of Methodist Bishops; there will be thousands of College Professors, but never again will the Wheel of Fate stop at the combination which once smiled at John H. Vincent and his son, George E. They chose cheap and transient honors under the wings of big conventional institutions, when they might have put for open water and sailed the seas with God. They were not snake-proof.

Chautauqua, on Chautauqua Lake, in Chautauqua County, New York, is now only one of five hundred Chautauquas.

Good things go only when piloted by a man who has a fighting faith in them. One Paul Jones is worth all the syndics and directors that ever sat around green baize.

When a directorate does things it is because one man says it must.

¶ Side-lines and enterprises on the "outside" are mox nix ouse, as we say at Princeton.

When the Vincents made a hike for Respectability and nestled close under her Paisley, centralization ceased, dissolution laughed, and the Hessians were in the saddle.

The ideals which John H. Vincent had for the Chautauqua

Literary and Scientific Circle, are fully set forth in a book which he wrote about Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-four, entitled *The Chautauqua Movement.* Temptation in the form of a bishopric still wriggled in the grass.

The ideals and ambitions were very noble, and also reasonable. Vincent was evangelizing close to the ground. His were the aspirations of a second Vincent de Paul.

At that time I was doing business in Buffalo, and living in the village of East Aurora, eighteen miles away. I rode back and forward on the train night and morning. Always in my little valise, I carried one or more Chautauqua books.

The boys with pasteboard proclivities played cards in the smoker. Three or four of us read, and made notes on our reading. We acquired the Study Habit. And any man who gets the Study Habit and holds it for ten years or more becomes an evolved and an envolving person.

The men who rode in the smoker, if not dead, are playing cards yet. Several of my Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle friends became fairly famous and decently rich. One is distinguished. I give the credit to John H. Vincent's Chautauqua Idea

Mothers with one foot rocking the cradle, read their Chautauqua lessons. Others placed the open book on a shelf and read as they washed the dishes. All over the world this was going on.

The only criticism ever brought against the Chautauqua Idea is that it was superficial, and this is true, but the thing itself was n't as superficial as the man who made the comment.

All of man's learning is comparatively superficial. Universities are painfully so. But the remark was flung at John H. Vincent so long and so often that he got the habit of pleading guilty, apologizing, and swearing a halibi. It stuck to him like a banderilla, and he grew to dodge the throw before it was made.

His dream was that his son should carry on the Chautauqua

Literary and Scientific Circle, and make it a World Movement, a universal, in absentia university, with Chautauqua as the home of the Alma Mater and a rallying point for the Alumni. But to save his son from the criticism of being superficial he would give him a classical education. It was two years at a preparatory school, four years at Yale, and a year of foreign travel. Seven years' separation from the actual world of work will wean most men from the practical world of useful effort. However, some men succeed in spite of the handicap, for God is good. To separate a person from his work in order to educate him for his work is a fallacy founded on the assumption that a priestly education is the only one which is not superficial. The mention of Bryant and Stratton gave Vincent chills. To be practical was to be superficial. To be unintelligible and incompetent was proof of profundity.

George E. Vincent came out of Yale with honors, also a pitying patronage for all rude, crude and uneducated people. Never again could he meet common folks on an equality. He knew everything but the obvious. He did not know that his isolation in college had encrusted him in a self-contained ignorance, and encysted his soul in sciolism. And when a Ph. D. was given to him by the University of Chicago, it marked the deep damnation of his psychic taking-off.

I hired George E. Vincent for his first paid lecture. I paid him five dollars for the effort. It was at the Baptist Church, East Aurora. Every seat was taken, for we all felt a personal interest in this son of his father, a prenatal Chautauqua product. The lecture was given with a Gatling-gun rapidity and precision that at first excited our astonishment and then our admiration. The subject was " The Rise and Fall of the Irish Empire," or something like that. It is still remembered by the natives and talked over on winter nights when cider and hickory nuts are imminent, apples are on the hearth and the north wind blows woo-hooh.

Like all memorized lectures, it was bad, but as a first offence it was brilliant. Since then, George Vincent has proved himself a speaker of worth and power. The man has learning and a wit touched with aqua fortis, but humor exists in his cosmos only as a chemical trace. Education is to him a matter of conventions, and in lieu of logic he refers you to books, not life. In practical things he does not know a guinea-pig from a jack-rabbit, a coulter from a clevis, an Ayrshire from a Holstein, a Jack from a Jenny. When George Vincent tells you that you will never have but one mother, you write it down in your notebook as a biologic fact. When John H. Vincent used to tell us the same truth we listened with suffused eyes and cheeks aglow.

The men are totally unlike. The father is friendly, confidential, paternal, unctuous and full of gentle solicitude. The son is self-contained, silent, secretive, at times scintillating, proud, with the thought of caste an ossified item in his ego. He speaks of classes and masses. To him a university is life, and the outside world of working, striving, struggling men and women is but a collection of yaps—amusing, to be sure, but yaps, just the same. Production is foreign to his thought, save as a pleasing theory. In many ways he resembles my old college chum, Prof. Jarrett Bumball of Harvard. Both are blase, and aweary with the world. Neither ever dined with Mamma Childs. Life, to both, is a sort of satire on the stage, interesting, my dear boy, but superficial, damnably superficial.

Thomas A. Edison married a daughter of Lewis Miller. They met at Chautauqua in Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-two—met on a Chautauqua basis; they met, loved, married, and were happy ever afterward.

Edison followed the Chautauqua course of reading for four years and duly cabbaged the desired sheepskin. Then he and his gracious wife followed up the readings and took several post-graduate seals. He was much interested in Vincent's work, and

would have financed it in a big way, and so would Lewis Miller, but they saw that the souls of the Vincents were fully satisfied with a nice pile of one-dollar bills. A double handful of silver would have given them paresis. There is where Bryant and Stratton could have saved them.

When the Chautauqua Idea lost its leader, just for a ribbon to stick in his coat, it did not die.

Nothing dies. Things change their shape, that is all.

So behold, instead of a centralized, organized Chautauqua, a Chautauqua of systematic study, of regular readings, of examinations, quizzes, diplomas, of seals and stars, the dam went out, and we have the same spirit widely diffused and expressing itself in a form which, when it first appeared, caused John H. Vincent to take legal counsel to see if he could not place an estoppel upon it.

John H. Vincent's Idea was built on a fact that the American mind is hungry. We want to know. The shibboleth of Missouri —" Show Me "—is not covered by a Missouri caveat, any more than the mortgage-lifting mule and the mighty hen are monopolized by Bill Reedy, Champ Clark and Joe Folk.

The present Chautauqua Idea brings the university to your door. It is the lecture idea on a scale raised from pianissimo to fortissimo. The expansion of an idea, once adopted by the people, makes imagination stand aghast and call for moxie. When John D. Rockefeller states that never in his most enthusiastic moments did he guess the extent to which the Standard Oil Company would grow, he stated the simple truth. Sears, Roebuck & Company is a miracle of commerce, even to the men who manage the mighty concern.

Any man who has done big things, or even dreamed big dreams, who can stand before an audience and talk, now gets a hearing. And moreover, he gets paid for thinking aloud.

Tom Lawson was offered a thousand dollars for a speech, by the

Chautauqua at Albert Lea, Minnesota. He was so complimented that he went for nothing. Governors, United States Senators, a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, aye, five candidates for President, and the President himself, compete with minor poets for the personal plaudits of the plain people on Chautauqua platforms.

The New England Lyceum, with its dozen men of mental might, pales into insignificance before the Chautauqua of today. James J. Hill would never have been heard at a Lyceum, but I heard and saw him at a Chautauqua.

What is the required plant or outfit for a Chautauqua?

Well, you remember some one described a university as a log, upon one end of which was Johns Hopkins and upon the other, a boy.

We held a Chautauqua, at least people called it one, at East Aurora, where our meeting place was in the woods, and the whole audience walked two miles in a body, and sat on logs or reclined on the ground. The speaker stood on a stump in the center of the group. These informal gatherings have proved very popular.

The ideal place for a Chautauqua is in the woods, where there is running water and plenty of out-of-doors for the children and the people who want to visit and hold family parties. As I write, there comes to my mind the beautiful Chautauqua grounds at Lincoln, Illinois—simply a natural oak forest of two hundred acres, covering several little hills. Here were shade, water, room, prospect, various buildings for shelter if it rained, and an auditorium that seated five thousand people. The admittance to the grounds was ten cents, and a reserved seat in the auditorium was twenty-five cents. To those buying season tickets the rate was much less. This Chautauqua at Lincoln was made possible through the faith of the manager of the trolley line, and his faith was not misplaced. What are the attractions that make farmers and villagers quit work and come?

I 'll tell you: Just two things—public speaking and music. The quantity and quality of these two things at a Chautauqua vary, of course, with the management.

" A White City," or amusement park is not a Chautauqua, although it may at times have Chautauqua features. A Chautauqua is primarily a place devoted to the discussion of high, intellectual themes.

The music is introduced as an accessory; and it is a very necessary accessory. Now, the higher the class of your music and the better your speaking talent, the greater your success. Yet a degree of conservatism is advised until the public knows what you have to offer. A Chautauqua devised principally to make money, does n't; but one managed with a high ideal does. No one can tell how much appreciation there is in a community until you try your people out with big talent. The prophecy of the man born in the town, " Oh, our people will not pay for a good thing," is as a rule an error of mortal mind.

I know a coal-mining town on the Ohio that has a superb Chautauqua program. When the management, making a wrong diagnosis, put on a minstrel quartette from Bingville, with monkey business attachment, these men of the safety lamp and smut signed a round robin, addressed to the manager, asking him to cut it out and give them a little more phosphorus.

Their smut was only on the outside, and in their breasts glowed the safety lamp of truth. At Streator, Illinois, is one of the best educated men in America, who was a coal-miner. John Mitchell was a product of that same geologic outcrop. Booker T. Washington was a coal-miner.

During the last two years, I have spoken at fifty or more Chautauquas, and always I have felt that there was a deal of stern, discriminating, analytic intellect before me. The people are hungry to know.

What do they want to know? They want to know about history,

the records of men and women who have fought big battles and won, or who have gone down to defeat with flags flying.

They want to know about the musicians, inventors, painters, sculptors, writers, heroes, soldiers, martyrs; about chemistry, zoology, botany, tree-planting, railroads, road-building; about books, schools, manual training—anything and everything of human interest.

Of course they also want to be amused. They want to forget their cares and the petty round of daily details that make up life for so many of us. A Chautauqua audience is an American audience, and is always ready to laugh.

But woe betide you if you can not do anything besides making people laugh. Personally, I use laughter in speaking just to get entrance to the heads and hearts of my people. The joke gives the listener a rest. The laugh lets them relax—and then back I come to a great and vital theme, and give them doses of truth hypodermically administered.

At Smithville, Ohio (who ever heard of Smithville?), is a most successful Chautauqua, managed by a farmer by the name of Eberly. This man has had the courage to " key it high." And lo! the people have stood by him, so the prophet of evil who waits to say, " I told you so," is given the merry ha ha.

With my own eyes, I saw over seven thousand people on the Smithville Chautauqua grounds at one time, and yet the town of Smithville has only three thousand people. There was a band, an orchestra, some very good singing and public speaking. Two days' receipts would have paid for the entire plant, including auditorium

At East Aurora we had five thousand people gathered on an evening to hear the Winnipeg Band, a superb company of forty players, and these players were working men—yes, working men, I said, but drilled to a rare unity by a great leader, S. L. Barrowclough, who avers that he is not a professional musician.

Five thousand people in a town of twenty-five hundred! They gathered for five miles around, they came with the family and dogs, with pipe and taber. The freedom of the great out-of-doors calls and invites. You do not have to have a new dress to go to a Chautauqua. The whole thing is Jeffersonian, and as ex-President Roosevelt aptly says, " distinctly and distinctively American."

The Chautauqua, as it exists today, is wholesome and natural. It means a holiday without a headache. The gambler, the bootlegger and the male and female pirate do not flock to a Chautauqua. They are not comfortable there. If they come by accident, they are subdued by the decency of the atmosphere, and so are lost in the mass. I never saw a single case of violence or disorder at a Chautauqua.

The horse-race invites disputes, fistic and otherwise, and the old-time Camp-meeting was lacking in something, if it did not supply a few broken heads.

But the times have changed. Humanity is on the uplift—the world is growing better.

The old idea of college education was that you sent your boy to these great men, the college professors, and these professors told the boy things which plain folks never knew nor could comprehend. Also, the boy was taught to read out of books which common people could neither read nor understand.

A little earlier in the game, great men were " inspired," or at least were experts in inspired literature, so they could tell you what it was all about.

Education as evolution is a new thing. We now see that education does not consist simply in filling up the student's think-tank. All we can do is supply the conditions of growth, just as we give the plant heat, sunshine, moisture and soil, and let it go at that. Nature makes it bloom and blossom and bear fruit.

Education is a matter of growth. The old idea of imparting truth

is fast going into the dust-bin of things that were. College degrees are useful mainly for social purposes, like the pearl-handled razor purchased by the colored person. No one claims that college graduates are any more efficient than other men equally well born who are graduated from the University of Hard Knocks.

Our growing desire for knowledge has shown us the injustice of educating one or two members of a family and letting the rest grow up with minds choked by parsley and pigweed. Not only the injustice, but the silliness and vacuity of it, are apparent. The fact is, that educating one girl or boy in a way so that this girl or boy comes home and is unable longer to affiliate with the rest of the household, is a tragedy. True education would lift the whole family. I know one farmer who last year attended four Chautauquas, spending a week at each, with his wife and six children. They have mutual themes and are all growing together. Now, what is true of a household is true of a community. We believe now in racial education, because isolated education tends towards social cleavage and class hatred. That one set of men should have all the education, and another set of men do all the work, is essentially medieval, and is bankruptcy for both.

The value of a college education lies in the change of environment supplied to the youth, more than in the things he is taught.

Man is a migrating animal. He shifts his position, goes here and there, and gathers gear.

Through this adjustment and readjustment, he evolves. The Aryan race has fought its way clear around the globe. We have pushed in the Chinese Wall from the other side. There is no longer an " Out-West." There is just as much culture in Oklahoma as in Massachusetts. No longer can one place claim to be the " hub." If there is a hub, it is a spot that stands still, while the spokes and felloes are in motion.

The Chautauqua brings the world of thought and music to your door. It puts the rural district on a parity with Oxford, Cambridge,

Boston, Ithaca and New Haven. The farmers have ever fought Freedom's battles. They are the men who fire the shots heard around the world.

Besides the people who sit in the seats at the Chautauquas, is that small army which appears upon the stage. The Chautauqua is educating a large number of speakers and performers. We grow by doing. " Courage consists in having done the thing before," says Emerson. To talk to five thousand people at one time is an event, and he who can do so for two hours at a time, must get a deal of good out of it. He is being taught by the listeners. Oratory is collaboration, and to collaborate and commune with a thousand or more is no small matter.

Do you say that any fool can talk for two hours? My answer is that he can't talk to a Chautauqua audience for two hours unless he is saying things every minute, simply because a bored Chautauqua audience does n't stay. It puts for the open as soon as the speaker begins to saw the air and spar for wind. It knows when it has enough. It is a natural audience, and the beauty of the whole Chautauqua Idea is that it is a natural manifestation of the people. *Vox populi, vox Dei!* Let the people speak, and then give them the best.

I have faith in America. The exclusive in education, like the exclusive in religion and in society, will have to go. We are moving as a people, and our faces are toward the rising sun—the rising sun of Truth.

Frederick G. Underwood

HERODOTUS, four hundred and fifty years before Christ, called Egypt, "the gift of the Nile." Cæsar in a sudden burst of poetic fervor improved upon the simile thus: "Egypt is the bride of the Nile." The great cities of modern times are the gift of the railroads.

It is commerce that builds cities and roads, tunnels mountains, and makes famine an impossibility. Transportation and commerce are Siamese twins. When the Erie Canal was in process of building, between Eighteen Hundred Seventeen and Eighteen Hundred Twenty-six, there sprang up along its route that line of prosperous cities and towns which today mark their way across the Empire State.

The Erie Canal connected the Atlantic with the Great Lakes. No one then was so insane as to guess a time when Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean would join hands—that was beyond imagination

In June, Eighteen Hundred Twenty-six, DeWitt Clinton took a jug of water from Lake Erie at Buffalo, and carried it by Canal Packet to Albany, thence by steamboat to New York. There he stood on the dock at Castle Garden and solemnly emptied the jug upon the incoming tide.

It was a beautiful and poetic way of saying that Lake Erie and the Atlantic Ocean now were one. The idea was borrowed from Cæsar, who carried water from the Adriatic and emptied it into the Nile as a symbol that Egypt was married to Italy.

The first railroad constructed in America—outside of experiments—was the line from Albany to Schenectady. The engine used is still in existence. It is called ***The DeWitt Clinton.*** And it is worth while to remember that the original intent of that railroad was to tow boats on the raging canal, instead of

pulling them by horse-power. The cars were let down the hills and drawn up by windlass.

Every good thing begins as something else; and our wisest moves are accidents.

The Erie Canal was a great success. Passengers seeking the West traveled to Albany by steamboat, and were then transferred to the Canal passenger-packets that annihilated space at the rate of one hundred miles every twenty-four hours.

Buffalo was five days away from New York, and after two years the time was cut to three days by " flying packets " that charged an excess fare.

Westward Ho!

In Eighteen Hundred Thirty-two, a bill was introduced in the New York State Legislature authorizing a railroad to be built from Tidewater to Lake Erie.

This road was suggested by the success of the Erie Canal.

It was to be called the Erie Railway.

The original idea was that it was to be owned and operated by the State of New York, just as the Canal was owned and managed by the State.

Our socialistic friends will here note that this country had a close call on Government Ownership in the very start of the railroad enterprise ❧ ❧

Those who have the time and inclination will find some very racy reading, by going over the official records of the years Eighteen Hundred Thirty-two, Eighteen Hundred Thirty-three and Eighteen Hundred Thirty-four. In actual truth, the Erie Railroad has been a topic at Albany, more or less, in every session since. The money for this first railroad connecting the Lakes with the Ocean was to be raised by appropriation, aided by a lottery.

Next, towns were to be established as they were along the Erie Canal, and the Government was to sell town lots and use the

money for extending the railroad on ten miles, where another town was to be built.

It will thus be seen that the idea of a town at the terminal of a railroad was the gist of the whole enterprise. How long it would take a town to grow up, they did not know, but no one imagined that Lake Erie would be reached by a railroad in less than twenty years.

One man offered to bet his farm it could not be done in a hundred years ❧ ❧

And we hear of a certain Solon from Oneida County, who lived on the banks of the Erie Canal, hotly condemning the whole proposition as a move in restraint of trade and an endeavor to bankrupt the Canal. " One line of transportation between New York and Lake Erie is enough, because it can carry all the people who want to go," he cried. And he sat down amid a wild burst of applause ❧ ❧

However, money was appropriated for the survey.

The road was to start from Piermont, twenty miles above New York. This was about the nearest point in New York State where the line could begin. Nobody ever thought it possible to have a terminal of the Erie in New Jersey. First, New Jersey had no interest in the matter. Second, there was either a wide marsh to cross or a palisade of rock to cut through. To cross the marsh or to cut through the rock was voted an impossibility.

Impossibilities are simply things which up to this time have never been done.

Boats could meet all trains at Piermont and carry the passengers and goods up and down to the city.

So Piermont it was.

The other end of the route was to be Dunkirk, as the nearest point at which to hit the Lake. Buffalo was to be knocked high and dry, getting her consolation from the Erie Canal.

Besides, Buffalo did n't want her water-routes and stage-lines

interfered with. A locomotive was a dirty, noisy thing, and one at Schenectady had once scared a team of canal-mules so that they jumped into the Canal and were drowned.

The Erie Canal had laid such a burden on the taxpayers that there arose a riot of opposition to the State assuming any more responsibilities. Railroads were an experiment at the best. And there was cited the case of how Peter Cooper had backed his locomotive against a gray horse in a five mile race and the horse had won in a canter.

The bill to build was then rescinded, and a Joint Stock Company was authorized, the State giving land and all she had put in, to get out of a bad bargain.

The first line ran from Piermont on the Hudson to Goshen and was opened for traffic in Eighteen Hundred Forty-one. The distance is about forty miles, and one train a day was run over from Piermont and back.

A great many people went up from New York to take the ride. In fact, the chief income was from these excursionists.

" When the novelty wears off, that is the end of it," said the wiseheimers

Women were carried at half-price. Just why this was we do not know, perhaps because they had less money. Women have always been minors—in the eyes of the law, anyway.

At country dances, women are admitted at half-price, and probably it was just a business stroke to popularize the road, there being many people who were afraid to ride.

The passengers were listed or manifested, just like ship-passengers, and checked off and on like freight. The first railroad-tickets were tags with the man's name on, and these were fastened to his coat. Next, the ticket was stuck in his hat.

It was five years before some railroad man said, " Oh, shucks, what's the use! " And then he quit writing down the passenger's name, age and pedigree, and just sold him a ticket. At first, the

man in charge of the train was called the " Captain." The engineer objected, however, to this mark of honor, and to quiet all artistic jealousy the word " Conductor " came in, meaning of course the man who conducts the passengers from one place to another. It was the duty of the conductor to run ahead of the train and drive cows off the track, and also to run ahead of the train when coming into a village. The first cars or coaches were stagecoaches mounted on wheels with flanges. These coaches were costly, and besides, enough of them could not be procured, the railroad buying all the secondhand ones they could find. Then flat cars were provided, with simple benches nailed across for seats.

It was Eighteen Hundred Forty-three before two trains were run, one for freight and one for passengers; and this was only brought about after much complaint from passengers, who used to help load and unload the freight in order to lessen delay. Also, there were times when there was such a heavy load of freight that passengers would have to get off and push.

When closed cars came in, people who wanted to ride in them were called " First-Class Passengers." Those who rode in open cars were called " Deck-Passengers."

Later, they were called " Second-Class Passengers."

Trains were advertised " to run, weather permitting." In rainy weather the damp ran down the steam in the boiler. Asbestos covering was a long way in the future. And the rain and wind were bad for both trainmen and passengers. Steamboats lay up in bad weather— why not trains? Certainly, neighbor, certainly! Time was n't as valuable then as now. They had all there was of it; and as long as a train could go twice as fast as a team, folks were satisfied.

It was not until about Eighteen Hundred Forty-seven, when the Erie Railroad was reaching out from Goshen to Binghamton, that the railroad bond appears on the financial horizon.

The limit of the stockholders had been reached, with no more money in sight. The stockholders then voted that they would issue a mortgage on the whole property and sell these parts of the whole mortgage—or bonds—in denominations of five hundred dollars each.

The Romans devised the corporation, " a body without death and a mind without decline."

The mortgage, or a plan whereby property was dead to the owner if he failed to pay back a certain sum he had borrowed, was also a Roman device.

But the plan of issuing a mortgage to a trustee, and allowing him to parcel the amount out in " bonds," is an English device.

But the railroad bond is an American invention, devised by certain stockholders in a railroad to meet a financial emergency.

¶ The first Erie bonds were bought by stockholders, who knew of course that if these bonds were not paid they could foreclose their mortgage and freeze the other stockholders out.

Without this bond idea, the railroads of America never could have been built, because the money would not have been forthcoming ❧ ❧

The second concern—the Construction Company—organized to build the road and paid for so doing in stocks and bonds, is a more recent development, and also an American idea.

Without it I can not imagine how any one would ever have had the incentive to undertake the stupendous tasks which must have confronted the railroad-builder. Big things are always done by individuals, not by the public.

In Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight, the Erie was completed to Binghamton. Practically it had put the stage-lines completely out of business. Railroading was no longer an experiment. It was a necessity of civilization. The people followed the railroad into the forest, and towns sprang into being every few miles along its route.

The Erie reached Elmira in Eighteen Hundred Forty-nine, and Corning in Eighteen Hundred Fifty, and the screech of the locomotive was heard in Dunkirk in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-one. In July of that year came the Erie's first through excursion party, consisting of about a hundred of the principal citizens of America, who were invited to inspect this mighty enterprise. The whole party rode on flat cars with seats running across. This train ran only in the daytime, and at the rate of a hundred miles a day. At night there were taverns that took care of the pioneers. Daniel Webster was the principal guest of the occasion. Speeches were made at all the towns along the route, and the people gathered from hundreds of miles.

According to the pleasant customs of the time there was much good-cheer, reinforced by a plentiful supply of liquid energy.

There were more people at Dunkirk than have ever been there since. They came from points all along the Great Lakes.

On one of the flat cars brought from New York was a barrel of sea-water which had been reverently dipped from the Atlantic. This barrel was rolled out on the dock at Dunkirk, and a part of the exercises was to pour the sea-water into Lake Erie. Through error a cask of New Jersey applejack was rolled out instead. Fortunately the error was discovered in time; the right cask was secured, and Lake Erie was duly married to the Ocean, once again ❧ ❧

What became of the barrel of applejack is not recorded. Daniel Webster made his speech, but it was not exactly the speech he had intended to make. What he said has not been told, and possibly it matters little—railroads are neither run nor built by orators ❧ ❧

The opening of the Erie Railway from Piermont to Dunkirk in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-one is one of the great mile-posts in the onward march of America.

No novel ever penned is so full of romance as the story of the

Erie Railroad. Poetry, art, literature, finance, invention, passion, love, hate, homicide, suicide have been woven into the warp and woof of its history.

No commercial venture has ever been so torn by the bears and tossed by the bulls as " Erie." Happy lives make dull biographies. There is nothing dull in the Erie record. It is a story of strife, a tale of battle, and yet a record of a constant upward march. Its history has been written in the cold language of figures and statistics, and these are not history at all, any more than political records are history. That which changes things is the people who work, invent, devise, toil, dream, love, hate, succeed, die and nobly fail.

The only thing which differentiates one age from another is the men who live in it.

The life-line of the Erie is a ragged, zigzag, yet ascending course. I see the story of the Erie seething in the inkwell, and if somebody does not get at it and fish it out soon, I 'll be compelled, through love of duty, to do it myself.

The history of the Erie is the history of the Commercial Supremacy of America. Of course, I could never complete the history of the Erie, because it is a never-ending tale.

The Erie is n't built yet—it is only in process.

The Erie Railroad as yet is only in its youth. It has not yet reached manhood. Never was it so full of unrest and noble discontent as it is today.

Within the past eight years there has come into being a new Erie. Not a rail is on the main line of one thousand miles, lacking one, from Jersey City to Chicago, that was there eight years ago. New steel and heavier steel, lower grades, longer trains, heavier equipment, numerous safety appliances, increased efficiency, mark this awakening of the giant. A one-per-cent grade means a rise of one foot in each hundred feet, or fifty feet in a mile.

Ten miles of such grade means a five-hundred-foot rise.

To get over a hill at all was considered a great achievement by the old-time engineers. It was James J. Hill who first startled the railroad world with cold figures as to the cost of elevating all the traffic of a railroad a hundred feet for a year.

He showed that a two-per-cent grade was the difference between an engine drawing a train of thirty cars and one of sixty. His figures expressed in dollars and cents gave a shock to economists from which they have not yet recovered.

Mr. Hill did not try to keep his data to himself—he claims neither caveat nor copyright—he gave it out to the world and asked the world to refute it.

Then he did n't wait for the refutation. He set to work on his own lines eliminating grades. At the same time he began tossing his dinky engines on the junk-pile and investing in " Moguls." The result was twice the traffic, with no increase in overhead charges ❧ ❧

The man to advocate putting fifty million dollars into the Erie for the purpose of lowering grades and making it generally a modern transportation machine, was Frederick D. Underwood. Underwood belongs to the Western School of Railroad-Builders. He is n't a railroad magnate—a magnate is something else. A magnate is a " creamer," a skimmer, an exploiter, a bounder, a speculator; his desire is to skim the cream and leave skim-milk to some one else.

Do not confuse Frederick Douglass Underwood with this class. He is not of the predatory or the parasitic. He is never seen in Wall Street, and his name is never on the lips of rumor. Few people know him by sight. He does his work and holds his peace. Neither does he belong to the leisure class.

He is a graduate of the University of Hard Knocks—a product of storm and stress, of difficulty, trial, hardship, high endeavor and noble achievement.

He has grown great by carrying burdens.

He belongs in that select class of post-graduates to which belong Senior Wrangler James J. Hill, William C. Brown, Melville Hays, Theodore Shonts, Paul Morton, Sir Thomas Shaughnessey, Sir William Van Horne and all those BIG BOYS who have done so much to redeem the Middle West from the "shakes" and make it blossom like the Jacqueminot.

He was tanned by the same sunshine, fanned by the same blizzards that evolved George H. Daniels, of blessed memory. And best of all, he was taught by close contact in more or less competitive rough-house with Yim Hill.

Underwood was born at the eight-mile post on the Plank Road, Watertown, in Wisconsin, and the post is still there. The same year, during the construction of the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad, now part of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, rails were laid across his father's farm. He sometimes thinks he remembers, during that first year of his life, the ringing of the spikers' sledges.

Before he entered the railroad service, he knocked about for three years, in the mines, in the lumber-woods and in grain-elevators. At twenty, we have him a brakeman, then he became a freight-conductor; soon he was given a passenger-train; was made Assistant Division Superintendent; Superintendent; then General Superintendent; General Manager; Vice-President and General Manager

Eastern roads want—demand—such men—men who grow with every move and gather gear with every change.

The reward for good work is more work, and harder work, and greater difficulties.

Underwood is a giant in body and a giant in brain. He is kindly, get-at-able and gentle, as becomes a giant.

His health is superb—he is a sleek-headed Roman, who sleeps o'nights, with nerves never on the outside of his toga.

He looks like Cicero and acts like Hannibal. He knows all detail,

but is able to throw detail on others. He reserves himself for big tasks ❧ ❧

Frederick D. Underwood is a sort of Jovelike, human proposition. He has courage plus and hope to spare. His enthusiasm is catching. He loves his friends, forgets his enemies, plays with babies, digests, sleeps—and as for work, he eats it alive.

His humor is contagious: while tunneling a mountain or figuring on a bond-issue, he will tell you a story about a man who broke steers in Waukesha.

He gets his rest in change.

In Eighteen Hundred Fifty-eight, the Erie Railway shifted its Eastern terminal from Piermont to Jersey City.

The impossible had been performed.

Bergen Hill, a mountain of solid rock, had been tunneled and double-tracked.

The waste rock from the tunnel had been used to fill in across the salt-marshes, and thus had two miracles been worked at one time ❧ ❧

The opening of the Jersey City tunnel was celebrated with much blowing of horns and speechmaking to match.

Up to that time it was the longest tunnel in America, as well as our greatest feat in engineering.

In Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six—that year of great awakening—Jay Gould said, " The limit of the Erie is the Bergen Hill Tunnel. Four tracks are required to handle our traffic, instead of two, and until we get the four tracks we will be under an awful handicap." ❧ ❧

Gould laid the matter before his English bondholders, but they scouted the idea of putting any more money into his hands. They had just helped him change his whole line from a six-foot gauge to " standard."

That had to be done, otherwise income would be cut off absolutely. Now they stood firm—not a shilling more!

Wall Street was consulted, the matter was considered, bids were asked for. Twenty-five million dollars was the cost for a second two-track tunnel. To cut through the hill was voted impossible. No money was in sight, in any event.

The blueprints were pigeonholed.

Jay Gould was right—the limit of the Erie was the Tunnel. The number of trains you can send over a track is limited by that law which provides that two physical bodies can not occupy the same space at the same time.

The Suburban traffic continued to grow. By close scheming, using both tracks for inward business in the morning, and the same out at night, and scheduling trains with intent of keeping the track warm, six hundred trains a day could be sent through the tunnel, three hundred each way.

There are fourteen hundred and forty minutes in a day, and no more. Two and a half minutes were allowed for each train. Freight was moved at night, or only in the middle of the day. If perishable freight arrived—vegetables, fruits or berries—it had to be held back to accommodate passenger service. Often great loss followed. In winter if there was a snow blockade or if a car got off the track passengers were inconvenienced.

The marvel is that the Erie folks were able to take care of the business as well as they did. Towns up in New Jersey that wanted a better train service were jollied and held off—for even one more train was impossible.

The limit of the Tunnel had been reached.

Things at Jersey City must be changed so as to meet the growing demands of traffic.

Underwood was consulted. He had met similar conditions on the "Soo" at Lake Superior, where steam-shovels were never seen, and only dynamite made an impression.

It is an open secret now that Underwood was hired with this one idea in mind, the liberating of the Erie from the incubus of

Bergen Hill, that mountain of unfriendly, uncompromising trap-rock that sullenly dammed the tide of trade.

Faith, aided by money, can remove mountains. But it takes a big man to get money. Underwood is both an engineer and a money-getter. Also, he is a diplomat in securing rights of way and in making friends of those whose friendship is required. That mountain must be leveled bodily. An open cut must be made ☙ ☙

The matter was laid before the men of means, and Underwood was told to go ahead.

And now Bergen Hill has been cut through. The Cut is seventy feet deep, a hundred feet wide, and a mile long.

To do the task cost five years' engineering toil.

Four tracks are now being laid on the level floor at the bottom of this great artificial canyon.

The two tracks and the old tunnel that have done such valiant service will be used for freight, but through the Open Cut will flow the tide of commuters and the restless peoples, with the wanderlust upon them, who come and go from East to West, and from West to East. The limit has been lifted.

How much the Open Cut will increase Erie Stocks no man can say. But the Erie from Chicago to New York will be blessed and benefited ☙ ☙

The two tracks and more through Bergen Hill has always been a tender point in the minds of Erie officials.

At first Bergen Tunnel was a thing of which to be proud.

Then it became a thing that begat apologies and explanations.

Next, it became a joke to the many.

As long ago as Eighteen Hundred Seventy, Jim Fisk thought it wise to issue a circular and say that the tunnel was plenty big enough to take care of all traffic for a hundred years. But to make sure, he built better docks at Piermont and sent lighters up there to relieve the congestion on the New Jersey Terminal.

To face the difficulty boldly and cut the hill was too great a task for either the tireless Jay Gould, or Jim Fisk, his Vice-President and General Manager.

Perhaps nothing is done until it has to be done, and then Providence sends the man.

The Bergen Hill Cut is one of the greatest of modern engineering feats. How it has been kept so quiet, running, as it does, right through a great city, where the Cut had to be bridged with solid concrete, City Councils met and State Legislatures appeased, I know not.

We are that busy, milords, with our own affairs, that miracles are growing monotonous.

But the deed is done. The ligature that limited circulation for the Erie has been removed. Millions of people will be benefited. Especially will Northern New Jersey and Bergen County be blessed ☙ ☙

The Bergen Hill Open Cut is a deathless monument to the foresight, skill, energy and purpose of Frederick D. Underwood.

In talking with an official of the Erie Railway System the other day, he referred quite incidentally to a point that is worth remembering and emphasizing. It is this: All the money made by this great company above bare operation expenses goes right back into improvements and equipment.

This applies also to the dividends, which for the most part come back from the stockholders for reinvestment. Men who draw out big sums and live in idleness are absolutely unknown in railroad circles ☙ ☙

This talk about "predatory wealth" is mostly stuff, bluff and guff ☙ ☙

Railroad men stand for industry and economy. They are filled with an eternal discontent. They want things better. They are men with the builders' itch. Rameses had it, and so did Pericles, and these men made cities. But now hundreds of men have it.

Railroad men always have plans made ahead for betterments, often for years, waiting until the money can be spared or secured. Thus we find a great railway system is always in the safe and healthful condition of being hard-up. It uses every dollar it possesses.

Always and forever, sidings are being lengthened, terminal facilities bettered, heavier rails laid down, improved safety appliances adopted.

The entire spirit of the successful railroad is to safeguard its "guests," as one conductor I know on the Erie calls his passengers.

The railroad boys stand for human service. Not only is the traveler protected from accident, but from discourtesy, inconvenience and his own carelessness.

The railroad man who indulges in either grouch or graft is a goner before he has begun.

The boys in blue who are not on the dead level are back on the dray tomorrow.

A man working alone can be a rogue, but a bunch of men never falsify records.

They hold each other straight.

Gamblers and confidence-men once plied their trade on trains and at railroad-stations, but that day is gone and gone forever. I have ridden on railroad-trains nearly one-third the time for twenty-five years, and during all that time I have never once been off the rust, neither have I ever been robbed of a dollar. I have never lost a hat, grip, umbrella or my temper, on a railroad train.

The nearest I ever came to misfortune in traveling was when I left the manuscript of that Mozart "Little Journey" in a Pullman car, and the porter chucked it as rubbish. Laylander and a few other dubbs and mutts, lacking in the actinic ray, still maintain that the porter should have been rewarded. But that is another question.

The railroads of today build for the future. These men with prophetic vision know that the traffic will eventually warrant the expenditure, even if it does not now.

They set their stakes and the world comes to them.

Thus does the Octopus do for civilization what your detached and individual citizens never can do for themselves.

The Uganda Railroad has done more to civilize Africa than all the work of all the missionaries in two thousand years. It gives a new environment. " You change men only as you change their environment," says Darwin.

The railroad brings the world and the market to your door. It takes your surplus products and brings the money back. In olden times, the fort was built in sight of the camp; then the booth and bazaar centered around the fort, and from this grew the city. Now, the cities spring up along the railroads, without the painful processes of destruction, conquest and violence. The railroad stands for peace, plenty, prosperity—work, education, civilization, enlightenment.

Always and forever, when railroads are prosperous, they are building depots, warehouses, hotels, bridges, and extending their lines.

The schoolhouse and the railroad go hand in hand.

When the railroads are buying equipment, we all thrive.

When the box cars, empty, line the sidings, and the engines are dead, and the incense of commerce no longer arises from the shops, then the railroads conserve, hold back and hedge. Soon interest defaults, notes go to protest, we lay aside the plans for our new house, your wife turns the old black dress, you cancel orders, hustle to get " an extension," the bread-lines form and hell is to pay

How silly and short-sighted is the policy that would kill initiative, destroy invention and harass the animation which increases and upbuilds!

John Davey

THERE is an honest farmer in East Aurora who has over ten thousand dollars in the bank. All farmers in East Aurora are honest, but not all farmers in East Aurora have ten thousand dollars in the bank. In fact, this is the only farmer in New York State, of whom I know, who has ten thousand dollars in the bank. This man placed the money there thirty years ago, the funds being secured, mostly, from the sale of logs and lumber that he sold off his broad acres.

This farmer, and his father before him, owned a very large tract of pine forest, and they cut the timber off all of it, except ten acres that covered the shores of a beautiful little lake, near the village

This pine grove was the only bit of primeval pine forest left in this part of the country. It was as charming a piece of the handiwork of God as one ever saw.

To walk out there on a summer's day, recline on the soft pine needles, watch the gently swaying branches overhead, breathe the aromatic flavor of the pines, and listen to the lullaby of the breeze, was a blessing and a benediction.

You felt glad you were alive, and your heart was lifted in a prayer of thankfulness.

But the folks got to using this grove as a picnic-ground.

Lovers lingered there.

Family parties took their supper in baskets almost every summer day, and played and laughed and sang among the trees.

The children waded in the little lake, and threw pebbles into the water

The man who owned the land did n't like the way folks used his grove, and he bought a bulldog and put up a sign, " No Trespassing on Penalty of the Law."

One day a man came along and said to the honest farmer who owned the grove, " Them 'ere pine-trees is about right to cut, and I'll give you two hundred dollars cash for 'em just as they stand—it's now or never, take it or leave it."

Now, the farmer had ten thousand dollars in the bank, he was owing no money, he owned six hundred acres of land that brought him all the income he needed, but the offer of two hundred cash was more than he could stand.

He sold the beautiful pine-trees, the last of their race.

The man who bought them moved in his portable sawmill, and cut them down.

And no one ever wanted to go there after that. For there were only the big stumps, the piles of brush, the sawdust and the lumber. The bulldog was out of a job, being no longer needed to keep the children and the folks away.

The logs were sawed up and the lumber placed in piles ready to ship.

It was in the Autumn and everything was dry. And God caused the winds to blow, and tumble-weeds rolled in big piles up against the lumber, and in some mysterious way fire came and in a single night all that lumber was reduced to ashes—that is to say, was burned. Now, the party who owned the portable sawmill had not paid the honest farmer, claiming he could not pay him until he got his money for the lumber.

And the lumber being burned the sawmill man vamoosed, and the farmer got no money.

And, behold, one Ali Baba, a blasphemous man with chin whiskers who lives in East Aurora, when he heard that the lumber was burned, said, " I 'm damn glad of it."

As for myself, I never swear, but when Ali Baba made that remark I simply added, " So am I."

Today there quivers and quavers about the streets of this village the honest old farmer, yammering because he lost his

two hundred dollars. He never says a word about the grove. But the beautiful pine-trees are gone—gone forever.

Genuine men are scarce. " There are only a few of us," grunted Ursa Major to Boswell when the subject of honest men was up for discussion.

Most men are sheepmen, who go through life jumping over imaginary barriers because some great Bell-wether in the past was said to have leaped just so. Our opinions, like the cut of our clothes, are borrowed.

Then beside the sheepmen we have the porcine person, who demands much and gives little. These are the Grabheimers from Grabville, who at the last, grab only great gobs of oblivion and gouts of silence.

Once in the Minnesota woods I saw a greenhorn being initiated into the mysteries of the cross-cut saw. Very naturally, he pushed when he should have pulled.

The old timber-cruiser was very patient, but finally Lumber Jack passed out this one: " I say, young feller, I don't mind you riding on this yer saw, if you would only git your feet off the ground so they would n't drag."

And what do you know about the folks who ride through life on the backs of the toilers? " There goes a man," said President Lincoln to Seward, and he pointed out an unknown figure with shirt open at the neck, flowing beard and hair prematurely white, who stalked slowly by.

The man was Walt Whitman.

Emerson once, in a moment of despair, writing to Carlyle, the hero-hunter, cried out, " I have never seen a man ! "

In the next letter he partially takes it back and explains that he has never seen a man as big and fine and generous and as competent as the man he can imagine. " In order to get a really great man you have to take a score of men, leave out all the faults, add the virtues and mix," he explains.

And then Emerson goes off into a gentle rhapsody about a man he has just discovered. This new and strange man is a master of woodcraft; he loves the birds and trees and flowers, and even reverences the wasps and spiders. He knows the call of all the strange creeping and winged things that make the nights vocal, and the days joyous.

" He is the only man I ever saw who realizes that God is in every burning bush of Autumn, and who senses his kinship to the trees, and who knows that the same divine life that plays through man manifests itself in the tree, thus forming a common brotherhood."

This rich find of Emerson's, this hired man whose observing eyes saw so much that no one else perceived, and who could perform such miracles with his jack-knife for the children was Henry Thoreau

And Thomas Carlyle writes back from his sound-proof room in smoky London, " The strange man of whom you tell, who knows his sacred relationship to the trees, wins my devout obeisance, and almost tempts me to cross the stormy Atlantic to grasp his hand and look into his honest eyes."

For two hundred years the destruction of trees was the chief intent of man in America. And so recklessly and completely did ax and torch do their work that, in certain sections, millions of acres have been rendered practically uninhabitable.

These waste places are grimly called with fitting force, " slashings."

The entire racial instinct has been one of enmity, or at least indifference, toward the tree—enmity with the man of energy, and indifference with the lazy man! When we thought that trees should be trimmed we chose the local village " setter "—the doer of odd jobs—the most ignorant, dissipated, depraved, unlovely and unlovable man in the place. I suppose the idea was that if he fell out of a tree and broke his neck it would be a small loss to the community. If there was any time left after rolling out the

garbage-barrels, we told this jack of all trades and master of none, to trim the trees.

And that he trimmed the trees, the aspect of most village streets can testify.

He cut off the tops under the popular hallucination that it would make the tree " spread." And why spread was more desirable than height no one knew. Perhaps the hangman's needs were yet with us in a rudimentary way.

He certainly fulfilled the Bible injunction, according to the colored brother, and did those things which he ought not, and left undone the things he should have done. I can well remember when men and boys would cut down some mighty oak, that had been over two hundred years in growing, just to catch an innocent possum that had taken refuge in its branches. When this great tree, that had defied the storms of centuries, would fall to the ground with thunderous crash, we would lift a savage yell of exultant triumph. I have seen a fire started in black walnut, birch, beech and elm trees to smoke out and kill a swarm of bees. Not only did these " first citizens " kill the swarm of bees, but they killed the tree as well.

This miasma of ignorance, and the impulse to destroy, spread like a fog over our entire land. The pulpit was absolutely dumb on the subject, and is yet. School-teachers taught as they had been taught. The books were silent.

The woods were the places where lurked the enemies of man—savages, wildcats, bears, snakes, bees and all the things that were supposed to strike, scratch, sting and bite.

I was over thirty years of age when I once saw a man painting the wounded places on a tree whose limbs he had cut off, and I stopped and asked him why. I was stained with the ignorance and heedlessness of the times, just like anybody else.

In the beginning of his career man is repressed and suppressed by Nature. Fear haunts his footsteps. The shadows of the forests

are filled with the unknown. To get out into the open—out into the clearing—where he can see, is his desire.

And in the great order of things, this is well, for the impulse to see and know leads to all that is good. But here we find that great primal fear of the forest—the place of hiding.

It was the monkey that took to the plains, that stood upright and observed, and learned to run, that evolved into a man. Out on the plains the man recovers from his fright, and looks around. He finds a few trees, and near them is a bubbling spring of water. He is refreshed by the water, and the shade is grateful.

¶ Then it dawns upon him by slow degrees that trees and water always go together, that society is only possible where these things exist. Surely that Texas man was right: water, trees and society are all that hell lacks of being paradise. Man contrives to divert the water of streams, and plants trees. These trees grow just in proportion as they are wisely watered and cultivated. And here is a thing that man does not know until way along in the game, that is, that in cultivating the trees he cultivates himself. But man notes this, that where trees grow, showers come, too, from the skies, for water and foliage mutually attract.

So from a state of fear of the forest, man learns to love the tree. From being depressed by Nature, he co-operates with her. He perceives that man himself is a part of Nature and under the domain of the same great Natural Laws that control the tree. The last lesson is that in a great degree we can not only co-operate with Nature, but we can also control her. So from being a victim man becomes a Master.

This discovery of unity and oneness, and next the Mastership, is the work of those rare souls, men of great faith, great originality, individuality, and power of initiative, whom for lack of a better term we call geniuses. It is easy to say, " We are a part of all we see, and hear and feel," when many others are saying the same.

But how was it when men sang, " This world is but a desert drear, Heaven is my home ? "

The genius is the man who stands at the pivotal point and flings into the teeth of entrenched prejudice his own thought, pitting himself against the ignorance of the past. With no uncertain tone and without apology he lifts up his voice and cries aloud, " They have said unto you in olden time * * *, but I say unto you! " And again, " A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

It is a great man who can introduce us to the divinities that surround us, and make us realize our sacred relationships. I met such a man some months ago.

His life and work so appealed to me that I grew suspicious of myself, and refused to write of him until I knew him better. That is to say, the very excess of my regard for this man made me go slow. In the past the man with a surface-show has occasionally caused me to ebulliate and then stand in the undertow and apologize for my rashness and unfounded zeal. You remember all the complimentary things I said about What's-his-name? He was n't worth it, was he? He could not live up to the mark I set for him.

The Messianic Instinct is in us all. Like Carlyle and Emerson we are hero-worshipers. And our expectancy of meeting the exceptional person constantly leads us astray.

And this is no tragedy, either, provided we are not led so far afield that we are lost in a miasmatic mental swamp, and turn us misanthropes.

It is a terrible thing to lose faith in mankind. And it is a glorious and refreshing thing to meet a person who restores our faith in humanity and enables us to forget the fools who have done us dirt

A year has passed since I first heard of this man of power whom I would discover to all Roycroftia and the lands that lie beyond.

" Now, there was a man sent from God, and his name was John." This man's name is John—John Davey. He is sixty years old, but looks forty, and at times acts twenty. In figure he is slight and slender, but in strength he is like the silken cord that held the god Thor—it stretched but never broke.

John Davey is the Tree-Man, or the Tree-Doctor, or the Father of Tree-Surgery. I like to call him the Tree's Brother. No man I ever saw so mixed him with the elements—no man I ever knew was so blended with the leaves—no man I ever knew possessed such a sympathy for waving, swaying saplings as this man. His life is all so bound up in trees and the birds that live in their branches, that he would forget his own needs, if some one did not look after him with the same loving care that he bestows on the trees. Fortunately, John Davey has a very practical wife and they have four sons and one daughter, all tree-folks, who realize that it is not quite time to adopt the Elijah habit of life, and bank on the ravens.

John Davy is a genius, for a genius is one who has the faculty of abandonment to an idea, or a cause. He is a genius without a taint of degeneration—a genius with the innocence of childhood, and the intellect of a man.

John Davey does not know he is a Pantheist, but that is what he is.

Neither did Charles Darwin know that he was revolutionizing religion when he wrote *The Origin of Species*, but he was. Josiah Wedgwood, grandfather of Darwin, did n't know that he was evolving the sleeping art sense of England, when he began to make beautiful vases, but he was.

John Wesley did not leave the Episcopal Church until he was eighty, and then not of his own accord, and he died innocent of the fact that he had ushered in an age known as the Great Awakening, which was the actual, initial impulse that ripened into the American Revolution.

In Seventeen Hundred Sixty, Wesley rode horseback up to Burslem, a town given over to the making of strong drink and jugs. As he jogged through this barbaric place he saw a flower-garden. John Wesley reined in his old horse, Timothy, stopped and made the acquaintance of the owner. That night John Wesley wrote in his journal: " His name is J. Wedgwood. He is small and lame, but he has a flower-garden, and his soul is near to God."

John Davey has been a preacher—he is a preacher now—and he is as earnest as Wesley. He loves beauty with the same passion shown by Josiah Wedgwood, and his devotion to science is strictly Darwinian. John Davey is the Clara Barton of trees. He is giving the world a new tree perspective.

The actions of men have two effects—primary and secondary. Often the secondary effect is of more importance than that of the primary.

John Davey calls himself a tree-surgeon. His treatment of decayed trees is parallel to the work of a dentist on a decayed tooth.

He arrests decay, and works for health.

This is Davey's primary work. The secondary result of his work is not its effect upon the tree and the owner of the tree, but the influence of his work on society.

This, to me, is the vital issue.

In carrying forward this work of looking after sick trees, Davey is assisted by several hundred young men, whom he has selected and educated for the business.

When you hear of a " Davey gang " being at work somewhere, go and see them.

They are a type. Bare of head and arm, brown, small or of medium size, silent, they work with a precision, an intelligence and an earnestness that is a delight to see.

If they use tobacco it is not during work-hours; if they frolic and play it is never at their employer's expense. Their zeal is the zeal of John Davey. " This one thing I do."

John Davey has created a new breed of men—athletes all—who climb trees like troglodytes, and yet have the sensibility of artists. They are big factors in reclaiming the earth for the joy of man. As the years go by there will be more John Davey men, and every Davey man is a teacher—an educator. This widens the circle. "So far does that little candle throw its beams."

John Davey does not remember a time when he was not familiar with trees. He was born in England. His parents were well-to-do people of the middle class. His father was a farmer, with a taste for botany and tree-culture.

Little John climbed trees before he wore trousers. The tree is a challenge to a boy—or a girl, for that matter. Little John climbed; and his father explained to him how the sap in the tree climbed, too. It was moved by the attractive power of the sun—it had a great desire to mount, move and climb. The sap was picked up by the thousands of tiny rootlets in the soil and sent aloft, up through the pores nearest the bark. This sap went clear to the leaves, and then flowing through them in a network of little arteries, was oxygenized and returned, just under the bark, back to the little rootlets. There is no life without oxygen—either vegetable or animal life. The leaves are the lungs of the tree: the tree breathes through its leaves.

And there are some things which his father taught John Davey—things which many grown-ups do not yet know.

Little John worked with his father. He made himself useful in garden, conservatory, on the farm, in the orchard and the forest. He became a practical and a scientific forester and farmer. He had the eager, hungry, restless, receptive mind. He read, talked, debated, wrote. He became a school-teacher, and then a clergyman. And as if one world was not enough, he studied astronomy, made a map of the heavens, and gave lectures on the wonders of the sky. But all the time he worked at planting, pruning and caring for trees—the first love of all.

He discovered that many trees, especially along highways, were wounded by horses gnawing them, or wagons running against them. And in such cases Nature would put forth a strong effort to cover over the wounded place with bark. Often she would succeed, and sometimes it would happen that the bark would partially grow over a defective place and leave a spot of decay on the inside of the tree. The water would then gather there and the decay would increase until the tree would become hollow at the core. A hollow tree is always a weak tree, and when the storms come, such are often laid low.

Now, all decay is a form of life. A rotting tree will contain ants, bugs, spiders and beetles enough to amuse an entomologist for a month. Often there are mice, squirrels and owls, beside. Grant Allen estimated that he could find and classify a hundred different forms of animal life in a hollow tree—all busy disintegrating the tall monarch of the forest. Now, all decay in a live tree takes a considerable portion of the tree's strength to fight.

Whenever you see a tree with dead branches, it means there is an imperfect circulation. Either the soil is deprived of moisture and nutriment or that tree has decayed spots in it somewhere. John Davey worked out the science of tree-surgery alone. Before his day no one had ever given the subject more than a desultory notice. All the tree-surgery in America traces a pedigree to this one man, five feet six, weight one hundred and thirty in the shade. It was Davey who first told us that trees often get wounded, become sick, and the decayed spots in their roots, trunks or branches increase.

Then the tree becomes unsightly and it is condemned and cut down, or else the winds lay it low.

Aristotle wrote a book on trees, over three hundred years before Christ. Pliny, who lived in Rome when Paul lived there, wrote on trees. Linnaeus wrote much on trees, but none of these ever thought out a plan of stopping decay in individual trees.

About thirty years ago, Davey discovered that if you could thoroughly clean out a decayed spot, fill the cavity with cement and cap it over so as to keep out the wet, the tree would recover completely from the wound and often heal over the scar.

About thirty-six years ago, John Davey came to America, and located in the Buckeye State, where he was soon called into consultation to save, if possible, a grove of stately horse-chestnut trees that were the pride of the community. Many of these trees were crotched, and when a storm of snow and sleet came some would split. To save them bands of iron had been put around them. Davey had long before learned that an iron band, cutting off circulation, would cause a disease of the tree, so he invented a scheme of his own for such trees. At the same time he lifted a warning voice against the crotched tree. And so far as I know he was the first man in the world to describe a perfect tree as one having a straight central stalk or trunk, with arms or branches. But a tree with two central trunks branching and thus forming a crotch died an early and violent death. The two trunks were always in competition with each other, and sooner or later there would be a split and probably both would die.

My good friend and talented, C. A. Schenck, forester at Biltmore, Asheville, N. C., has written some fine things along this line. Schenck is a scientific forester and has done as much as any man in America to show us the need of planting our waste places and preserving our groves. The forester usually has many trees to select from and he weeds out the old and infirm. His business is selection. But John Davey takes the tree which you can't spare —the old landmark, which the deeds are drawn from—the tree that has watched over the destinies of two, three or perhaps half a dozen generations, and by a thorough, loving and skilled treatment gives it a new lease of life.

Up on the Roycroft Farm we had a butternut-tree that stood out alone in the field. Uncle Billy Bushnell, now over eighty

years of age, told me that he used to pick butternuts off that tree in his boyhood. And while Uncle Billy at times mistakes his imagination for memory, in this case there is no doubt that he tells the truth. He can remember how for over seventy years, boys would climb that tree for nuts. But for the past ten years there were many dead branches in the Old Butternut. We thought it was dying; and it really became an unsightly and pathetic figure. So one day I told one of the boys to go and get the cross-cut saw and cut the tree down.

He could n't find the saw, and the next day Ali Baba sent the young fellow to work in the Bindery. So the tree was saved, which shows the beauty of not always carrying the Message to Garcia, and doing a thing when you are told.

It was only a week after that, that John Davey came along. He was looking at our trees. His eyes fell on the old patriarch, with its appealing dead branches.

" Let me try my hand on that one," he asked.

We knew he could not do it—he knew he could.

We let him have his way. His first move was to send two Davey-ites up into that tree with orders to cut out all the dead limbs. When this was done we saw there was really considerable of green left. It took nearly a thousand pounds of cement, and three square yards of zinc. But next spring, the tree, as if grateful for being relieved of the mass of dead matter, sent forth great clusters of green twigs and new branches.

There was an overgrown family of squirrels in this tree; and as they were driven out of house and home, we cut off several butts of hollow branches and made them artificial houses, which we hid here and there, away up amid the limbs. And now the squirrels are happy, and the tree is happy in its green old age. It will probably live for another hundred years. Long after John Davey and I have turned to dust, this tree will spread out its protecting arms in blessing.

John Davey's heart is in his art. And his art is the art preservative. Davey is a result of the constructive desire of the times. He is a product—an answer to prayer, sent to fill a demand.

A few years ago, and the life of such a man would have been a tragedy, dark and dank as can be woven of the warp and woof of time. We know what has happened to the simple, direct, frank and honest men in the past. Imagine what would have happened a hundred years ago in New England if a man had preached the divine spirit of God manifesting itself in the trees. Aye, or what would they have done to such a preacher in the times of Torquemada or Archbishop Laud of England? Trees! Look you, trees are for faggots, and to use in building scaffolds. Also, their strong, outreaching limbs may be useful as an arm over which to throw a rope.

In the suburbs of a certain American City is a beautiful old oak. Strong and sturdy is its stalk; its branches hang low and spread for fifty feet.

This noble old tree stands at the intersection of two fine boulevards. This tree has a name. It is known as " Hangman's Oak." For two generations it was a place of the skull. The children, even yet, as they pass point out the place and recite its legends—legends told by servants and others who should know better than to perpetuate that which should be forgotten. And no man has been found with force sufficient to christen this splendid oak with a fitting and beautiful name.

Thus has savage man at times not only smirched history, but he has fastened the stigma of disgrace even upon a tree.

When John Davey has his way, the gallows-tree will never again bear fruit. For as " the groves were God's first temples," they should be the last.

That saying of Stephen Girard's, " If I knew I would die tomorrow, I would plant a tree today," finds a loyal and loving response in the heart of John Davey, Brother to the Trees.

Patrick J. Healy

EVERYONE knows Chicago as the home of the World's largest Stockyards, but few realize that it is the home of the World's largest Music-House

The motto of Chicago is, "I Will;" the chaste and classic motto of Boston is, "Let 's Not." The union of these two mottoes, rightly used, would produce a mountain peak in any line of endeavor.

The house of Lyon and Healy was built by a man from Boston. In everything of an honest, courageous and farseeing nature, his "I Will" was as sure and as much to be counted upon as the ozone from the lake; but in all of the hundreds of side issues and petty make-believes that so many businessmen allow to take up their time, his Boston training stood him in good stead.

A fiddle fancier can tell from the F holes in an old violin whether the instrument was made in France, Germany or Italy, or even if it were made in the North or South of Italy, and he can also, from this trifling detail, hazard a guess as to the period of its birth. These tabulations are a delight to us all. Who has not felt a Sherlock pleasure in knowing that a redheaded woman has a temper?

A number of years ago, a musical friend of mine was glancing over photographs of celebrities. He came upon one of Tramonti, the great harpist, taken, of course, in a pose of careless elegance, leaning upon his harp. This musician said, "Well, I see he plays a Lyon and Healy harp."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"The top of the column is round or crown-shaped. If it were an Erard harp, it would have an octagonal top."

At Bayreuth one Summer they had five harps in the Orchestra, under the direction of Siegfried Wagner, and as an American I

felt a thrill of pride when I saw that they all had crown-topped columns. Again, when I gazed upon the photograph of the great Symphony Orchestra of Saint Petersburg, I felt a personal pleasure in spotting the round top on the harp.

P. J. Healy's dream had come true. He had accomplished the impossible. He had made the Art Centers of the world come to Cook County for the divine instrument!

To make Chicago the recognized authority on Spareribs was, in its way, a somewhat difficult task; still, everything favored it. But to make Chicago surpass the world in music, with everything against it, was so difficult that, if the thing had not been done, the very idea would be ridiculed.

We are all partners with our friends.

For a generation I have been a partner in Lyon and Healy's success, for I knew the man.

I remember P. J. Healy when Chicago was the fifth city in size in America—and I 've seen Chicago advance from a city of less than two hundred thousand to a metropolis of more than two million ❧ ❧

I remember when there was only one one-horse railroad in Chicago, and that ran on State Street from the river where the boats landed, out a mile and a half.

The fare was ten cents, and to keep down expenses, the car was of the bobtail variety—no conductor. The driver had one eye on his mule and one eye on the passengers to see they deposited their good coin. If they did not, he simply tied his lines around the brakehandle and came in and argued with them. Not much music in Chicago then. And not an inviting field. But when the right man comes along, the garden blossoms.

Yes, Patrick Joseph Healy was always a familiar figure to me. And some of the folks that I loved, loved Patrick Joseph Healy.

¶ Healy dealt in musical instruments and music, and made musical instruments, and added to life's harmonies, and he dis-

covered a man by the name of Silas G. Pratt. Healy was always discovering men. Healy's life was a search for talent. All boys were to him wonderful possibilities. "A boy is a genius in the cocoon," he used to say. " Where do you get such intelligent assistants? " some one asked him; and his answer was, " I grow them."

So Healy discovered Silas G. Pratt, clerk, salesman and composer by candlelight. Pratt was interested in a new Sunday-School song-book

Healy looked the book over upon request of Silas, and Healy, being psychic and musical and poetic and prophetic, found in this book one song that caught his ear and his fancy, and he concluded to publish the book, more to please Pratt than for any other reason. The book was published, and sold into the millions; and the particular song that was sung and whistled and played and piped upon all over the world was, " The Sweet By and By," composed by Joseph P. Webster—that gentle poet of the violin.

¶ And so this was my introduction to Patrick Joseph Healy, for Healy was the man who discovered Pratt and launched his bark upon the tide of time. And Pratt and I roomed together, and he it was who first told me of Healy, and later, introduced me to him. Pratt had a gift of composing popular salon music, as he called it, although we had no salons. I remember one effort which he played for me called " The Harp at Midnight." " That composition will live as long as you do," I told Pratt, and they are both very much alive yet. So sometimes I 'm right.

But, in the midst of his enthusiasm, Pratt took this piece to Mr. Healy to publish, and Mr. Healy, with a twinkle in his eye, got right down to business. " It is a nice composition," said he, " too nice to have been written by any one of the unromantic Yankee name of Silas G. If we publish it, we must have an author's name in keeping with the composition itself."

" Well," said Silas, " call a Pratt by any other name and he 'll sing as sweet."

" You mean sweetly," replied Healy, for, as before stated, Healy was from Boston.

They were standing at one of the counters in the Lyon and Healy store, and Mr. Healy reached his hand into the showcase and drew forth a violin-bridge. It was stenciled AUBER. " This," said Mr. Healy, " is a name that sounds like your piece."

" But," objected Pratt, " there is an Auber, a great composer and we might become mixed."

" Hardly," said Mr. Healy; " but you can make it very different by calling yourself V. B. Aubert, V. B. standing for Violin-Bridge."

So the piece was published—and so it is catalogued today.

In talking with my old friend, Judge Cratty, about Healy, I got from him a clear and legal estimate of the " little giant of music-land."

This was the Judge's point of view when he exclaimed that Healy was the greatest, biggest and best man in America, for I asked him to give me the formula by which he judged whether a man was great, able, efficient, profound; or merely smart, industrious, clever, hustling, saving and successful.

The Judge reached over and picked up a piece of chalk, and on a blackboard that happened to be at hand he wrote down what he called the ingredients that go into the making of a man; industry, economy, self-reliance, decision, humor, judgment, prescience, appreciation, imagination, enthusiasm, sensibility, love of truth.

¶ " There," said the Judge, " there are twelve qualities. Just size yourself up, or anybody else. As for Patrick J. Healy, he rated around nine and a half, counting ten as the perfect standard."

¶ Cratty's estimate of Healy corroborated my own. Healy was the most appreciative, the kindest, the gentlest man I ever knew, who yet had will plus and purpose to spare. His voice was always keyed low. When he gave orders to his people he gave the order but once.

His dignity commanded respect wherever he went. Nobody ever looked upon his face and doubted his word. He was the only witness I ever saw called into court where the judge said to the attorneys, "Shall we waive the oath in taking Mr. Healy's testimony?" and both sides said, "Yes." It seemed like an insult to swear this man to tell the truth. He was incapable of anything else. He was one of the very few men I ever saw who had nothing to hide, nothing to conceal. His soul was open as the sunlight ❧ Healy was born in Ireland, and when four years of age induced his parents to emigrate to Boston. He was as Irish as Arthur Wellesley, and looked like him, and was just as silent, just as simple. Both had to be weighed Troy, not Avoirdupois. You remember, Arthur Wellesley used to black his own shoes because he did not want to trouble the housemaids. He used to carry his own luggage, because he was proud that he was able to do it.

The Duke of Wellington always gave everybody his own way, except when it was necessary that he should have his, and when he went up against the Corsican the Irishman still had his way, but never boasted of it afterward.

A few men grow with their business—some simply swell. Healy was always bigger than his business, and he built up the largest business in his own particular line the world has ever seen. And now that he has passed on, it is still the biggest thing in its line in the world, and the soul of Patrick Joseph Healy yet dominates it.

¶ Healy was so fine that few people knew him. He operated through others. He shunned the glare of the spotlight. He was as fine as Thomas Jefferson—America's only democrat—and very much like him. All these things I knew years ago, but they did not mean so much to me then as they do now. A man like Healy requires perspective.

Patrick Joseph Healy was born on a little stone-fence farm, County Cork, in Ireland, on March Seventeenth, Eighteen Hundred Forty. He used to say that all loyal Irishmen celebrated

his birthday, and that, as he was the thirteenth child of his parents, he always had good luck.

Luther Burbank was also a thirteenth child. And we might mention John and Charles Wesley, who were well down the list in a nice little family of nineteen children. Their mother, Susannah Wesley, was the twenty-fourth child of her mother.

Daniel Webster was an eleventh child, Theodore Parker the same, and he used to refer to himself as " the last run of shad." Edmund Burke was one of the youngest in a family of fifteen. Friedrich Froebel completed the baker's dozen. Beethoven, the greatest mind in music the world has ever seen, was number twelve.

William and Caroline Herschel, perhaps the greatest brother and sister known in the history of science, divided honors with nine brothers and sisters. Coleridge was one in a family of thirteen.

¶ Doctor O. S. Fowler used to say, " Only maturity breeds brains "—and possibly he was right in saying that the law of primogeniture was founded on a fallacy.

Ireland has passed through tyranny and starvation. Her population has dropped from eight million to four million; but the flowers bloom and blossom in Ireland, and the babies grow—and some of them evolve into superb men and women.

The teacher of William and Alexander Humboldt once exclaimed: " Yes, I have succeeded in schoolteaching! yes! yes! I have had two great pupils." And any teacher who has had that number has succeeded

The one teacher of Patrick J. Healy seems to have been William T. Adams of Boston, known to the world as " Oliver Optic." Adams was a lover of boys, and how much he had to do with the evolution of Patrick Healy no man can say. The subject was so near to the heart of Healy that when the name of Oliver Optic was mentioned his eyes would fill with tears and his voice grow husky.

¶ One day, Adams, seeing that young Healy, then aged eleven, was tragically in need of boots and books, got him a job pumping

a pipe-organ for Silas P. Bancroft, who had a heart and head that almost matched those of Oliver Optic.

The genius of Healy appealed to Bancroft, and he talked the matter over with Oliver Optic.

Bancroft was sure that a lad who could pump a pipe-organ and keep awake at his job so as to start the noise the minute the sermon was concluded, surely had something in him. Genius can be shown even in the pumping of a pipe-organ. The particular organ in question always squeaked when worked too hard. The boy found a way to eliminate the squeak so that the pumper was not in competition with the player.

And so it happened that Bancroft adopted the boy into his own childless heart, and got him a job in Reed's music-store, on the strength of his skill in pumping.

One piece of work well done leads to another.

George P. Reed took little Healy over to the Boston Public Library and told the librarian to issue him a card and let him take any book he wanted. And the little Irish lad went home and told his mother that America was Heaven—but his mother was not so sure about it. The Boston Public Library has helped to feed many a hungry mind. Healy prized the moments as they passed. He improved every opportunity. The only time that he stole away for himself was to swim or to row. He was always an amphibian, and through rowing and swimming he kept his lithe little form in good condition. His body was servant to his soul. He knew the value—even in childhood, it seems—of having a good physical understanding.

In Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one, Healy was twenty-one years of age, and he was head clerk in the music-house.

He could read music. History to him was familiar. He knew the styles of composition. He could play the harpsichord, the piano, the harp or the organ enough to show the beauty of the instrument, but not well enough to discourage a buyer.

No great musician can sell musical instruments. Here, Healy said, Nature had greatly favored him.

The call for volunteers, in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one, came and Healy responded, only to be rejected with a promptness that gave him a shock. The recruiting officer said they did not want any one for a soldier who weighed less than thirty pounds to the foot. Beef and brawn were the standards, not brain.

In Eighteen Hundred Sixty-four Oliver Ditson was starting branch houses in several of the big cities of the West.

He had already sent John Church to Cincinnati. He offered the Chicago agency to the two most likely men of his acquaintance, Mr. Lyon and Mr. Healy. Lyon's name was put first because he was twenty years older and weighed nearly twice as much.

About this time Chicago was only about half the size of Cincinnati and not nearly so big as Saint Louis. It was a pioneer town—muddy, on stilts with wooden sidewalks.

Oliver Ditson supplied the money, and Lyon and Healy put in the enthusiasm and the hope.

During the first years the total investment was relatively small, and most of the pianos were sold on time. Money was in demand. One day the landlord dropped in and suggested that, if Mr. Healy wanted to borrow a little money to help along the business, it could be arranged.

Healy's reply was, " I can not afford to pay ten per cent, which is, I understand, what you receive for the money you lend."

And the old gentleman came up close and in a whisper said, " Mr. Healy, the money you borrow from me will not cost you ten per cent."

Healy was a natural financier. He said the time to borrow money was when you did not want it. The man who goes to the banker only when he is hard up is always under suspicion. Healy knew how to borrow money, and he knew how to meet his obligations.

¶ In every institution, the difficult tasks gravitate to the man

who can get under the burden. Healy was the man who made decisions—the court of last resort. He read, studied, worked, planned and grew.

Very seldom indeed is there found a man who has the shrewdness to be a good advertiser and at the same time possesses a poetic temperament and the ability to manage and manipulate men for his own benefit—and theirs.

The amount of money that Healy spent in advertising caused the first break between him and his partner, Mr. Lyon.

These expenditures for newspaper ink gave a shock also to Oliver Ditson.

Healy originated the phrase, " Everything Known in Music," and ran this constantly in all the Chicago papers. One day a Scotchman lumbered in and said, " I understand that you have everything known in music."

And Mr. Healy said, " We have."

" Well," said Sandy, " if you please I would like to see a pair of bagpipes."

Mr. Healy turned to his clerk and said, " Mr. Pratt, will you be so kind as to go and select the finest pair of bagpipes we have in stock? "

It so happened that they had just one solitary pair that had been procured as a curiosity. These bagpipes had been carried on the inventory, to the great distress of the firm, for several years. Now here was Time and Tide and the Piper. And the clerk danced. ¶ Pratt made haste to dust off the bagpipes, and triumphantly produced them.

Healy declined the invitation to play them. The Scotchman tried his lungs with really marvelous results; and when the din had reached thrilling proportions, carried away the prize in triumph. ¶ Healy was always a joker, but his wit was of a quiet and subtle sort

It seems that once they had an unruly and undisciplined young

fellow for a clerk. The department manager came to Mr. Healy one day with a bitter complaint against this clerk, and said, " We will have to discharge him."

"All right," replied Healy; " you discharge him."

Presently the manager came back and said: " I discharged him, but he won't go. He tells me to go to hell."

" Did you go? " asked Mr. Healy.

" No; he will not go, either! "

" Well, then, the only thing I can see to do is to let him stay."

¶ The point was simply this: the second man did not have so much will as the first, and Mr. Healy saw that, in the course of time, the unruly clerk might evolve into something worth while. And so he did.

Healy's patience with stupidity and error was always a marvel to his associates. Behind the blundering individual he saw clearly the man of possibilities. The trivial, the transient, the absurd, did not upset his judgment.

"If a man fails to be a friend to himself, then," said Healy, "he is the man who needs friends most." And so he stood by the erring, the foolish and often the vicious, occasionally to his own great disadvantage. But this did not disturb his faith in humanity.

There is a maxim that a man is known by the company he keeps. And perhaps this is true.

Many of the broken-down and busted-up men in the musical circles of Chicago found a friend in Patrick J. Healy. He loaned them small sums; he gave them encouragement, he put them on their feet, and few of them stayed there.

There is a story told of his taking a certain man to the Sherman House for dinner. Usually a very simple lunch satisfied Healy, but when he invited a friend to dine, he either took him to his own home or to the best hotel. Some one at the hotel called Mr. Healy aside and said, " Mr. Healy, don't you know that man ought to be in jail? "

And Mr. Healy looked at the man with his mild blue eyes and said, " Yes, that man has even victimized himself, but there may yet be a chance for him to get back to solid footing if he wants to."

¶ The big musicians, the people of worth and power, all sought out Healy. He did not seek after the popular, nor endeavor to ally himself with the rich and proud of the earth. And yet the people of position gave him full recognition.

Healy made a musical impression on Chicago and the great West unequaled by any other man of his time, or before, or since. But there was something better than music to Healy, and that was manhood

The branches of the business of Lyon and Healy that surpass all other endeavors in similar lines are the sale of pianos at retail; the sale of rare old violins; the sale of sheet-music; the wholesaleing of talking machines and small instruments, besides many other things—all brought to highwater mark by the genius of one man. But he wished to be known as the builder of the first perfect Harp the world had ever seen.

Healy knew how to attract skilful men to him, and he knew how to manage men without their knowing it. I trust it will not be disputed that the man who can manage musicians is something more than human. But Healy never met whim with whim. If a man were violent in his language, Healy never imitated him. He might have done what Jailer Whitman once did. The prisoners in the Chicago jail, to the number of five hundred or so, refused to go into their cells. They had drawn up a long list of grievances, and literally were on a strike. They roamed the hallways, a howling, cursing, seething mob, defying the officers to shoot them, turn the hose on them or start a fire for their benefit. Argument was impossible because nothing was heard.

Jailer Whitman, small in stature, but big in brain, simply unlocked the door that led into this cage of wild beasts. He slipped in, relocked the door, threw the key out, and there he was alone

with the mob. He pushed his way through to the leader, took him gently by the lapel of his coat, and said, " Here, Bill, I want to talk with you."

And it was only a few minutes before Bill was convinced that the only thing to do was to order the strikers back to their cells. Whitman won because he had the brain that could dominate the situation

Patrick J. Healy was a winner through personality. All over the United States, where bands play, the name of " Lyon and Healy " will be found modestly stamped on most of the musical instruments is use.

First, to arouse some one in a village or town with a musical desire, and then to sell him instruments, was genuine salesmanship. Nothing can be done by going after a proposition with a bludgeon. We succeed by indirection. To start in and sell a man a thousand dollars' worth of musical instruments would have been a miracle; but to first fill this man's mind with the desire to organize a band, and then have him bring in a dozen, a score, fifty, one hundred or two hundred men with like intent, and then fill the demand for band instruments—that was another thing.

In Grand Rapids is a newspaper that started a band for newsboys twenty years ago on the suggestion of Mr. Healy. This band is one of the best in the United States and has almost a national reputation. It has taught in all upwards of one thousand men to read music and play some musical instrument acceptably.

Each player owned his own instrument, although, to start with, the newspaper publication bought the instruments and sold them to the boys on time. Healy's plea was that you can not give a man something for nothing and have it appreciated. Everything must be bought with a price. Let the boys own their instruments, and they will care for and prize them; also, they will be constantly filled with the wish for something better and finer.

For instance, a French Horn can be bought for twenty dollars,

but there are others that cost fifty, one hundred, or one hundred and fifty; and if a boy succeeds in playing this instrument fairly well in the course of time he is going to have just as good an instrument as can be bought, and he will save his money for this purpose.

Healy knew psychology, and before he ever attempted to sell musical instruments he created a demand for music.

Ed Howe, one of the kind of men that God never duplicates, organized a band in the more or less obscure town of Atchison.

¶ Some one asked Colonel Howe one day what his greatest ambition was, and he said it was to be rich enough so he could organize a band of one hundred pieces and then go around the world giving free concerts in every town.

Of course, this was a Kansas joke; but behind the pleasantry lay the fact that Ed Howe's soul was filled with music, and although, fortunately, he could not make a sound on a cornet that could be heard across the street, the fact was that he had infused a great number of young men with the desire to play in the band.

The Denver *Post* Band has over one hundred pieces, and it is one of the features of Colorado. No great dignitary ever visits Denver but that he is met at the station with the Denver *Post* Band. This Band has also taught over one thousand boys to read music. The Chicago *Daily News* also has a superb band.

To trace the origin of any of these big modern bands back to the particular impulse that originated them in the brains of Patrick J. Healy would be a nice study in psychology, but the fact remains that all big ideas, systems and institutions have their origin in the brains of individuals.

Healy would have made a great judge, because he was a great diplomat and a great pacifier, unless, indeed, he would have gotten into trouble by caring more for Right than for Precedent. On various occasions, he was called upon to arbitrate business differences

One particular case was where partners had disagreed and had reached a point where lawyers had been called in and injunctions issued, and the whole business was about to be thrown into dissolution and a prosperous institution ruined.

Just at this time it was suggested that the whole matter be turned over for arbitration to Mr. Healy.

Mr. Healy consented to hear the case, provided both parties would sign a stipulation that they would abide by his decision, for which he would accept no remuneration.

The lawyers lost a very fat and juicy brace of fees, but Healy heard the case, interrogating all the witnesses himself, eliminating the attorneys, and allowing the directly interested parties to make their own arguments.

The case was settled and the business was not disturbed.

Healy's sense of honor was of the keenest. He would not do that which even seemed like taking an advantage of another. He invariably gave every man with whom he came in contact the best of any proposition in which there was any question involved.

¶ On one occasion when visiting a health resort in company with one of his men, the conversation turned on some matters and things based upon business transactions between himself and a concern with which he was associated in business for years. This man said to him during the talk, " I know, Mr. Healy, that is all very good, but for Heaven's sake how long does a debt of gratitude run ? " Healy turned his deep, dark eyes on the speaker and replied slowly, " My dear man, a debt of gratitude knows no statute of limitations."

In the year Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine, Mr. Lyon dropped out of the firm of Lyon and Healy—taking with him a very beautiful cash balance. It was enumerated, however, in the articles of dissolution that the name of Lyon and Healy should be the property of Mr. Healy—this including the big L trade-mark name, originated and signed a hundred times a day by Mr.

Healy. Here was a seemingly insignificant trifle, but Mr. Healy knew its value. His maxim was, "Never change the name of your firm, or your trademark, after the public is once accustomed to it."

From Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine on, the business took a big new lease of life, and has since been making strides, steadily and surely.

And continued on the general policy that built it up, it is still growing under the guidance of the sons of Patrick Joseph, and able lieutenants long trained in the business.

Patrick J. Healy passed away in Nineteen Hundred Five. As the physician said of William Morris, so might it be said of Healy, "He died from too much Patrick J. Healy." His soul so outweighed his body that nerves grew tense and snapped. John C. Freund once said to me, "There must be such a thing as immortality, for God could not afford to dissolve and dissipate a soul so exquisitely and divinely tuned as that of Patrick Healy."

¶ The summing up of the character of Patrick J. Healy reveals to us a man from the Twenty-fifth Century, given to us in the Twentieth for our edification and pattern. Here we have great kindness, sympathy, receptivity, and a life organized on the Brotherhood of Man, as a working policy.

Next, we have great skill in organization, financiering, the management of ways and means, the elimination of lost motion, and reaching the end to be attained by the shortest and most direct route.

Third, we have great love of truth, openness, directness, commonsense, and a deeply religious nature. The outward show of religion did not much appeal to Mr. Healy, but the spirit of Christ was in his heart.

He was one of the most unselfish of men. He made fortunes for himself and fortunes for others, but moneymaking with him was simply incidental. For money itself he cared little. He loved his

business, was proud of his business, and his heart was always in it; and through this business, like a golden thread woven in and out, was the Golden Rule.

It is not to be wondered at that a man so fine, so delicate, so sensitive, so essentially feminine, should not be more widely known ❧ ❧

Thoreau said that the saviors of the world are always feminine; that is, they possess the mother heart—a sympathy that embraces the world. This all-embracing sympathy and love for humanity was evinced by Healy in his regard for his associates.

Homeless boys, drifting men, the sick or unfortunate of every kind and nature, touched him to tears, and his arms reached out for their protection. Nobody knows the amount of money that he gave away to such. Nobody knows the number of cruel disappointments that came to him through the ingratitude of men—because he never discussed his failures. His windows were ever open to the East.

The newest theory in ethics is that the world, when it is perfected, will be changed through the Science of Economics, that is, through the creation and distribution of the things that men require for their bodily, mental and spiritual welfare.

In America, the nations mingle and meet. We are essentially a business people. We are builders of homes and of factories. We lay out roadways, plant forests, construct great parkways. We believe in playgrounds, in pictures, in books, in music. We believe in happiness and health and sunshine and work and good cheer and all that adds to human joy.

Patrick Joseph Healy grew as the city of Chicago grew—as the nation grew. He grew with his business. He was ever abreast of the times and abreast of the best thought of the world, and, with the Prophet Isaiah, he used to say, "And the desert shall blossom like the rose, and the waste places shall be made green, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Harmony was his passion. Equity and reciprocity were his motifs. Love was his controlling impulse. He lived out his life in the light, shunning, fearing nothing—a man afraid of no man, and one of whom no man was afraid.

John H. Patterson

WHEN death and disaster, in the form of flood and fire, swept Dayton, John H. Patterson arose with the tide to the level of events.

Responsibilities gravitate to the men who can shoulder them and dire difficulties are taken care of by those who know how.

Patterson is the man who, more than any other, brought cosmos out of chaos.

When the flood was rising and nobody knew what the result would be, John H. Patterson began to wire for motor-boats. He did not ask, he demanded. And the motor-boats came.

Later, he wired for motor-trucks, and the trucks came to clear up the debris.

Patterson took all of the carpenters from the National Cash Register Company—one hundred fifty skilled woodworkers—and set them to work making flatboats.

The entire force of the great institution was at the disposal of the people who needed help. And not a man or a woman was docked or dropped from the payroll. Everybody had time and a third.

¶ As for John H. Patterson himself, he worked in three shifts of eight hours each; and for forty-eight hours he practically neither slept nor ate. And then, by way of rest, he took a Turkish bath and a horseback ride, and forty winks, and was again on the job —this man of seventy who has known how to breathe and how to think, and who carries with him the body of a wrestler and the lavish heart of youth!

And yet—I am ashamed to say it, but I must, for what is the need of writing this, anyway, if there is no moral in it?—and yet, if the Government of the United States of America had had its way, John H. Patterson would not have been allowed to take charge of the rescue work, gotten families together, fought

flames and flood and later fought disease in a thousand threatening forms.

No! If this Government under which we live had had its way, John H. Patterson would have been locked in a cell in the Country Jail in Troy, Ohio.

Is that the best way to utilize strong men?

The man is out on bail, on legal sufferance—fifteen thousand dollars' bail—the price on the head of a hero!

I was going to say that I wished that John H. Patterson had been dumped into the roaring flood from the deck of one of his improvised rafts, gone down into the dirty, yellow waters, pushing above his head as he sank for the third time—pushing above his head some little girl into the hands of its mother.

This would have been a fitting end.

The men who live as saviors of the world are those who have had the good luck to die at the right time and in the right way.

The hemlock, the cross, the noose and the knife are all sacred to the memory of heroes.

Here 's to Leonidas at Thermopylae, with his guts full of spearheads; trampled on by the mob until his flesh was ground into the mire.

Here 's to Galileo, who said, " It moves just the same."

Here 's to Savonarola, who kissed the cross amid the smudge and smoke that was stifling him, refusing absolution.

Here 's to Jim Bludsoe, who held her nose to the bank until every galoot was ashore.

Here 's to Jack Binns, who was on to his job—and is yet.

Here 's to the band on the *Titanic* that played in water waist-deep

Here 's to Nathan Hale, for the rope that tightened and cut off his breath did not destroy his soul.

Here 's to Old John Brown in the roundhouse at Harper's Ferry, fighting against insurmountable odds.

Also, here 's to John Brown lying on his cot, visited by Governor Wise, shaking hands with the Governor with his one good hand, and saying, " Good-by, Governor Wise; I will meet you on the Other Side."

Here 's to the last of the Old Guard at Waterloo, who, having fired the last of his ammunition, stood, with broken sword in hand, and hurled at the enemy the only weapon he had to offer —a word unprintable.

So my heart goes out to the men who are men when emergency calls—men like John Jacob Astor, Archie Butt, George Harris, Charles Melville Hays—faulty men, of course, for did n't Sheridan swear like a pirate until streaks of profanity trailed the air on that ride to Winchester at the break of day?

Grant drank whiskey—sure. But he did something else.

The question still is, can we afford to destroy men of initiative?

¶ There is plenty of precedent for it, God knows. History is only the record of abuses and tyrannies and misunderstandings and punishments. To prove the power of the Government is all right, but when the Government of America begins to repudiate her best—the men of power, the men of initiative, the men who maintain payrolls, the men who meet emergencies in time of death and disaster—then, indeed, does Government use its power like a giant.

The case of the Government against the National Cash Register Company has been quashed by judicial decree.

John H. Patterson is a free man. The case will not be tried again.

¶ The reversal by the United States Circuit Court is a cause of congratulation—not so much to Patterson as to the whole country

Patterson could stand a year in jail, and he could also pay the fine of five thousand dollars; but the United States, this land of the free, could not afford the stigma of putting this distinguished man behind the bars.

Father Taylor once said, " If God sends Emerson to hell, Waldo will change the climate and start emigration in that direction."

¶ If Patterson's sentence had been carried out he would have popularized the prison, exactly as John Bunyan made Bedford Jail a place of pious pilgrimage.

The reversal of the verdict is in accord with the best public opinion. It mirrors the will of the Zeitgeist. It was Patterson's success that made him a target for the inquisitor.

The alleged offence was " conspiracy to monopolize trade."

You will not find this sin mentioned in the Decalogue. Concerning it the Ten Commandments are silent.

At the worst Patterson did to his competitors what they were trying to do to him. Patterson is today and always has been in accord with the business conscience of his time.

No claim was made by the Government that society had been injured. It was admitted that the machine made by Patterson was most useful, and the price at which it was sold was fair. The consumer had no complaints to offer.

The blizzard of zeal that caught Patterson and his score of faithful helpers was a variant of the same judicial brainstorm which fixed a fine of twenty-nine million dollars on John D. Rockefeller.

¶ When the judge becomes obsessed with the thought that his duty lies in resolving himself into a section of the Day of Judgment, the blind goddess would do well to duck and cut for cover.

¶ " Beware of an excess of zeal in well-doing," runs a Japanese proverb ☙ ☙

Granted that all the accusations made by the prosecutor against Patterson were true, the lay mind gives him credit for the good he has done and strikes a balance.

And the net result is that John H. Patterson stands out as one of the great men of America. He bought up a number of impractical patents and after great toil and vast expense perfected a most useful machine.

Patterson has made it easy for every employee who handles cash to do right, and difficult to do wrong.

Patterson has helped millions on their way to health, wealth and happiness.

He is the father of all factory betterments. He gave us light, ventilation, beauty, order and education in industrial institutions

He shamed the employing world, by his example, into cleaning house

John H. Patterson has been and is a great teacher of business men.

¶ Yes, I know, of course, that he made his foremen ride horseback, eat spinach, swing dumbbells and get under the cold shower.

¶ But he paid them big wages, bigger than they had ever dreamed of before, and if he compelled the spinach it was on company time, and John H. supplied the spinach. I also understand that Patterson arranged the Dayton flood so as to play meller-drammer.

This may be true, but like the report of Mark Twain's death, it is slightly exaggerated.

The simple fact is that Patterson will not talk "flood," nor allow others to, in his presence.

He is intent on flood prevention, not on flood conversation.

As for his work when Dayton had that heavy dew, he pooh-poohs it and declares he only did what any other man would have done under the same circumstances.

"When men are swimming for life is no time to put up the price of lumber. I had a few loose planks and I pushed them into the stream—that's all," says Patterson.

When plans were under way to secure a pardon for Patterson, he vetoed the whole business and scoffed at Carnegie medals by saying that his conviction had not anything to do with a matter of moisture or watered stock; and later when some one pushed at him a fountain-pen and asked him to sign an application for

a pardon for himself he balked, but agreed to make application for his helpers who were indicted with him.

I am not sure that John H. Patterson has always been excessively good, but he has always been good for something.

At least the newspaper-men always found him good for a paragraph ☙ ☙

No, Patterson was not always so awfully "good," but neither was Ben Franklin, nor Columbus, nor Saint Peter who smote off the ear of the servant of the high priest. Nevertheless, it was Peter who founded the Church of Christ. "On this rock I build my church."

Perhaps Patterson has n't exactly been like Ivory Soap, ninety-nine per cent pure. Men too good would n't be pleasant to have around ☙ ☙

Patterson is a human being, and he is a better human being today than ever before. And when it comes to intelligence, health, poise and power, he was the peer of any man in that courtroom where he was tried and sentenced.

Even when the praetor rubbed into him a little gratuitous cantharides, he never winced nor lost his fine equanimity.

And the men who were being tried with Patterson were nearly as fine—athletic, earnest, intelligent—not a rounder nor a boozer in the bunch.

Not only has Patterson taught the world how to keep its count, but he also taught it how to keep its temper, how to eat, to work, play and study.

The philosophy of John H. Patterson, which he not only teaches but practises, would eradicate sickness, insanity, poverty and misery from the world.

There is an idea abroad that John H. Patterson is on the financial preserve with John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie and Henry Ford. The fact is that Patterson is possessed of only a few decent millions.

All of his money is closely invested in the National Cash Register business

To invent the cash-register was a cinch compared with the task of getting people to use it. The world had got along with the open cash-drawer for quite some time, and was willing to try it for some years more.

Patterson's job was to educate the world into keeping a record of its receipts and expenditures. And when this was done, a great many leaks were stopped that formerly led to bankruptcy, the bughouse, the gambling-joint and the penitentiary.

This educational campaign cost millions on millions and cut what would otherwise have been big profits into microscopic dividends. Nevertheless the National Cash Register Company made head, and today its credit is beyond cavil, for behind it are character and high intelligence.

To defend this suit must have cost Patterson a million dollars, counting his actual expenses and losses through having his whole corps of foremen under Federal fire for several years. And for this vast expense there is no such thing as restitution.

When the Government robs one of its citizens it does it legally.

¶ But Patterson does not complain. He accepts it all as a part of the great game of life. Patterson knows that the kicks and cuffs of unkind Fate have their uses in the great economy of existence

John H. Patterson is seventy-one years of age, but you would never guess it to look at him. His step is light and elastic, his eyes are bright and keen, his body is lean and sinewy.

I met him soon after the United States Circuit Court had gently let him down and out. He was smiling, but not unduly elated.

For the men who had railroaded him toward the Miami County calaboose he had no words of reproach. He simply said, " Now I am free to go ahead and do my work—work for the good of all—work as I never have before."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier

THE other week, while on a Little Journey to Toronto, I was much impressed with the fact that Canadian sentiment toward the United States is undergoing a change. As yet it is only a nebulous idea slowly taking on substantial form—but to the eyes that see it is quite clear. And that is, that the people of this country and of the Dominion are after all akin, and that their interests are one and the same.

Since our late misunderstanding anent our well-meant but badly managed overtures on trade relationships, Canada has had a change of heart, and now I believe that when next Long Jonathan goes a-courting, he will be accorded a more gracious reception. The United States wants the good-will of Canada, and Canada needs the friendly support of the United States. Certainly, come what may, we are not going to allow any foreign-born power to come a-meddling across seas, if we can help it.

Much of the good feeling that now exists between these two great nations is, I believe, due almost entirely to the liberalizing work and beneficent influence of that great and good man, that Royal Roycrofter and gentleman superbus, who has been in the limelight of Canadian and world politics for these forty years and more, but whose heart yet beats with the high hope of youth. I mean Sir Wilfrid Laurier—knight by courtesy, but, like Lincoln, one of Nature's noblemen.

Laurier is Canada at its best. Born in the French province of Quebec, surrounded with French traditions, and the first French-Canadian to be Premier of Canada, he was the prime mover in putting an end forever to that Tory attitude of hostility and churlishness toward the United States which at one time swayed Canada from coast to coast. More than any other one man he has taught the Dominion to think nationally and to take her place as

one of the great nations of the Western Hemisphere. Sir Wilfrid has never displayed the least hesitation in avowing that he is an ardent admirer of the American Republic. He was called to task once for having permitted more than half a million American citizens to cross the boundary-line and settle on virgin territory in the great Northwest. His answer was characteristic of the man: " We have said to the American farmer that if he came to Canada, he would find land not only equal, but superior to that of the United States. He would find institutions as good as American institutions, laws as generous as American laws. He would find also that the monarchy of Canada is just as democratic as the government of his home country."

And not long ago he said in London to the assembled statesmen of the British Empire: " I am an admirer of the American people. I admire the great fight they have made in the past for freedom. I admire the great advance they have made in civilization. I love the United States. We are giving to the world the spectacle of brethren living in peace. We have the longest frontier dividing any two nations. On that frontier, there is not a fortress, not a gun, not a soldier."

The success that has marked this man in all his undertakings can be explained only in the light of his incomparable and persuasive personality. His graciousness of speech, his charm of manner, his varied accomplishments and his remarkable eloquence—combined with a fine, handsome face and wonderful distinction of bearing—set him apart as one of the most efficient and versatile personalities that the world has ever seen. He wins all, friends and foes, and binds them to him as with green withes of affection. And yet even his most vigorous critics have never for a moment thought of accusing this fine gentleman of concealing beneath a polished manner the real sentiments of his heart. He mixes in no idle gossip. He is above all petty scrimmages and scrambles for place and power. He is a man among men.

As a public speaker he is frank, witty, appreciative and unresentful. While he has very little of the story-telling jocosity of, say, our friend the Secretary of State, yet he has a humor that is inimitable. It is this saving grace that has stood him in good stead in his hours of trial and defeat, and has helped him on many an occasion when dealing with the beef-eating insular Anglophile that at one time roamed wild in Canada.

Laurier is always perfectly willing to admit that what his opponents say of him is true—only before he gets through you are quite inclined to believe with him that the slur was really a compliment in disguise.

I remember, when the annexation talk was at its height, some Britishers came to him, and the speaker, a pompous fellow with bristling sideburns, said: "Pray now, Sir, let us have your candid opinion. Are not at this very moment the American people coveting Canada?"

And Sir Wilfrid, with a twinkle in his eye, solemnly replied: "I should be very much surprised if they were not. I 'm sure, it would be quite human if they did, and certainly quite American, for every American knows a good thing when he sees it."

Essentially, Wilfrid Laurier represents the new time. He is a democrat in his mode of thinking and in his habit of life. He is get-at-able, approachable, kindly, generous, friendly. He is gracious to all men, but he toadies to no one.

He is a businessman. He believes in creation, evolution, development, transportation, distribution. Like Terence he might say, "I am a man and nothing that is human is alien to me." He believes in Canada and its future. And he also believes that the future of Canada is closely linked with that of the United States.

¶ He is, in truth, a universal citizen. He realizes that we are practically one people, that England's Shakespeare is our Shakespeare, and that our history merges off and becomes English history

Largely, our interests, our hopes, and our destinies are one. Only yesterday, this strong, virile, splendid man, with a head of silver and heart of gold, who may even yet be Canada's salvation, said:

"A dominating power, either on land or sea, will not hereafter be tolerated. Supreme power in either a man or a nation is to be feared—for nations are made up of men, and power unrestrained tends to tyranny."

Sidney W. Winslow

THERE are four primal necessities in life—only four ❧ ❧

These are food, clothing, shelter—love. ¶ Shoes and hats are a part of our clothing. Also, they are secondary sexual manifestations, said Herbert Spencer. Spencer was a bachelor, and he knew. And as the women's shoes get more beautiful, skirts grow narrow and short ❧ ❧

Spiritless, dejected, whipped-out men advertise to the world their mental condition by their shoes.

There is a wonderful story by Tolstoy about a shoemaker whose shop was in a basement. When this shoemaker looked up from his work, he saw the feet of the people as they passed. Seldom did he see their faces—just their feet. He judged them by their shoes, and his estimate was usually correct.

Once he saw a man go by barefoot. The shoemaker jumped up—but what's the use, read the story for yourself.

The title of the story is, *Where God is, There is Love.*

Read it, and when you do, think of me and breathe a prayer of gratitude for having been introduced to one of the little big things in literature.

Shoes, sure, that 's the subject!

Hope, courage, animation, ambition, are mirrored in your shoes. Your feet feature the facts. Shoes are a tell-tale.

Once there were people in America who never wore shoes. Now, we all do—a part of the time, at least.

The Kneippers do not go barefoot all the time.

John Wesley, when he was rector of the church at Savannah, Georgia, went barefoot even in the pulpit, to show his sympathy with the shoeless.

For to be shoeless was to be friendless.

Tolstoy went barefoot in the streets of Saint Petersburg, for the same reason that John Wesley went barefoot in Savannah, and was taken in charge by the police. And a celebrated painting of Tolstoy in bare feet was officially ordered from the shop-windows because the people stood before it in mute admiration.

In America, friendless and shoeless humanity, practically, does not exist.

When we go barefoot we wade in the surf—what larks!

Americans are the best-shod people on earth.

Our consumption of shoes is two hundred seventy million pairs a year—three pairs to a person.

Twenty-five years ago it was two pairs a year per person. We are getting more particular. Also, as the years have passed, our shoes have been bettered in style and quality. Most of us, even us common folks, have different shoes for different occasions. It's better for our feet, and better for our heads, as it lifts our self-respect. When you change your shoes you change your mind.

¶ Shoe-manufacturers are prosperous people. There is no "Shoe Trust," and there can't be, for there are thirteen hundred shoe factories in the United States, and more are being formed.

I know of six shoe-factories in Saint Louis, all started by employees, who have come out of one particular factory and embarked in business on their own account. And they are all making money.

¶ From Nineteen Hundred to Nineteen Hundred Twelve, the products of our shoe-factories have increased a little over seventy per cent, while population has, during the same period, increased less than twenty-five per cent.

Our exports of shoes have jumped from two million dollars in Nineteen Hundred to over seventeen million dollars in Nineteen Hundred Twelve.

Monopoly is out of the question in the shoe business, for the simple reason that any one who wants to start a shoe-factory is not obliged to buy an outfit of costly machinery. He can lease shoe-

making machinery, and get it on exactly the same terms that the biggest factories can.

If every shoe-factory had to buy or manufacture its own machinery, and thus keep abreast of the times, it would require such a vast amount of capital, and also such a corps of inventors, that of necessity the business would be concentrated in the hands of a few

Instead of thirteen hundred factories, there would be thirteen, and if there were only thirteen they would get together and we would have a shoe Trust. As it is, we have n't.

Today, the boot and shoe industry is the one large business left in the world not run by a so-called Trust, and the United Shoe Machinery Company is responsible for that fact.

Ralph Waldo Emerson once said that the man who makes a pair of shoes carpets the earth with leather.

Not so many years ago shoes were made by individual shoemakers. They put your pedal on a piece of paper and the shoemaker ran his pencil around your " tootsie," and then took various strange, peculiar and complex measurements, just as the old-time tailor did

When you got your shoes, perhaps they fitted and perhaps they did not, but the breaking in of a pair of shoes was a terrible thing.

¶ Personally, I much preferred to go barefoot—and I did until Winter, when snow and ice came along and made the wearing of leather a necessity.

The factories of New England began with home industries. Things were made in the kitchen, cut out with jackknife, stitched, polished, put together, peddled out by the family just as the father of Henry Thoreau made lead-pencils and Henry went out on the road selling them by the dozen, the gross or one at a time, just as luck would have it.

America now makes the best shoes in the world. Europe is coming along fast, however, and the other day a German told me that it

was because the Germans were putting in American machinery that they were able to compete with American shoes in style and quality

New England is the land of invention.

A few months ago I spent a week in Saint Louis and during my odd times I made a pilgrimage to the Hamilton-Brown Shoe Company

This concern has several factories, and is reputed to make more shoes and better shoes at a smaller percentage of profit than any other concern in America. In fact, I got so interested in the making of shoes that I chased a pair clear through the mill from the time the uppers were cut out of the hide until the laces were put in, and then I was proudly presented with the pair of shoes and I am now wearing them.

Massachusetts leads the United States in the making of shoes. Missouri comes next.

The Hamilton-Brown Shoe Company, I saw, uses machinery manufactured by the United Shoe Machinery Company.

A few days ago, I was in Boston, and I just took a couple of days off to find out who the United Shoe Machinery Company are, what they are, and what they are doing.

The general offices of the concern are in Boston, but their factories are in Beverly, Massachusetts, twenty miles out, near where President Taft made his Summer home. The salt water comes right up to the doors.

We have heard about the increased cost to the consumer by reason of the so-called " Machinery Trust." I suppose the average person, if asked what amount the owner of leased shoe machinery would receive on a pair of shoes, would say, "Oh, about forty or fifty cents."

The real fact is that it takes fifty-eight different machines to make a single shoe, and in cases where the entire fifty-eight machines are leased by the manufacturer of shoes the owner of the machines

receives a royalty running up sometimes to five and one-half cents a pair. Where fewer machines are used it runs as low as half a cent a pair, and the average for most shoes is one and one-third cents a pair.

If this entire cost were wiped out it would not make one cent's worth of difference to the wearer in the price for a pair of shoes! Remember that, Terese!

Retail prices of shoes jump at the rate of twenty-five cents a pair, or perhaps fifty. While leather and labor have increased in cost, the machinery cost of shoes is the one thing that has not advanced.

¶ Through a persistent killing of calves, cattle have increased in value and hides have aviated.

Let it be known that the United Shoe Machinery Company do not make shoes. They simply manufacture machinery that is used by shoe-manufacturers. They make upwards of three hundred varieties of machines. Different styles, weights and kinds of shoes require different machinery. There are babies' shoes, children's shoes, women's shoes, men's shoes, shoes for business, shoes for society, shoes for indoors, and shoes for outdoors. Some people wear one kind of shoe in the morning, another in the afternoon, and a different shoe in the evening.

The consumption of shoes mirrors the progress of civilization. Show me the shoe you wear and I will tell you the kind of a man you are. " By their shoes ye shall know them."

Shoe-factories making shoes by machinery started in the year Eighteen Hundred Fifty-six, but the machines were few and they were crude.

They really did not get well a-going until about Eighteen Hundred Seventy.

Then they ran along on the old-time methods until Eighteen Hundred Ninety-nine, when the United Shoe Machinery Company was organized.

Since then the manufacture of shoes has received a decided boom.

¶ Better shoes have been made, at a less cost to the consumer than ever before.

Wages of employees have been increased. There has been a steady demand for a better quality of workmen at a better wage, and the shoe-factories have made money.

In most manufacturing, five parties are directly interested: first, the manufacturer; second, the employee; third, the stockholder of the corporation; fourth, the producers of raw material; and fifth, and most important, the consumer. In the shoe business, however, there are only four parties directly interested, and that is where shoe manufacturing stands alone among modern industries, for, with rare exceptions, every shoe-factory is owned by the man who runs it, and there are no stockholders to be taken into consideration.

It is the only industry in which individual effort still prevails.

The whole shoe industry is on a firmer, sounder and more satisfactory basis today than ever before in its history. There is more character in the business, from manufacturing to retailing.

The making of shoes in the good old family style at the hands of one man or a dozen, with the help of his neighbors, has gone forever. In these times a factory which turns out a thousand pairs of shoes a day does a small business.

There are several factories that turn out ten thousand, twenty thousand, and a few forty thousand pairs of shoes a day.

Practically all of the shoe-factories in America lease their machinery. This custom has come down for the past forty years. The reason is that so many different kinds of machines are needed in making a shoe; and new inventions and improvements are happening every day.

Factories would not run the risk of putting in a new invention, especially in view of the fact that the machine might have to be replaced any day with something better, cheaper and more effective.

This indeed has been the case. Inventors working alone and manufacturers of machines have a very hard time, and always have had in getting the public to accept their inventions.

Things we don't know anything about, we are not aware of.

Ninety-five per cent of manufacturers today very much prefer to lease a machine rather than to purchase it outright.

Because a machine leased by the user does n't have to be "scrapped." This dread nightmare of an obsolete machine carried on the inventory has made many a good man turn gray before his time.

But when an outsider comes along with a machine that will do the work and the manufacturer can lease it on a fixed sum for every operation, then the manufacturer knows in advance just what his costs will be. Under other conditions, it is guesswork and cut and try.

The fact that a manufacturer would rather lease the machine has been proven out recently in Europe, where the leasing system never prevailed until the United Shoe Machinery Company introduced its machines in Europe on the lease basis. It is found that the manufacturers accept the innovation with a gladness that has been considerable of a surprise to American inventors.

The supreme merit of the United Shoe Machinery Company is the service it gives. This Company was organized through the consolidation of three companies. One was the Goodyear Shoe Machinery Company, which made machines for sewing the sole to the upper. This concern also made various other auxiliary machines, which were used in the operation.

The second was the Lasting Machine Company, which made machines for putting the leather over the last—an entirely different operation from sewing.

The third company was the McKay Shoe Machinery Company, which made machines for attaching soles and heels by metal fastenings ❧ ❧

These concerns were not in competition with one another, as each had a peculiar and distinct field of its own. By consolidating, however, under one company, one set of officers was able to manage the entire business; one set of traveling men looked after the different machines; and the result was a distinct reduction of cost in the making of the machines and the looking after them and the maintenance of their upkeep.

Another result was that shoe-manufacturers dealt with one concern instead of with three; and a distinct lowering of cost to the manufacturer, in addition to a better service, followed.

The United Shoe Machinery Company has a capital of thirty-eight million dollars. The stockholders number more than eight thousand people. More than one-half of these are women, and practically the whole holdings are held by people who are more or less familiar with the shoe industry.

The shoe business is like the biscuit business or the soap business. When biscuits are consumed, that 's the last of them. What becomes of a cake of soap when it is used up, no scientist has ever been able to exactly explain.

The life of a pair of shoes is brief, no matter how well made. Active, hustling people wear out shoe-leather.

Today shoes have to be better than ever before, and, sorry to say, they do not last so long as they once did.

Books are not worn out. They last year after year and are handed down, sometimes, as heirlooms. Furniture the same.

The only men who make colossal fortunes are the men who deal in the primal necessities.

The one remarkable feature in the shoe industry, not noted in any other business, is that on a comparatively small capital the volume of business done is many times greater than the amount invested. Some manufacturers of shoes turn their capital from three to five times a year, so that with a two-hundred-fifty-thousand-dollar investment a volume of business of one and a

quarter million dollars per year has been known, with a profit to the manufacturer of one hundred seventy-five thousand dollars. The only reason for this is because the shoe manufacturer does not have to tie up his capital in machinery. The United Shoe Machinery Company relieves him of that handicap, and carries the machinery investment load alone.

The business of the United Shoe Machinery Company is one of the best examples of successful co-operation in America. Inasmuch as most of the machinery is leased, and pays a return only when used, it is self-evident that the machinery must be of a kind that will give a satisfactory service.

The United Shoe Machinery Company employs a force of more than five hundred traveling machinists, who are constantly inspecting the installed machinery and seeing that it is kept up in perfect condition. Idle machinery, like idle men, yields no income

They keep constantly in their employ a force of about a hundred highly skilled inventors, who are constantly working on new ideas, or perfecting old ones. No machine is ever made good enough. It must be made better.

To illustrate the thoroughness with which the company goes about its work, note this: That over one million dollars has been expended in developing one single machine—the almost human mechanism that pulls over the upper on the last, in the work of lasting

Visitors at the wonderful works of the United Shoe Machinery Company see these inventors in their little individual shops. Every inventor's study is fitted up with a dynamo, pulleys, shafting, and everything to make the wheels go round.

I watched an inventor work the other day. This is what he did: Sat still for fifteen minutes looking into the eye of a machine, oblivious to the surroundings. Then he took up a piece of blue chalk, went over to a drawing-board and slowly began to sketch

out the idea. I have since wondered whether he got it or not. The chances are he did n't. I have worked blocking out a good sentence in the same way, and then had it escape me in the void.

There are no secrets around the United Shoe Machinery Company's works. You see the inventors, the chemists, the workers in the laboratory, and the thousands of hearty, happy people in these wonderful concrete buildings, seventy-five per cent of the walls being glass—the sunlight flooding everything—and in some of the buildings ninety per cent is glass.

There are five main buildings, each from eight to twelve hundred feet long and sixty feet wide. There is n't a dark, dirty, dingy corner anywhere from basement to roof.

" Light, more light! " the slogan of Victor Hugo, seems to permeate the place.

These great works give employment to upward of five thousand people, and no mill in Massachusetts or in the United States pays an equal wage.

I have visited many factories, stores, mills, shops, all over the United States and in England, France, Scotland, Italy and Germany, but never have I seen a big factory managed with the same superb attention to hygienic and sanitary conditions.

Here are shower-baths, wash-rooms, libraries, rest-rooms, schoolrooms, lecture-halls, all contained in this great institution that occupies a tract of three hundred acres of its own. The outcrop of granite here on the seashore is everywhere evident. In fact the buildings are built on a solid mass of granite. The foundations seem to symbol the solidity of the business policy of the institution ❧ ❧

The management know perfectly well that they thrive only as the shoe-manufacturer thrives, and they also know that the shoe-manufacturer thrives only as he is able to market his product to pleased and satisfied customers. Thus the prosperity of the common people everywhere is the basis of the prosperity of the

United Shoe Machinery Company. I met Mr. Sidney W. Winslow, who is the President and guiding genius of this concern.

Well has it been said that every institution is the lengthened shadow of a man.

Winslow is a Cape Cod product, the son of a sailor, brought up on the sands in sight of the sea. He grew strong, hardy, courageous, efficient. When the elder Winslow was away, Sidney was the little father of the family and learned early in life to carry responsibility ❧ ❧

He dug clams for the household, brought in driftwood, fished, hunted, went to school—when he could—but was taught mostly by his kind, patient, hardworking, commonsense mother.

The elder Winslow had been the cobbler on board a whaling-ship. The old-time whaler was a natural mechanic.

There came a time when this cobbler forsook the sea and started a little village shoe-shop of his own. The boy Sidney naturally learned the business, never knowing when nor how. Later, the father moved to Salem, Massachusetts, worked for a while in a little shop of his own, and then got a job in a shoe-factory, because the factory-made shoes were pushing the old-time cobbler to the wall. In time he owned the factory. The little shop in which the father worked stands today under the shadow of the great machinery-factory which the son controls.

Sidney was given a job pegging heels at three dollars a week. After a year he got a dollar a day, and then for fourteen years he ran first one machine and then another.

He became an expert shoe-machinery man, and with this knowledge as a shoemaker and machinist was evolved the skill and far-reaching prophetic vision which has culminated in the United Shoe Machinery Company, which is the biggest institution of its kind in the world. The proud position it occupies is on account of the fact that it has and is rendering the shoe business of the world an honest and most effective service.

Winslow is a typical New Englander, slim, wiry, active, athletic, rapid in his movements, quick in his thinking. He can talk, and talk to the point, although he does not profess to be an orator. He does not impress you as a " highbrow," or one of the world-makers. He has n't too much top-head. He uses all the brain he has, just as he uses his body. He is moderate in his eating and drinking, and is only a glutton for fresh air, water and work. And when it comes to work, he just eats it alive.

One of his secretaries told me that there was n't a man on the job who could stay with him days, nights and Sundays, when there was a big task to work out.

Winslow gets a great joy in his work. He is full of enthusiasm, animation, ambition, and is justly proud of his great achievements, although at the same time the man is essentially democratic

You don't have to have an introduction to him. He is appreciative, friendly, and any of his employees who has business with him can see him, if necessary. His heart is with the workers, and there is no part of this vast business of manufacturing shoe-machinery that this man could n't go in and do with his own hand, head and heart, if necessity required.

He has sentiment as well as pugnacity and business genius. He loves paintings. He loves flowers. He loves outdoor life in the wild. He sticks to his friends.

The Beverly High School works in conjunction with the United Shoe Machinery Company. There is a relay of boys sent from the High School to work in the shops. There, through proper instructors, they learn the mystery of machinery and the miracles of invention. And the boys get paid for their work. If it passes muster it goes into the stock, just like that of the oldest skilled mechanic in the shops. The boys graduate into the factory. I noticed that the phrase " Welfare Work " was not much in evidence around the institution. Here men are not pauperized

by being cobbled. They are simply supplied opportunities, and there is enough initiative, I noticed, among the workmen so that they have organized clubs, laid out rifle-ranges, tennis-grounds, etc., and there are baseball clubs, a brass band and orchestra, and a general fine spirit of loyalty to the institution. There is a club as fine as any country club anywhere, which belongs to the employees and to which any man or woman in the factory can belong by paying a dollar a year. The officers of the Company belong to the club on the same basis.

Winslow himself swore a halibi on the " welfare." He said, "All we do is to give people an opportunity, and then encourage them to make the best of it."

Thomas J. Foster

ALONG late in the eighties, Thomas J. Foster was editor of a daily newspaper at Shenandoah, Pa. He was a man in moderate circumstances, practically unknown, as he had not committed high crimes, and his field of usefulness had been confined to local circles. He had been a clerk, a storekeeper, a school-teacher, a printer and then an editor. This natural evolution had come through the Study Habit, the microbe of which he had acquired in his young manhood.

In passing it may not be out of place to say that every man and (eke woman) is controlled by Habit. When Habits are young they are like lion cubs, easily managed, but later there comes a time when they manage you. Bad Habits may put you on the Avernus Jerkwater, No. 23, with a ticket one way to Nowhere.

Good Habits are mentors, guardian angels, and servants that regulate your sleep, your work, your thought. It is the Study Habit that distinguishes men. Once you get it, only death can take it from you—and perhaps even death can't. I really don't know!

Foster had acquired the Study Habit. He was nearly fifty, and if Oslerism is correct, was ripe for the ether cone. But wait: Foster had an Idea—all of his life had been leading up to this.

The Idea crystallized through a tragedy, and sometimes tragedy is a blessing, even though it may be purchased at a terrific cost.

¶ It seems that a near and dear friend of Foster, a banker and manager of one of the big coal companies, went into a coal mine with several friends on a little tour of inspection.

Night came on and the party did not return. It was thought they had gone to a neighboring village, so messengers were sent out. The messengers returned with no tidings. The last seen of the men was when they were entering the mine.

Several coal miners had been made deathly sick through working in this same mine, and a dread superstition was abroad that the place was haunted. The miners refused to enter. So the editor headed the rescue party, first starting the air pumps, and was lowered from the darkness of the night, down into the blackness of the bowels of the earth.

He groped his way forward and ere long the flaring torches revealed the lifeless body of his friend where he had fallen, and another man on his back whom evidently he was attempting to rescue, when Death canceled his efforts. All were dead.

What killed the men? The miners who had worked all their lives in mines did not know—it was a noiseless, tasteless, odorless, mysterious something—that was all they knew. Some spoke of it as " the hand of God."

But Foster, the editor, knew what it was. He knew that every result was preceded by a cause; and that as soon as things are understood they cease to be either mysterious or miraculous. These tragedies had been happening for years, only the victims were obscure persons, and others waiting for their jobs filled the gaps, and the saddened and desolated homes were soon forgotten. It is a busy world, my masters.

But now through the heart of the editor ran a spasm of shame to think that society should allow the men who serve it, to go on risking their lives in ignorance and peril.

He wrote a scathing editorial calling upon the citizens of the state to see to it that mine foremen should be educated sufficiently in a scientific way so as to safeguard the lives of their men.

This editorial, with several others like it, led to the passing of a law requiring that mine foremen should pass an examination in technical knowledge that would render their work reasonably safe ❧ ❧

This law seemed at first to work a decided hardship on many good men, some of whom did not have a sufficient education to fulfill

the requirements; and the editor found himself well denounced. But instead of fighting his would-be enemies, he invited them to come to his office, as he had a proposition to make them. They came, and there he laid before them a plan—he would teach them. Yes, they could use his books, and he would explain the questions, the questions more dreaded than fire-damp. So the mine foremen met evenings at the editor's sanctum, and the miners with foreman ambitions came. Many of these strong men were appalled at long division and few could wrestle fractions, but the editor prepared easy lessons in leaflet form, and through his patience and his love, terror fled. The lessons were really easy—everything is easy when you know how. The miners got their lessons and laughed to think they ever had a fear.

Some of the miners lived ten miles or more away, and these prepared their " sums " or " examples " and sent them in by mail for correction.

There was a "miner's column" in the editor's newspaper, and this spread the good work. In a year the Miners' Correspondence Course had spread all over Pennsylvania, and down into West Virginia and out to Ohio. It seemed to fill a need—men were being educated for their work, while at their work. Occasionally miners become foremen; foremen become superintendents. When government inspectors were wanted, " Foster's men " were always given first choice. The men who took up the Study Habit did not have so much time to spend at the saloons. With their spare money they bought books. By the light of the evening lamp they worked at their lessons, often rocking the cradle at the same time—the mother busy at her housework.

The editor's Idea was making head. The Idea itself was an old one—but its application was the work of the editor man. The Chautauqua Idea was an inspiration to thousands, but it stopped with history and belles lettres. To teach technology by mail seemed too much—we all supposed a teacher at our elbow was

necessary, simply because we had always had a teacher at our elbow. We did not realize that the things we work out by ourselves benefit us most. The Correspondence School plan gives the necessary assistance and inspiration to Home Study, and helps you to help yourself.

The Mining Course was a success, why not other lines of study as well? And Thomas J. Foster, the editor, surprised at the success of his Idea, transformed his newspaper business into a college and became the world's schoolmaster—a teacher who teaches by mail. His business is known as the International Correspondence Schools, of Scranton, Pa.

In fifteen years he enrolled a million students. He has over two hundred separate courses of study, covering almost the entire field of art, textile, manual and commercial endeavor. His pupils are men and women and of various ages in every walk of life. He enrolls more students every month than enter Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Dartmouth in a year.

One hundred and fifty railroad companies employ his services in teaching their workmen how to better safeguard the lives and property of their patrons. Many colleges co-operate with him and use his lesson leaves and textbooks. The United States Government has officially endorsed the work, and given preference in naval, engineering and electrical work to his students. One adult out of every twenty-seven in America is a student in the International Correspondence Schools.

Personally, I regard the work of Thomas J. Foster in founding the I. C. S., and then persevering in pursuit of the original idea—shaking the brushwood of thought and starting innumerable pedagogic game—as one of the great achievements of this age, or of any age. And, like every other big idea, the I. C. S. is bigger than its founder and has led him a merry chase. But he is still putting salt on the tail of ideas.

Most young people who live in a little town—or in a big one

either for that matter—want to get into communication with the world. To travel, to know, to move from place to place—all this is natural, right and proper. But when you can satisfy this wanderlust by putting the individual in communication with people of intelligence, who have personal interest in assisting him to evolve his mental possibilities, you have moved in line with the Eternal Verities

We should all be universal, not provincial. The I. C. S. puts the youth in touch with master minds along the particular lines that he desires to cultivate. And all the while he continues right at work

Right here is where the I. C. S. shows to advantage over the average college. The I. C. S. student applies his theories to actual practical use in his daily work.

The test of every man is, What does he do in his spare time?

The I. C. S. shows a young man how to use his leisure.

He gets to looking for messages from his teachers. He sends his examination-papers away.

They are read for criticism and correction, marked and returned with kindly, courteous, friendly advice.

If he fails to keep up with his lessons, there is a friendly follow-up system. One, two, three, four letters are written, and then somebody comes to see him personally and inquires after his mental and spiritual welfare, and offers to help him.

And certainly he needs help—we all need help.

No man liveth to himself alone.

We are divine molecules in the mass. To live alone is to be either insane or a criminal.

Then there are arrangements by which the various students in certain districts are brought in communication with one another. There are fraternal meetings, "campfires," love-feasts and conventions

The different students in a single town are brought together,

introduced to one another. They tell one another what they are doing, what they aspire to do.

There is competition among them, or, better still, emulation. Their minds broaden through communion. The more people you are in communication with, the greater your points of contact with humanity, the bigger your influence, the wider your potential power

Only character counts.

And what is character?

Well, first, character is a matter of habits. The young man or woman who, working all day in a shop or factory, will get a certain amount of outdoor exercise and then buckle down to some course of intellectual improvement for one hour out of the twenty-four, is going to become a distinguished person.

But to slide, glide, drift, loll, dawdle, with no definite objective point in mind, is to arrive at the point of Nowhere and to have your craft lie hopelessly becalmed on Mud Flats. Then is your name Mudsocks

Walk in the open air, dig in the garden, play ball, then buckle down to half an hour at the lessons, and you are bound to be a winner. The I. C. S. idea can never grow old or obsolete.

Continually comes the tramp of marching feet.

" What is this army? " you say.

It is the youth of the land. They are arriving, arriving!

Babies grow into children, children into youth, youth into men and women

The mass of humanity is a marching mass—steady, irresistible, onward and upward they come!

There are more of us on this old earth than ever before.

Life is complex, difficult. The struggle exists as it never has before.

¶ We need all the equipment we can get.

But in spite of numbers, opportunities were never so great as they are today.

The I. C. S. supplies opportunity, and this opportunity, improved, leads to higher opportunities.

There is no such thing as complete success. After every achievement comes the voice, "Arise, and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest!"

So we never arrive, but always we work, we struggle, we strive, and this continual endeavor is all there is of life.

But when life is methodized, when we work, study, play and laugh, flavoring all with love, we have found the key to the situation. He who leaves study out has missed one item in the formula, and a very necessary item, too.

The I. C. S. supplies this ingredient of study.

They show you how to study; and they have a system that tends to hold you to it. To drop out is disgrace. Also, they make you pay for your tuition.

And through the payments the student gains.

The chief gain is not in the fact that the student eventually gets an increase in pay, but in the fact that he becomes a safer, saner, more useful citizen, adding to the wealth and happiness of the world

He becomes a creator, a builder, instead of a barnacle, a parasite, a derelict.

The I. C. S. has a bigger and better printing-plant than is owned by any other private institution in the world. Its only rival in America is the Government Printing-Office at Washington, as far as size and extent are concerned.

In point of efficiency, however—and I know both these offices—I would say that Scranton surpasses Washington in the diversity of work done and excellence of product.

The I. C. S. has enrolled over a million five hundred thousand scholarships

That number of students have paid tuition and received instruction

One hundred twenty-five thousand students are now studying I. C. S. courses—that is, double the number enrolled in all colleges and agricultural courses in the United States, and greater than the combined total enrollment in all the technical classes!

The textbooks supplied by the I. C. S. are prepared by specialists, and are brought up to date by a system which is constantly inviting criticism.

Every book is under fire, not only by students, but by teachers, by the public and by the publishers themselves.

A textbook once issued by the I. C. S. is not sent off to live its life and die a bibliopathic death. Over this textbook there stands a sponsor, alive, alert, constantly on the lookout for changes that will make it better.

No other publisher of textbooks issues them with this idea in mind of constantly making them better.

So here we get a vast organization devoted not only to the securing of pupils, firing the desire of young and old to improve their mental estate, but we have also an organization, equally strong, devoted to teaching and supplying everything in the line of literature that will add success to the enterprise.

The whole situation has sort of blended into our modern American life. Unlimited capital, unlimited enthusiasm, tireless energy, and persistence that never wavers, have made this thing possible.

¶ Every good thing goes back to one-man power.

One particular individual breathed into this body the breath of life. Thomas J. Foster is the man to whom must go the credit.

Edward G. Acheson

THE two most valuable things in the world, next to food and fresh air, are abrasives and lubricants. ¶ The wheel is the greatest invention of man. It is a moving lever, and has no counterpart in the world of Nature, except the hoop-snake, which takes its tail in its mouth and rolls away to safety. And in passing, it is well enough to state the fact that no one has ever seen a hoop-snake, except excited colored men.

Before a wheel is made, an abrasive forms a big part in its construction.

And never a wheel turns without the use of lubricants.

Abrasive and lubricant!

And the one man in the world who has done most towards supplying an effective abrasive and an effective lubricant is Doctor Edward G. Acheson of Niagara Falls—and the round world

No life-story is more romantic and reveals the ups and downs in life, its lights and shades, its tragedies and its successes, any more than that of Doctor Acheson.

By his brain, materials that were worth a thousand dollars a pound twenty years ago are now produced for twelve cents a pound

His two great inventions are carborundum and graphite, made artificially.

To manufacture a thing in a laboratory on a theoretical basis for the amusement and edification and diversion of a class of sophomores is one thing, but to produce this same thing in vast quantities and give it out to the world of consumers at a moderate price, thus adding to the welfare, the riches, the happiness and betterment of civilization, is another.

The latter achievement has been the accomplishment of Doctor

Acheson. Carborundum is an abrasive that will cut the diamond. The word is a compound of carbon and corundum.

When the term was coined to express the nature of this new invention of chemistry, it was supposed that the materials were simply carbon and corundum.

Now it is known to be something else, and what this " something else " is chemists soon determined, for we know it as Carbide of Silicon ❧ ❧

We know the value of the article, and it is being utilized today in the arts and in every branch of manufacture to the extent of ten thousand specific purposes, according to a recent calculation of a great manufacturer.

Very seldom, indeed, are there found in one individual the far-reaching imagination, the compelling purpose, the prophetic vision, coupled with the sternest commonsense, that Doctor Acheson possesses.

Doctor Acheson's great achievements have all been the " utilization of accidents," to use his own modest phrase. Perhaps, at the last, the great man is the one who is able to cash in his mistakes and blunders, constantly rising on the ruins of his dead self to higher things. The ability to abandon a good thing for a better; to accept failure with a smile; to preserve animation and faith in the midst of disaster—these are the qualifications of this most extraordinary man.

Modest and gentle, yet strong and versatile: the working man, the laborer, the clerk, the accountant, the laboratory drudge, the scientist and inventor linked in companionship to Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Humphry Davy, Michael Faraday, James Watt, Thomas A. Edison—such is Edward G. Acheson. Standing shoulder to shoulder with these men just named, history will place this man.

Edward G. Acheson was born at Washington, Pennsylvania, March Ninth, Eighteen Hundred Fifty-six.

His father kept a small grocery, and the family lived over the store. The grocery business did n't thrive—it never does.

In Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one the family moved to the town of Monticello, Pennsylvania. Monticello is on the Alleghany River, about fifty miles above Pittsburgh. Here was a furnace owned by some relative of the family, and the elder Acheson was made manager and superintendent.

The iron business was coming into its own. The business at Monticello proved a success.

Here, the Acheson children attended the " deestrick skule " in the Winter and worked in the garden or around the furnace in the Summer

Edward Acheson seemed to have had, very early in life, those few particular virtues which evolve qualities, and make for success

The boy improved every opportunity to study. He saved up his pennies, and we find him going to a boarding-school at Sewickley and afterwards to an academy at Bellefonte, full of the beautiful fallacy that wisdom was to be acquired from professors, and out of books.

This transplantation made for growth. The boy was a mathematician by nature. Geometry, trigonometry and surveying were his pastimes.

We find him inventing various short cuts in the management of his father's furnace, and acting as timekeeper.

Work and worry had their way, and the elder Acheson found rest in death in June, Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three.

Then came the financial panic of that year, and the Monticello furnace was shut down.

Edward struck out and got a job with a surveying party. Then he was a clerk in a dry-goods store and later in a general store, returning again to the surveying party.

He bought a mechanical patent right, for this was the time when

hold-up men did their business by " selling territory." The patent, the right and the territory were all worthless so far as Edward Acheson was concerned. But he got his experience—everybody has to buy a gold brick some time. He was given a job as ticket-seller by Thomas M. King.

The inside work and the steady grind, however, of the office were not to the liking of young Acheson, and so we find him again in the field working the wigwag and sighting the transit. Then he became a gauger in the oil-fields.

Here he had his ups and downs, mostly downs, but not realizing that all the time he was getting an education and finding out a great number of things about mines, oil-wells, coal-pockets, railroading, the management of men and the use of machinery. Also, he was finding out a lot of things that will not work.

In Eighteen Hundred Eighty, no name loomed so large on the horizon of American affairs as that of Thomas A. Edison.

Menlo Park was a place where a high picket-fence was erected in order to keep out the sightseers, so that work might be done.

Edward Acheson, aged twenty-five, got through the pickets and interviewed Edison.

Edison put one hand up to his ear to indicate that he was deaf—but no one yet knows just how deaf Mr. Edison is. Mr. Edison has a way of hearing everything that he wants to hear and everything that should be heard.

He heard Edward Acheson apply for work, and he gave him a job in the drafting-department at Menlo Park.

Edison was at that time thirty-three years of age and world-renowned. Acheson was twenty-five.

Acheson became one of " Edison's boys."

Edison yet looks upon Acheson as one of his own immediate family, and takes the heartiest kind of interest in his successes. These facts I got from Edison, not from Acheson.

Acheson acknowledges his indebtedness to Edison in a thousand

ways, and certainly he was never a parasite or a barnacle on the great ship known as Menlo Park.

In Eighteen Hundred Eighty-one Edison was preparing to make an exhibition of electric apparatus at the World's Fair at Paris, and Mr. Acheson was selected as first assistant to Mr. Batchelor, who was Mr. Edison's personal representative.

Acheson had never been across the sea before. The voyage, of course, was an epoch to the young man.

Paris was fairyland, and six months in France compelled a working use of the *parlez vous.*

At the exhibition, Acheson saw about all of the world's great inventors of the time. Among others he met Sir William Crookes, then plain Mr. William Crookes.

Edison's incandescent lamps attracted great attention; and the business of Acheson was to explain the working of these to the visitors ❧ ❧

Incidentally, he was sent out to install lighting-plants in various cities of Europe. These plants were more for the purpose of exhibition and advertisement than anything else.

Among other places where lights were installed was the great Scala Theater at Milan.

An electric-light plant was also installed in the National Museum at Brussels, another at Antwerp, another at Amsterdam.

While putting up one of these plants and stringing his wires, a slim, dark-complexion youth came along one fine day and asked permission to help. This youth was Nicola Tesla, a Montenegrin, a man of culture and refinement, seemingly studying the subject from an academic point of view.

Tesla and Acheson became friends, and everything that Acheson knew about the business of electricity was explained to Tesla, who showed a wonderful capacity for absorption.

The two went down to Rome and put electric lights at the entrance of the Royal Theater.

Edison formed an electric-light company at Milan, and Acheson was the head engineer at a salary of one hundred fifty dollars a month ❧ ❧

He taught a man to do the work and then went to fill a similar position with the Edison Light Company at Paris at a salary of three hundred dollars a month.

All through the principal cities of France, Germany, Italy, the theaters, restaurants and hotels were installing electric lights, and Acheson's business was to go from town to town and reveal the miracle of light produced without oxygen.

Acheson put up the first electric lights in Venice, decorating the entrance of storied Saint Mark's with the mysterious halo. He did a similar work at Genoa, where Christopher Columbus was born and where Paganini first played the violin as a beggar-boy in the streets.

From Genoa, Acheson went to Pisa, and there he illuminated the Leaning Tower, which we are told has since been straightened up by Oro Vocifero when he went along that way.

This roving around the country had polished up the Acheson vocabulary, and the young man found himself able to *parlez vous* with the best of the cosmopolitans.

But the work of installing electric-light plants was not especially to the liking of young Acheson. The light, as yet, was more of a plaything or an advertisement than anything else, and Acheson became convinced that electricity was only in its infancy as an effective mechanical agent.

He wanted to get back to America and tackle some big, difficult propositions, and, if possible, work with the chief.

So back to America he came, again finding work at Menlo Park. Later he was in the employ of the Consolidated Electric Light Company of New York City.

Acheson, by this time, had read everything that had been written on the subject of electricity. He was familiar with the work of

Sir Humphry Davy and Michael Faraday, and had committed to memory the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.

About this time Acheson was married to a most excellent woman, Margaret C. Maher. Both were penniless, for most of Acheson's income had gone into experiments or the purchase of scientific books

But evidently Miss Maher had faith in the young man's genius.

¶ Acheson declined various positions as superintendent of electric-light stations, where he might have received an income of two or three hundred dollars a month.

He preferred to work for fifteen dollars a week and wear the overalls and work in an experiment station.

Among other experiments tried by Acheson was the introduction of natural gas into a highly heated furnace in which were clay articles

The scheme of using natural gas for making pottery was Acheson's patent, although, I believe, before this he had taken out half a dozen other patents, costing him good money, none of which, however, were of any special value.

This patent for the use of natural gas attracted the attention of George Westinghouse. Westinghouse bought Acheson's patent for the tidy sum of seven thousand dollars in cash and fifty thousand dollars in stock in the Standard Underground Cable Company

Westinghouse also engaged Acheson as electrician for the company at a salary of two thousand dollars a year. This was in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-six.

Acheson, by this time, was well out on the highway of prosperity. He had bought a house in the suburbs. He owned a horse, a cow, two pigs and twelve hens.

The cable company prospered, and Acheson made trips to various other cities superintending the laying of underground cables. He did work in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington,

Buffalo, Detroit. In these various cities he was wined and dined and called upon to respond to toasts. He wrote papers and read them before learned societies.

But all the time he was experimenting with electricity and reaching out for things unknown. Many are the dreams he had: the hope of making rubber out of the ordinary elements, instead of depending upon the uncertain rubber-tree, was one of them. Among other worthy people whom Acheson knew was Doctor George F. Kunz, the eminent lapidary of Tiffany and Company. Kunz told Acheson about the value and the need of a good abrasive, and that there was no article in Nature that would cut the diamond.

And this was the way that Acheson got it well fixed in his head that an abrasive was one of the most necessary and useful things in all the world of manufacturing. To shape things by rubbing them into shape was, doubtless, the first motion in manufacture.

¶ So Acheson was on the lookout for an abrasive that would supersede all others. He got the thing in his head first, and then he discovered certain crystals on the point of a carbon. Then it was that he began to save these crystals, and from this the idea of carborundum was born.

These first crystals were sold at the rate of eight hundred dollars a pound.

The same thing is being produced now for ten cents a pound; and the world is producing ten million pounds a year.

Acheson is still a boy. He is still experimenting, planning, dreaming, working.

A very happy man, and a wonderful man in this: he is not only an inventor, but he is a manufacturer and a salesman. He knows that the best things that the world has ever seen have always been refused and discarded by the people at large.

After a thing is invented, the people must be educated into its use.

¶ No living man has been more stolen from than this man

Acheson. Dozens of men have appropriated his ideas without leave, and waxed rich on them. But Acheson does not complain. He is rich in his own right.

Richer far is he in that noble unrest which never sits down to enjoy nor says, " Here will we build three tabernacles." Always and forever there comes to him the voice which says, "Arise and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest."

Life to Edward G. Acheson is a very precious privilege.

Not long ago, when I visited him at his laboratory at the noon-hour, I saw him brewing his little pot of tea over an electric lamp, eating his brown bread and cheese, and smiling to himself as some unseen fairy of invention, seemingly, whispered in his ear.

¶ Luckily, he had enough tea for two, and as he stirred the brew he explained to me, with all the enthusiasm of boyhood, his plan for producing a lubricant just as efficient as lard-oil at one-tenth of its cost.

It is a wonderful thing to live, to work, to fail, to succeed, to be misunderstood, to be reviled, even to be persecuted, and yet to love

Acheson is not only a great inventor, but he is a great man in his simplicity, in his honesty and in his unselfishness.

Very, very few men have given the world so much.

Very early in his experiments Doctor Acheson discovered that electricity, leaping from carbon to carbon, evolved a heat many times beyond that which could be produced by simple combustion, no matter what the fuel or how strong the draft.

To produce carborundum, Doctor Acheson mixed coke with sand, and turned through these a powerful electric current. The electricity leaping between the poles, twenty feet and more apart, with the sand and coke between, vaporized the sand, and this cooled in the form of carborundum crystals.

This was Doctor Acheson's first great and far-reaching discovery.

¶ The second invention, which, in some ways, is greater than the

first, came when a degree of electric heat was applied sufficient to decompose the carborundum, just as the sand had formerly been vaporized. When this was done, the substance was found to be pure graphite. Here we get a fulfilment of the law that the opposites of things are very much alike.

Graphite is a substance that has been long known as black lead. It is discovered in limited quantities, diffused over the whole world. Very seldom, however, is it found in sufficient quantities so it can be mined to advantage.

There are graphite-mines in Ticonderoga, New York, and in New Hampshire, but considerable of the natural graphite used in America comes from the island of Ceylon.

All of the commercial lead-pencils now in use are made from graphite, there being no lead in the pencil at all.

Graphite made artificially is the undisputed invention of Doctor Acheson. It is not an imitation graphite. It is the production by man in a very short space of time of the same article which Nature has taken thousands of years to produce. The immense pressure or something else in Nature has undoubtedly evolved heat sufficient to form the graphite. And Doctor Acheson has discovered a method of bringing the proper conditions to bear, and quickly too.

There are three forms of approximately pure carbon. These are the diamond, charcoal and graphite.

The diamond and graphite are found in Nature. Charcoal is manufactured; and now graphite is manufactured. It will only be one step more to manufacture the diamond.

But diamonds, when they are manufactured by the bushels, will not possess the value to the world that graphite does, although they may be valuable as an abrasive.

The first business of the Acheson Graphite Company was to make rods or electrodes for use in electric furnaces. Next graphite was used for filling dry batteries. Today a majority of the dry batteries

used in the United States, also many of those made in Europe, contain Acheson Graphite produced in the electric furnaces at Niagara Falls. Next, it was discovered that graphite was a very efficient pigment for use in making paints for painting metals. The life of unprotected iron is short—it has one deadly enemy, oxygen. Now all beams and metal in steel-frame skyscrapers are treated with graphite paint.

It was not until the Summer of Nineteen Hundred Six, however, that Doctor Acheson succeeded in making a graphite that was soft, non-coalescing, and eminently suitable for a lubricant.

This is the very antithesis of carborundum, and yet the process employed in its production is very similar.

Carborundum in powder form mixed with a clay binder is now made into various shapes for use in many fields.

The lubricating graphite that Doctor Acheson is now making has a purity above ninety-nine per cent, and will pass through the meshes of a sieve with forty thousand holes to the square inch. As a lubricant it can be used dry, but more generally a little grease is added, which prevents the particles from being blown away, the object of the grease being that of a carrier.

Doctor Acheson regarded this discovery of a way to make graphite much purer than that which can be obtained from Nature as the crowning event in his career. Beyond this he did not expect or hope to go.

However, his self-satisfaction did not last for very long.

He has now discovered a way by which graphite, which is essentially heavier than oil or water, will remain diffused in either medium without sinking to the bottom. This process is called deflocculation. And the thing that causes the graphite to remain equally distributed, without settling, is simply a small addition of tannin, and tannin is one of the most common elements to be found in matter.

Doctor Acheson does not pretend to say why the graphite sets at

defiance the law of gravity, which it certainly does. The secret of electricity, like the secret of life and this secret of a body defying the law of gravitation, is as yet unsolved.

It looks as if the expense of lubrication through the inventions of Doctor Acheson will be reduced one-half and more.

Think how the world is destined to profit by such results! Outside of the wonderful skill he has displayed in giving the world new products of tremendous value, his keen conception of trade needs, his honest commercial spirit, inspired him to create new words now known the world over as the names of Acheson lubricants.

¶ *Oildag* is one of these words. It is the name given to the mixture of Deflocculated Graphite and oil, the lubricant that is so valuable for steam-cylinder, gas-engine and general lubrication.

¶ *Aquadag* is another word he coined. It is the name adopted for the mixture of Deflocculated Graphite and water. This lubricant has been found extremely valuable in all kinds of metal-cutting.

¶ *Gredag* is the third new name coined. This has been given as a name to a combination of disintegrated graphite and grease, the lubricant which has been found so valuable for quieting gears and transmissions that it has been suggested if properly applied it would take the noise out of a band.

The whole *DAG* family belongs to Acheson, and the words and names above mentioned have been trademarked in every civilized country ☙ ☙

For the use of automobiles, these graphite lubricants will mean increased power. No more smutting of the spark-plugs; decreased gasoline consumption; freedom from smoke in the exhaust; prevention of wear between the cylinder-walls and piston-rings; decreased amount of carbon deposits in the cylinders; elimination of the abrasive action of the carbon set free from the oil. Their value is beyond human computation.

Previous to the discovery of petroleum we depended upon sperm-oil and lard-oil for lubrication. When the whales got

scarce, lubrication was supplied us through the refinement of crude oil. There is only a certain amount of crude oil in the bowels of the earth. It is deposited in pockets, and some day, of necessity, these pockets must be exhausted. Oil-wells go dry, gas-wells the same

And now when lubrication threatens to be a very costly proposition, here comes Doctor Acheson and makes graphite artificially from coal, which has been widely distributed by Nature, and we are supplied a lubricant that will last as long as the world endures

That Doctor Acheson is warm on the trail of the manufacture of diamonds is certain. There is just one more thing that he has his eagle eye on, and that is the manufacture of food out of the original elements without stopping to put them through the processes of Nature.

Once the scientist would have regarded this as an impossibility. Now the word impossibility does not exist in the scientific lexicon —certainly not in the lexicon of Doctor Edward G. Acheson.

While certain scientists were explaining how the thing could never be done, Acheson interrupted the proceedings by doing it.

Philip D. Armour

IT was the year Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-nine. Our folks lived at Hudson in McLean County, Illinois. I was thirteen years old. I was tall for my age and slim. I had a sprinkling of freckles across my nose, distributed in an original design ❧ ❧

One eye was a little more open than the other. My mother called this my critical eye. My legs were slightly curved from much horseback riding. It was not what you call bow-legged, it was simply a slight Greek curve—and the curve, you know, is the line of beauty.

I weighed exactly a hundred pounds—I know: because if I weighed more, I could n't ride in Steve Sealey's horse-race. Steve was our local sporting character. He moved up to Chicago and became the smoothest confidence man that ever happened. I realize that this looks as if I were boasting of our town, but I have to tell the truth. When Stevie died, the Chicago police smiled and took heart. They buried his bones in Potter Palmer's Field. Had he devoted himself to any honest enterprise, he might have rivaled Marshall Field. However, I did not ride in Steve's hippodrome, for my mother put a Baptist kibosh on that horse-race and it was never pulled off.

Three things in my make-up caused me tears of regret and hours of pain—my neck was too long, the freckles needlessly apparent and my hair grew too low on my forehead.

But time is the great adjuster and equalizer.

I now know that a slender build does not spell apoplexy. The freckles have long since disappeared; and as for a high forehead, my forehead now extends nearly to the back of my neck. Deacon Cox of our town bought and shipped live stock to Chicago. Farmers who had a car of steers or hogs would often make their

own shipments. In those days we thought it necessary for a man to go with every shipment.

The bill of lading always read " with man in charge."

It was one hundred and twenty-six miles to Chicago. Just why a man had to go with the hogs, I do not know, except it was to keep the hogs from getting lonesome. Perhaps it was to bring back the money, for although Deacon Cox was Postmaster of Hudson, he was very scary about sending money in the mails.

¶ Being a man, or as tall as one, I got the Deacon's permission to go to Chicago with a carload of hogs. So I boldly announced at dinner one day that I was going to Chicago that night with a carload of live pork for the Deacon.

My mother dropped her teacup and it broke in a hundred pieces on the floor. To break a teacup then was a calamity, for in those days teacups were teacups.

" You 'll do no such thing," said my father looking at me severely over his glasses from the other side of the table. My sisters four all sang a chorus, " Oh, you must bring something back for us! "

¶ Then I explained that some one had to go.

The Deacon had rheumatism and Charlie Cox, the Deacon's oldest son, was off with the corn-shellers. " You know perfectly well you can't send hogs to Chicago alone," I calmly put in.

The logic was unanswerable. Much good advice was given. The hogs were duly loaded with a maximum of yelling and cracking of whips, and at five-fifteen the daily stock-train whistled, slowed up, was cut and picked up my hogs.

I climbed into the caboose carrying my long stock-pole, for stockmen all carry a hickory gad, you know. I had secured this a week before in Money Creek Timber, having ridden eight miles for it ❧ ❧

Sewed on the inside of my hickory shirt was the bill of lading —" One car-load of hogs, with man in charge, in apparent good order."

This bill of lading was to be given on arrival in Chicago to Johnson and Weeks, who were to sell the hogs at not less than Three Sixty-five a hundred, and a Chicago draft was to be given to me for the proceeds, less freight and two per cent commission to Johnson and Weeks.

I felt that home and friends were fast vanishing as I sat there in the caboose. I listened to the other stockmen tell stories. Then I cut my initials, a heart and an arrow in my hickory gad, as I saw the others doing. When the train stopped, I skipped out and ran ahead to see my live stock, punched them up a few, and ran back to the caboose.

At midnight I ate my lunch. I had never been up as late as that before, but once, and that was when Haven's barn burned. After eating my midnight meal, I lay down on a bench and slept. Evidently I slept several hours, for when I awakened we were nearing Chicago.

I wondered whether the hogs were all right, and feared all kinds of things including hog-cholera and hog thieves.

When the train stopped I ran ahead anxiously.

The hogs were all right and evidently had never missed my company. I asked a brakeman the way to the Myrick House, a Stock-yards Hotel. It was only a short distance. Mr. Weeks was there waiting for me. I snipped the stitches out of my shirt with my jack-knife and gave him the bill of lading.

In an hour the hogs were unloaded in a pen marked 152 K. In less than another hour they were sold at Three-seventy a hundred. In half an hour more they were weighed and I was given a Chicago draft payable to J. H. Cox for Five Hundred and Fifty-one dollars and eighty-five cents.

Then all I had to do was to present my freight receipt to the live-stock agent at the railroad station, and a ticket to Hudson would be given me.

Weeks kindly sent a boy with me. I caught the one o'clock train

out and was home by evening. I sat up till near midnight telling my mother and sisters all about it.

The following Sunday I was asked to teach a Sunday-school class of little boys on the strength of my having traveled so extensively. The honor conferred made no strain upon my modesty. And although I was a grabber from Grabbville, Grab County, I taught the little grabheimers the beauties of the unselfish life.

¶ I fear we were a bunch of unconscious short-horn hypocrites.

¶ The next week the Deacon had a load of steers to ship. Would I go? By this time I regarded myself as a seasoned stockman, and spoke of, " The last time I was in Chicago." My hickory pole looked seasoned; and this time I called to the freight conductor when the train pulled in: " Please put me a little nearer the caboose than you did last, do you hear? "

And he complied by placing my car next the engine.

I was used to running on the tops of cars, as I often helped in switching at Hudson. But I had never walked along the top of a train going at full speed. I decided I would try it before morning. I punched up my cattle several times during the night by running ahead when the engine stopped to take water.

I ate my lunch at midnight, and then to keep from being disgraced by going to sleep and sleeping until morning, I just buttoned up my coat, pulled my cap close, walked out on the rear platform of the caboose and mosied up the ladder. The long train swung and hunched and wriggled and lurched like a snake in the Garden of Eden. It was dark, but I could see the lantern of the head brakeman a half mile ahead up by the engine. Then when the fireman opened the furnace door, it made a red blaze that illuminated the landscape. I started to go up and see how the head brakeman was getting along, and when the train stopped I 'd climb down and punch up my steers. I got over a dozen cars, leaping the yawning cavern that separated them. The train was making a thunderous roar. It kept going faster.

The wind seemed to be blowing a hurricane. I sat down and clung to the board walk that ran along the cars, and as I did so my precious hickory gad rolled over the side of the car to perdition, a fate that might soon be my own.

It began to rain, and I grew cold. The train was rocking and rolling worse and worse. I did not then know that walking on moving trains is only a matter of faith. I could hear the bleating of sheep beneath me.

A sudden thought came to me—steers were rambunctious, hogs were almost as bad, but sheep were gentle when cooped up. There was a trap-door through the roof of the car, only a few feet away. I crawled to this on hands and knees and pulling it open, lowered myself cautiously down among my woolly friends. They jumped around a little at first, but soon seemed to like my company. I reassured them.

I huddled down among their all-wool overcoats, using one for a pillow. It was warm down there, and I tried to think of the reasons my father had told me of, why wool retains the heat and cotton not. And as the train thundered along I congratulated myself that I could not roll off and be swept up by the section hands in a horse blanket. I also thought of how, when our folks had a puppy that cried and whined all night, I took a brick, warmed it in the oven and rolling it in a piece of sheepskin put it in the box for Mister Puppy, and how he then cuddled down and went to sleep.

¶ Next, I imagined I was that particular puppy. And soon I was fast asleep.

When the train stopped it was still dark, but I could see the lights of Chicago twinkling across the prairie, miles and miles. The cattle moohed, the pigs squealed, the sheep bleated. I decided to get out and make a quick scoot for the caboose. I put my toes between the slats of the car, climbed up the side and pushed my head against the trap-door.

I pushed harder.

I pushed with all my might. It was a trap-door all right, and refused to budge more than an inch. I knew how it fastened with a hasp and staple. By pushing up with my head and squinting with my critical eye, I could see that a stick had been pushed through the staple.

I worked at that stick with one hand and held on with the other until I broke my knife. Then I climbed down and told my grief to the sheep. They seemed to bleat in reply, " Never mind, little boy, we are all in the same box." There was no more sleep for me. I stood up and peered out of the slats at the twinkling lights. The wind blew through the car worse than the actual out-of-doors. I had no overcoat—in fact I never had an overcoat until I was twenty-one. No one got cold then. You wore wristlets that you got on the Christmas tree at the Baptist Sunday-school. Or if you were a little older you had a knit comforter with tassels and tails that you put around your neck if the weather was only so-so, and if it was very cold you put it around twice. If it was awfully cold you got off and walked. But here I was in prison.

The rails sang and I thought of " snake heads." Then this car had one flat wheel, and pounded along like old man Torrence in our town who had one leg shorter than the other. By and by the engine slowed down and we just crept and crawled.

Then the train stopped. It was near daylight but awfully smoky and foggy. I could hear the stockmen coming from the caboose. As they approached, I called lustily, " Let me out of here—let me out of here! "

They came close and held up a lantern peering at me. " He 's trying to steal my sheep," said one of them.

" Let me out of here—let me out of here! "

" He might as well die for a sheep as a lamb," remarked another.

" Let me out—let me out of here! " I roared.

Then they all laughed and I knew that they had discovered where I was, and had played a trick on me by locking me in. One

of the men, seeing that I was taking the matter seriously, climbed up and pulled the stick out of the staple. I scrambled out to freedom, while they all roared needlessly and warned me never to try to steal sheep again.

We went over to the Myrick House and got breakfast. When you have been up all night, and in the cold, you do not nibble in the morning: you eat, put in a feed, dispose of the hash. I was pretty well covered with wool and certainly smelled sheepish, even if I did not look so; two facts which my partners, the stockmen, explained to the girl who waited on us. She was an awfully pretty girl and did n't laugh when they told her about how I got locked in the sheep car. I liked her for that. When we went out in the office, Mr. Weeks was there looking for me. The Deacon had written him I was coming. We went out and got my car up to the shute quickly and unloaded. " I 'll take them," said a man with red side-whiskers.

"I 'll take them,"—he said it quick, just like that.

He and Weeks had come to terms. He was a big, hearty, happy looking man, not stout, but strong and quite the boss of them all —I saw that at once.

They told him about how I had got locked in the sheep car. He laughed at the story and looked at me, and then smiled kindly. My heart went out to him—he was n't brutal like the rest. " I was 'nt trying to steal sheep," I protested.

" Of course not—of course not—you were very sensible to find a place of safety the way the wind blew last night! Are you the Deacon's son? "

And then I explained that I was Bert Hubbard and my father was Doctor Hubbard.

" Yes, I know who your father is—he is a relative of Elihu Rogers of Bloomington! Sam Allerton told me about your father."

¶ " Yes, yes," I cried—it was just like getting home, to meet some one who knew our folks. " Do you know the Funks at

Funk's Grove? " Yes, I knew the Funks—they raised shorthorns! Also I knew Asa Moore and Dr. Crothers and General Gridley.

¶ " Do you know Judge Davis? " he asked.

And then I explained that not only did I know David Davis, but once at Uncle Elihu's I had sat on his lap.

" I did n't know he had a lap? " said the man with the red side-whiskers

I flushed scarlet, I suppose, for the man said, " Don't mind, sonny, you are no muttonhead even if you did ride in a sheep car," and he handed me a brand-new one-dollar bill. " But you don't owe me anything! " I protested. " Oh, yes, I do. I owe a great debt to all good boys who bring me hogs and cattle. Now you are going to be a man some day—be industrious, saving, honest, and you will always get along! "

Then he gave me two pats on the head and walked away with Mr. Weeks.

" That 's Phil Armour," said a bystander to me. " He buys more stock than a little! "

I was holding the dollar bill in my hands wondering what I would do with it—take it home, or buy things with it for my mother and sisters. It was the first money ever given me that I had n't earned, excepting a penny, given me by a soldier, on his way to the war.

Weeks had n't weighed and figured up the cattle yet, so I followed after them.

They were having a little argument and I heard Phil Armour say, " Look here Weeksey, I buy of you as low as I can, and when I pay a man for stock shipped me direct I pay the man all I can—so there you have it, and no bones, either."

They looked at a few more pens of stock, and then Armour wrote something on a little card and gave it to the man. They weighed my steers, and another man made out a check for them.

¶ I went down-town in a horse-car and bought three handker-

chiefs, two yards of ribbon and a ten cent blue necktie for myself. The clerk examined the new dollar bill very carefully and gave me forty cents in change. It was a nice necktie, already tied, with a rubber loop that caught on the collar-button and two points of stiff cardboard that slipped under the points of your paper collar.

¶ Going home on the train that afternoon, I kept thinking of that remark Phil Armour made to Weeks, " I buy of you as low as I can, and I pay the man who ships me direct, all I can."

Here was a pointer—consign to Phil Armour direct, and save the two per cent paid to a commission merchant!

I told the Deacon about this when I got home, and it was discussed at the store from every side. Finally, the Deacon said he would try it. He did it with a string tied to it thus: " Not less than Three-eighty." Phil Armour took the hogs and figured them at four cents, and no commission off.

Just what the Deacon's later experiences were I do not know, for about that time I got a job at the Pantagraph Office in Bloomington. Only once after that I took stock to Chicago and this time it was for Lee Aldrich. There were two car-loads and so we could take two men. A stock-train caboose then was n't the little dinky affair it is now. It was as long as a passenger-car, and usually was filled with as breezy a lot of liars as ever escaped jail. There was a stove in the center of the car with a griddle on it, and some of the stockmen carried a skillet and coffee-pot.

I persuaded mother to let Brudder go, too, as we had two cars, Brud was n't my real brother—only 'dopted. I got him in Bloomington—picked him out of a car-load of orphans.

We were consigned to Armour and Company and I gave my bill of lading to Phil Armour, in person. He remembered me and asked how the sheep were getting along. I introduced Brudder to him and he shook hands with Brudder just as if he were a man, although Brudder was a sawed-off, four feet high. Mr. Armour said any one would know we were brothers, we looked that much alike.

Then he gave us each a brand-new one-dollar bill, and patted us on the occiput. He had a big, flat pocketbook, and did not fold the bills. I never saw so much money in my life; and I never knew a man who knew so many people as Phil Armour did.

It was over twenty years after this, the year of the great Chicago Fair, before I met Philip D. Armour again. I asked him if he remembered giving me a new dollar bill on two separate occasions. He declared that he had never given any man or boy a dollar in his life, unless it was to pay a debt, and even then he never paid his debts if he could possibly avoid it. I fear me Armour was a joker

John E. Parsons

THE father of the corporation was one Julius Cæsar, who is no longer with us.

The business of this first corporation was to construct roadways and build bridges.

The work was of a kind which no one man could complete during his lifetime. And so a body of a hundred men was formed, and these men were given power to elect a successor when any one of them died.

Thus was formed a body without death and a mind without decline

All of the original members might drop out and perish, but the original plan and intent would survive.

Julius Cæsar got the idea from his Tenth Legion, a picked body of soldiers whose ranks were always filled.

In battle, a man here and there might drop but the line closed and moved steadily forward over the dead bodies of the fallen.

¶ That night other men were put in to replace those lost.

Thus was the Tenth Legion always complete and equipped for any emergency.

This plan still survives, and we have various regiments of soldiers in every so-called civilized country, that have endured a hundred years and more. The plan of Julius Cæsar was simply the application of a military method to an economic proposition.

Cæsar Augustus followed up the idea, and corporations, or bodies, were formed to tunnel mountains, lay out roadways, construct aqueducts and build buildings.

The revival of the idea in the form of the Joint Stock Company had its rise in England about the time that man-power was replaced by mechanical power, in the form of the steam-engine.

¶ Instead of all the work being done in the homes, manufacturing was done in big buildings by a great number of people, banded

together for a common purpose. It is interesting to note that these first corporations formed in England were devised as co-operative bodies, where every workman owned a share of stock. It was an extension of the partnership.

The idea grew until stock was sold to non-workers or capitalists. And finally we had a condition where the entire stock of the corporation was owned by men who did n't work in the institution.

¶ Here is an interesting phase in the evolution of the Joint Stock Company.

Lord Coke says that the idea of the corporation is the greatest one ever devised by human mind.

The father of the trust is John E. Parsons, of New York City.

¶ The trust is a partnership of corporations that are engaged in a similar business and that work together for a common end or purpose.

Very naturally, the tendency of a number of corporations banded together is towards monopoly.

Mr. Parsons has recently been tried in a United States Court on a criminal charge of violating the Sherman Act.

The Sherman Act was passed with the sole intent of curbing this one particular idea devised by John E. Parsons.

Julius Cæsar evolved the corporation.

John E. Parsons devised the trust.

The jury that tried Mr. Parsons and three others failed to agree and was discharged. It is not likely that the case will be retried. The alleged offences were committed more than ten years ago. And we are opposed as a people to try a man for offences committed at a time when these acts or methods were the common custom. We let off Moses, David and Solomon on a heap of things that we would not stand for now. The principle that men should be tried according to the customs of their time is well established.

¶ The verdicts of the juries in the cases of the Bathtub Trust, the Meat-Packers and the Sugar Trust mirror public opinion and

voice the conclusion of the people at large that the trust is not, in itself, a criminal combination, but that its tendency is in the line of economic betterment.

When Chief Justice White asked Frank B. Kellogg, at the second hearing of the Standard Oil case, to state where organization ceased to be beautiful, beneficent and right, and became mendacious, harmful and predatory, Mr. Kellogg coughed, looked out of the window, drank a sip of water, and took an hour to reply.

¶ He did n't lend any new light on the subject.

The question propounded by Chief Justice White showed very clearly that in the mind of the Chief Justice of the United States, organization, in itself, was beautiful, proper and right.

But power unrestrained tends to tyranny. This is true of theological, political, domestic or economic power. Place any sort of power in excess in the hands of one man and it may become an engine of oppression.

The people at large have practically settled the question of the trusts, and they have decided they are here to stay.

The trusts, always and forever, have improved the quality of the goods and bettered the service.

Trusts have not competed in the line of price. They have, however, competed in the line of quality and service.

The trusts are here, rock-ribbed, and rooted in the needs of the times, just as much as were the first joint stock companies. But they must be supervised.

Future generations will build monuments to John E. Parsons, and his name will live in history as the innovator of a great economic betterment

John E. Parsons is one of the most remarkable men in the United States today. He was born October Twenty-fourth, Eighteen Hundred Twenty-nine, so at this writing he is eighty-three years of age

Thirty years ago I saw Parsons in Buffalo. He had come on from

New York to take part in the Tracy will contest. Opposed to him was the Honorable S. S. Rogers, and the pick of the legal lights of Erie County, New York.

This man Parsons, alone, unassisted, except by his magnetic presence and his wit, had the entire bar of Buffalo either lost in admiration or else scared stiff, depending, of course, upon which side they were retained.

So great was the pressure on the courtroom, just to see this man Parsons, that men stood in line for hours. Some of them sold tickets, giving up their places. I, myself, put up two-fifty to a good man who had stood in the line for three hours.

Possibly my admiration for Parsons turned on the fact that I had paid good money to see him in action.

But I remember the grace, the health, the exuberance, the good nature, the power of this New York lawyer. Parsons disproved that ancient bromide that a good trial lawyer is not a safe counselor ❧ ❧

He surpassed any man we had ever seen in personal magnetism. He had the scintillating intellect, the lightness of touch, the gracious vocabulary, the clear, modulated, exquisite voice, that won every auditor, save, of course, the lawyers who were lined up against him.

I remember one incident of that hearing most distinctly. A serving-woman of advanced years, portly, stupid, honest, loyal to her dead master, was called to give testimony.

Before her testimony was given, Mr. Rogers cautioned the woman as to her rights.

Practically, Mr. Rogers was attorney for the woman. But his manner was so forbidding that the woman mistook him for one of the enemy, and Parsons quickly picked up the point.

When Mr. Rogers had ceased—for Parsons was too much of a gentleman to break in, giving everybody all the time needed to hang themselves—Parsons then took the witness in hand so

graciously, so kindly, so gently that he completely disarmed her suspicions, and she supposed, of course, that he was her own intimate and particular friend, when, in fact, he was intent on her judicial undoing.

Mr. Rogers had left the woman standing at the bar. Parsons immediately got her a chair. He, too, seated himself, looked out of the window and began his examination in matter-of-fact, gentle and dulcet tones. In a few moments the woman was talking, and Parsons listened to her, laughing and nodding, and urging her on to oral unrighteousness.

Rogers was torn with a torment of fear. He protested, demurred, objected, called aloud to the judge to interfere.

And all the time Parsons reassured the witness by saying: "Margaret, don't mind Mr. Rogers. He means well, but he does n't understand this matter as you and I do. Just go ahead, and state the case in your own way."

And the servant did so, proving herself an expert, both in point of memory and imagination. She grew boastful of the proud position she had occupied, and, without meaning to, opened up various closets where hung a Blue Beard assortment of family skeletons ❧ ❧

And all the time Parsons smiled, nodded, walked around, laughed and put the witness at her ease. The whole courtroom was under the spell of this tremendously clever man.

That visit of John E. Parsons to Buffalo is still discussed. It was an epoch. And every now and then yet, a Buffalo lawyer essays the kindly, the playful, the gracious manner of John E. Parsons —and looks like an animated Ali Baba bench, or a heifer doing the turkey trot.

But now, after thirty years, I saw the man again.

He was still the same playful, agile, graceful, gracious, lawyer—a man of the world, a man of wit, never coarse nor vulgar, suspiciously correct.

Parsons is a Presbyterian. The old denomination has ever been proud of him.

Not a man in the Presbyterian Church of America has approached him

Occasionally, he has spoken in pulpits and has always been called upon, wherever he has gone, to liberate the lightnings of his wit. I have always imagined that down deep under his warm vest he entertains the same sentiment toward the religion of John Knox that Disraeli had for the Church of England.

For the most part, Parsons has been strong and discreet enough to keep himself out of the limelight.

He belongs to all of the fashionable clubs, but is seldom seen in any

He has made vast sums of money and given liberally to many charities

His life has been one of intense activity.

The biggest business concerns in America today have availed themselves of his counsel.

I am told that he would never consent even to look at the papers of a concern short of a fee of a thousand dollars. How much more than this he received no man knows. He has made money and he has spent money.

And now, just the other day, I saw John E. Parsons under criminal indictment for violating a law, passed in unconscious compliment, to put the snuffers on the greatest idea of this man's life

And Henry A. Wise, prosecutor for the Government, had the father of the trusts on the witness-stand.

One of the questions asked by Mr. Wise was this: "Are you one of the parties indicted in this action? "

Mr. Parsons half-smiled, and with a weary James McNeill Whistler wave of his exquisite hand replied, " If the newspapers have not deceived the people, I am."

Then followed other questions, always answered, but with an exasperating coolness and frankness that made everybody in the courtroom sit up and observe.

The jury were wide awake, smiling.

The judge leaned over his desk, taking lessons in Delsarte.

The visitors who had flocked in and packed the courtroom were held in restraint only by the forbidding bailiffs.

Parsons was master of the situation, exactly as I had seen him at Buffalo thirty years before.

This man of eighty-three, jaunty, exquisitely dressed, had the same gentle, far-reaching voice—exquisitely modulated—and his wit was just as keen.

Indicted, you say, on a criminal charge?

Yes, and absolutely unsubdued.

Mr. Wise, among other questions, asked this: " What was the price of sugar in Nineteen Hundred Two? "

A half-yawn came to the handsome face of John E. Parsons, and he slowly answered: " Mr. Wise, my housekeeper does all the marketing. I am a lawyer. I do not know what the price of sugar was in Nineteen Hundred Two."

Mr. Wise followed up the question and Mr. Parsons replied, "Anything I did, I did in my office as attorney, and His Honor knows that, officially, lawyers have poor memories."

And the bailiffs rapped for order!

Parsons told just what he wanted to tell and he told it in his own way ❧ ❧

After the hearing I managed to corner the man, aided by a little group of other newspaper-men.

Parsons was gracious, courteous, and sure of his ground. No fear or apprehension showed itself in his manner. And I thought he was the youngest man of his years that I had ever seen.

And I ventured a question, " What is the secret of your perpetual youth? "

He smiled a smile of satisfaction, for certainly the man enjoys his well-earned distinction, and he sprang the obvious, " I read your writings."

Then a pause.

" I do not overeat; I do not overhate; I keep busy; I am interested in every worthy human endeavor; I enjoy life."

" How long do you expect to live? " I asked.

" I set no limit on my days or powers—or yours. I am willing to go or stay. I am not preparing to die. I am preparing to live."

And then he said, " Did you ever hear that before ? "

" What will be the outcome of this Sugar-Trust suit? " a young reporter asked.

" You will excuse me," said Mr. Parsons, " but you see I am one of those old-fashioned lawyers who do not try their cases in the newspapers! "

John E. Parsons is finer far than was Cardinal Richelieu. He is as smilingly gracious and as subtle as was Pope Pius the Thirteenth. His insight and intellect reveal the brain of Benjamin Disraeli.

The Du Ponts

THE invention of explosive powder is lost in the fog of antiquity.

It is quite possible that the idea came from China, traveled through India, and later reached Egypt ❧ ❧

The Egyptian priests knew the value of that which appealed with thrilling effect to sight, hearing and sense of smell. In their " mysteries " they utilized red fire and explosives.

¶ Then we had the "Greek Fire," which was used at pageants, spectacles and initiations, for the Greeks borrowed every idea which the Egyptians had used.

The Romans added to the splendor of their parades by pyrotechnic flurries, the bursting of bombs, and other things that made the onlooker say: "Ah! " " Oh! " and " My Word! "

The first use of explosive powder in war was for the purpose of scaring horses. Not being able to meet a charge of cavalry, fire and explosives came in to protect combatants from the rush of the oncoming charge.

The first use of powder and projectiles was at the Battle of Crecy in France in the year Thirteen Hundred Forty-six.

Forty thousand Englishmen were lined up against one hundred thousand French.

The English had wooden cannon, with which they threw stones and handfuls of gravel by the aid of " villainous saltpeter."

These wooden cannon were strengthened with iron bands.

They sent a shower of stones a distance of a quarter of a mile with consternating effect. The powder used was made from almost the exact formula by which black " sporting-powder " is produced today ❧ ❧

Approximately, this is forty per cent saltpeter, thirty per cent charcoal, and thirty per cent sulphur, ground together.

This substance will burn in the open air, but when it is confined there is thrown off a gas which explodes.

The recipe is practically the same as that which is found in a Grecian manuscript prepared by Marcus Græcus according to a secret formula by which he manufactured that mysterious thing known as Greek Fire. This was first used for priestly purposes, and there is no doubt that it made a very profound impression on the observer. Had the process remained secret it would have been especially valuable today in persuading the ungodly to hit the sawdust trail, and secure immunity at a minimum of expense.

¶ The first cannon were fired by means of a match. The flintlock gun struck a spark into a pan.

When the powder in the pan failed to explode the powder in the barrel of the gun, they spoke of the attempt as a " flash in the pan." The flintlock was invented in Fifteen Hundred Fifteen at Nuremberg, and in the invention that very gifted man, Albrecht Durer, was an important factor.

The percussion-cap, exploded by a hammer, was invented about Eighteen Hundred Thirty-three, and curiously enough it was the work of a Scotch clergyman.

The world is under great obligation to the Scotch. They invented the iron steamship, the propeller and the lamp-chimney, and have supplied the world more literature to the square mile than any other people on earth. They have produced history, poetry, romance, philosophy, theology, humor, whisky and explosives.

The cartridge was invented about Eighteen Hundred Fifty, and came into general use during the Civil War. During the Civil War, volunteers who did not have good teeth were not accepted, as it was necessary for a soldier to bite off a cartridge.

The needle-gun, which is a refinement of the cartridge, was used by the Germans during the Franco-Prussian War, and it was not until about that time that the muzzle-loader in warfare was pronounced obsolete.

The magazine-rifle dates to Eighteen Hundred Eighty-six. Smokeless powder comes in, in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-eight. ¶ Alfred Nobel of Sweden made nitroglycerin from nitric acid, sulphuric acid and glycerine mixed in a certain way, but the product was so deadly in its force that it was impossible to use it in guns. It would blow any gun to pieces, exerting a power in every direction that made its use impossible except for purposes of pure destruction

Dynamite is made by mixing nitroglycerin with a very fine sawdust known as "wood flour." The amount of nitroglycerin absorbed by the "flour" gives us what is known as sixty, fifty or forty per cent dynamite.

A few miles out from Paris is an old-time castle known as Nemours

For centuries Nemours was a center of feudalism, with all of its interwoven romance, poetry and tragedy.

Early in the Thirteenth Century, Nemours began to shake off the shackles of the Middle Ages. It became known as a place of liberty, of free thought and economic independence. It was a school, a laboratory, a factory, an intellectual center, all in one. It was near enough to Paris to be in touch with learning and the arts. Writers, philosophers, scientists, made it their home. It continued to be a center of learning down to the days of Louis the Fourteenth.

Here lived Turgot, the adviser of the King—the man behind the throne. Associated with him was a family known as the "du Ponts."

The word "pont" means bridge. The people who fought and protected the draw-bridge at Nemours were known as the "du Ponts."

And finally the family-name of du Pont was evolved and has continued for over half a thousand years.

Pierre Samuel du Pont was born at Nemours, December Four-

teenth, Seventeen Hundred Thirty-nine, and died at Wilmington, Delaware, August Seventh, Eighteen Hundred Seventeen.

This man was educated in Paris for the practice of medicine.

¶ He was a scientist, a chemist, a naturalist, a humanitarian.

¶ He was one of the founders of the Society of Economists—a distinctly democratic organization that in the course of time very naturally clashed with the power of the King.

Doctor Pierre Samuel du Pont met Benjamin Franklin prior to Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six. Franklin had a direct influence on the man, as he had on Thomas Paine and on every one else he met. Franklin gave du Pont his first lessons in democracy. But du Pont's mind, it seems, was ready for the inoculation, and he was a willing pupil.

Doctor du Pont was a many-sided man. He was an able speaker, a brilliant writer, a man of simple habits, active, earnest, unselfish.

We have several portraits of Doctor du Pont, and these show a marked resemblance in form, feature and cast of countenance, to our own Franklin.

Du Pont was closely connected with Turgot and Quesnay. When Turgot was caught in the toils and condemned, the Economist School fell, and out of the ruins emerged Doctor du Pont with a price upon his head.

Read the *Memoirs* of Turgot and you will find du Pont mentioned many times.

Doctor du Pont was a member of the French Assembly. He was one of a committee appointed by the French Government to formally recognize the independence of the United States.

He prepared a Treaty of Commerce between Great Britain and France, and served his country in various important ways.

He became President of the Constitutional Assembly, and here we find him championing the cause of monarchy, believing that freedom of the people was to come more quickly through a liberal monarchy than through the energy of the mob.

Again he went into hiding to save his head, and while in exile wrote a book entitled, ***The Philosophy of the Universe.***

He was liberated by Robespierre.

He became a member of the Council of Five Hundred, and fought the Jacobins to a finish—that is, to his own finish.

His home was overrun by the mob in Seventeen Hundred Ninety-three—read Victor Hugo. His property was confiscated, and his life was saved by a friend who fixed him out with a pitchfork and sent him through the mob clothed as a country bumpkin.

He found safety on board a ship at Calais, bound for America.

He reached America in Seventeen Hundred Ninety-nine.

Du Pont carried letters to Benjamin Franklin who in turn introduced him to Thomas Jefferson.

Jefferson, recognizing du Pont's abilities, authorized him to prepare a scheme of national education.

This was done, and practically forms the germ of our public-school system.

The youngest son of Doctor Pierre Samuel du Pont was Eleuthere Irenee. This young man had graduated from the University of Paris and was working in the laboratory of Lavoisier, one of the greatest chemists and scientists of his day. Lavoisier had been called the " Father of Modern Chemistry."

Lavoisier was in the employ of the Government, and was chief adviser in the manufacture of explosives.

The French Government was making its own gunpowder, and E. I. du Pont, the young man, was working with his chief, studying explosives from every possible standpoint. Political exigencies demanded that the young man should follow his father into exile.

In Eighteen Hundred E. I. du Pont reached America.

He was then twenty-eight years of age.

The United States at this time had no mills or manufactories for the purpose of making powder, and Thomas Jefferson immediately

grasped the opportunity of engaging the services of this skilled young man.

Jefferson put the du Ponts in communication with General John Mason and John Hancock—who had a habit of signing his name in a way the world could read.

Before this time gunpowder had been made just as the early pioneers molded bullets. The mixing of powder was wrought with more or less risk, but these pioneers were willing to take their chances ❧ ❧

Thomas Jefferson, now President, was filled with the idea that Americans should make powder in a big, safe and scientific way. ¶ The du Ponts rode horseback through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, stopping at Wilmington, Delaware.

The beautiful banks of the Brandywine appealed to them. Here was wood for charcoal, water-power for turning mills, and everything in the way of facility which Nature could supply.

A grant of land was given them by Thomas Jefferson, consisting of sixty acres.

They had shipped over machinery sufficient for one mill, and they started this mill going in short order, and others were added from time to time.

So began the business of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company. They proudly used the whole name—the name they had been indicted under in France. They were still the men who had held the bridge at Nemours.

The first powder manufactured was for the Government. After the Government was supplied, powder was made, with permission of President Jefferson, for commercial purposes. The pioneers were hunters, and it was found that the so-called "store powder" was much superior and cheaper than anything the pioneers could manufacture for themselves. The business grew. More land was added ❧ ❧

When the War of Eighteen Hundred Twelve came, the du Ponts

placed all of their facilities at the disposal of the Government. ¶ The Government at that time was short of funds, but the du Ponts worked night and day and banked on victory.

And American powder won. General Jackson sent a letter of appreciation to the du Ponts.

E. I. du Pont continued as head of the business until the time of his death in October, Eighteen Hundred Thirty-four.

By this time the business had become immensely successful. Du Pont powder had been carried West beyond the Mississippi River. Special wagon trains had carried powder from Wilmington to supply the ships of Perry on the Great Lakes. When Perry sent that message, " We have met the enemy and they are ours! " he won his victory with du Pont powder.

E. I. du Pont had four sons, brought up in the business, and so the passing of the founder did not interfere with the work of the concern

When the Mexican War was on, in Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight, the United States used du Pont powder and none other. ¶ There is one peculiar thing just here about the relationship of the du Ponts with the United States Government, and that is this: no matter what the demand was for powder, however sudden or however great, no advance has been made in price.

In Eighteen Hundred Ninety-eight, for instance, when we went to war with Spain we had on hand a very small amount of powder. The price then paid by the Government was thirty-two cents; but the du Ponts reduced the price from thirty-two cents to twenty-nine cents, and turned all of their force to the getting out of ammunition

The du Pont Powder Company has been simply a business institution, founded on private capital, some of which was loaned by Thomas Jefferson in person, or on his solicitation by private parties in Philadelphia and New York.

These loans were paid back by the du Ponts, and since Eighteen

Hundred Five they have asked nothing from the Government save a fair rate of payment for the goods they have supplied. Nevertheless, the patriotism of the du Ponts and their ability and desire to serve the Government have never been questioned by fair-minded men. The powder used by the Federal forces during the Civil War was mostly supplied by the du Ponts. Lincoln had unfailing faith in Delaware powder.

In Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one Lincoln sent Lammot du Pont, son of E. I. du Pont, to England, with the tidy sum of five hundred thousand dollars in gold, with orders to buy all the saltpeter in England. The young man bought the saltpeter, had it loaded on ships, and then had a deal of difficulty in getting these ships out of the harbor at Liverpool. And it was only on threat of war between the United States and England that he was able to make Lord Palmerston release the ships which gave us the goods.

A few years after this, Lammot du Pont lost his life by a premature explosion while experimenting in one of the mills.

Lammot du Pont was a volunteer soldier in the War, and in addition there were no less than fifteen other du Ponts—members of the family and descendants of Doctor Pierre S. du Pont—who served as volunteers.

The successive Presidents of the du Pont Powder Company have been as follows:

E. I. du Pont, who passed away in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-four.

¶ His successor, Alfred du Pont, who continued in office until Eighteen Hundred Fifty.

On his death, Henry du Pont became President, and served from Eighteen Hundred Fifty to Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine. Eugene du Pont became President in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine, and served until Nineteen Hundred Two, when T. Coleman du Pont was elected President, and still occupies this office.

During the Spanish War the Government placed an extra strong guard around all the plants of the du Pont Powder Company,

thus following the example set by Lincoln in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-two. It would not do to run the risk of having the mills blown up by the enemy.

Friendship with the Government has marked the relationship with this concern from its very founding.

The du Ponts have been the willing public servants of the Government and of the people.

That they have prospered is a thing for congratulation to everybody ❧ ❧

The rosters of Harvard, Yale and West Point contain the names of various du Pont graduates.

West Point and Annapolis, it seems, have not been without students from the du Pont family for a hundred years. Look over the city directory of Wilmington today, and no name is more numerously repeated than that of du Pont. It even outstrips the Browns, the Smiths and the Johnsons.

No visitor in Wilmington can overlook the du Pont Hotel, a magnificent structure covering a square, and positively the last word in hotel construction—beautiful as architect can make, furnished as fine and well as ingenuity and unlimited means can supply, and yet withal very simple in its arrangement.

In this magnificent building the offices of the du Pont Powder Company are housed.

In Nineteen Hundred Five an action was brought for the dissolution of the so-called " powder trust."

The result was a separation of the du Ponts from several other companies. The du Ponts, however, retained the various plants they had established throughout the United States, about seventy-five different manufacturies in all.

Of necessity, powder-mills have to be distributed over a wide area in order to decrease risk, and for the added reason that transportation of explosives is costly. So orders are now received at Wilmington and filled at various mills all over the United

States. But, curiously enough, only one-tenth of the present du Pont output is for war and war purposes.

Nine-tenths of the business is in the line of peaceful industries; and every year has shown a decrease in the sale of powder for destructive purposes, and an increase in its sale for mining, building and commercial use.

The erection of steel-frame sky-scrapers has demanded better and deeper foundations. The tunneling of mountains and rivers has given a big impetus to the business.

Thousands of tons of dynamite and powder were used in the opening up of Hell-Gate Channel.

There is no such thing as tunneling under rivers now without the use of dynamite. McAdoo would never have been able to build his monument underground without du Pont powder.

The Panama Canal was a big consumer.

The mining of copper, zinc, coal, gold, silver, all require explosives of peculiar kinds, and the du Ponts have made it their business to keep abreast of the times and supply the peculiar explosives which each special operation demanded.

As the United States has grown and evolved, so has grown and evolved the du Pont Powder Company.

HUBBARD, ROCKEFELLER AND BUSTARD

John D. Rockefeller

RECENTLY, feeling the need of rest, I made arrangements with my friend, C. H. Miles, of the Miles chain of theaters, to appear in Cleveland for six days, making twenty appearances on the stage, for a modest consideration.

I arrived in Cleveland Monday morning. At the station to greet me was a delegation from the Ad Club, the Athletic Club, the Rotary Club, and the Jovians. We had what you call an informal breakfast, and at noon there was an informal luncheon at the Athletic Club where Brother Murray, athlete Mexicanus, introduced me informally, and I gave an informal talk on the subject of Exercise and Fresh Air, and the Beauty of Falling in Love with your job. At two-thirty the electric lights in my dressing room at the Miles blinked three times, which meant "Overture," and we were off. I occupied the fifth spot on a delightful bill. A Monday matinee for me is always dead easy, what the " perfesh " call a cinch, because enough of my friends are present to create an atmosphere.

This time my friends worked their flippers time and a third, and the proletariat present were confident that something was doing, and joined in the glad acclaim. This launched me on a wave of popularity—gave me a cosmic chiropractic adjustment, putting me en rapport with the plain people. So the matinee went gleefully as it did every hour of that strenuous week.

Friday was a big day. I had been saving myself for this. At twelve-forty-five there was a special matinee, wherein I was to speak for fifty-five minutes on the subject of Modern Business. The Chamber of Commerce had bought five hundred tickets; the Rotarians two hundred tickets; the Ad Club two hundred, and the general public were there, so that we had an audience of exactly two thousand people. On the stage we had twenty-four

big-business bucks. The Reverend Doctor W. W. Bustard had kindly consented to act as Chairman. We filed on to the stage, and somebody said, " Dockstader's Minstrels! Gentlemen, be seated! "

And the Reverend Doctor Bustard introduced me in the most gracious, kindly and eloquent little speech, scintillating with wit, wisdom and good nature, that I have ever heard, and this all, please remember, in spite of the fact that I had spoken of him in print flippantly and with peanut persiflage.

Not knowing anything about the man, I had played charley-horse with his name, calling him mustard and custard.

Of course I had not done this wholly without reason, for Bustard had blustered about me, but this was in the long ago, when he was pastor of a church in Boston.

So we both pleaded the statute of limitations, looked into each other's eyes, and after the manner of the old Roman augurs clasped hands and laughed. We were on to each other. Bustard is a bird!

But when I saw what a fine, manly fellow Billy Bustard is, and thought of all of the silly things I had said about him, I certainly felt inexpensive.

And they say he played wonderful third base on the Brown University team!

Now here he was introducing me to this magnificent audience of businessmen! And so I went on with the tide and spoke with no marked disapproval on the part of the audience.

I just had about enough time to go out and get a cup of tea and change my clothes (for I always like to start with clean linen) and the matinee was on.

That evening, between the shows, a gentle tap came at my dressing-room door, and there was Doctor Bustard, rosy, smiling, tall, athletic, intellectual, kindly, friendly.

The past had all been dumped into the dust-bin of time, and I

knew that this man was my friend, and certainly there was no question on the subject when he explained that Mr. Rockefeller had just called him up and wanted him to bring me out the next day, Saturday, in the morning, and play golf.

Of course I was immensely complimented, delighted, pleased, flattered, but I curbed my enthusiasm, coughed once, sneezed twice, and said I would try and arrange it—and of course I arranged it.

Saturday at nine o'clock Doctor Bustard met me with his trusty Packard at the Hollenden.

It was a sort of drizzly Winter day, but Doctor Bustard said this would make no difference to Mr. Rockefeller, and that he would be expecting us just the same. So we rolled out to Forest Hill, five miles, and turned through the big iron gates, where Pat, the patrician, stood guard. He waved us a welcome and we went past, over the beautiful winding road that went in and out, through and up and over, to the golf-ground.

Forest Hill is a noble property. Here are woods on woods where birds sing and swing and fly. Squirrels run and leap from branch to branch, and now and then cottontail rabbits run across the road, and in one instance we had to slow up to keep from running over a brace of pheasants that ran ahead of us. Arriving at the golf-grounds we had no more than climbed out of the automobile before Mr. Rockefeller arrived on a brand-new bicycle.

His first words were: " On schedule, boys, on schedule! That 's the thing! "

And he leaped off his machine as lightly and easily as might a boy of twenty.

" Been wasting some of your hard-earned money, I see," said Doctor Bustard, pointing to the new bicycle.

" Yes, I am getting extravagant," said Mr. Rockefeller. " That wheel cost me just fifteen dollars. I saw them advertised and sent one of my boys down with the money. Twenty-five years ago that

wheel would have cost you one hundred dollars. And yet they talk about the high cost of living! Some things are higher, of course, but others are not. And as *The Philistine* says, ' If it costs more to live today than ever before, is it not worth the money? ' "

¶ Mr. Rockefeller is a most kindly, gracious gentleman. In repose his face would be called homely, but when he talks to you, his countenance beams with animation, friendliness, appreciation, good-cheer—intelligence.

I never met but one man who has the innate politeness and courtesy which John D. Rockefeller possesses, and that man is Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

No one can meet Sir Wilfrid without thinking better of himself and better of humanity, and it is exactly the same with Mr. Rockefeller. Sir Wilfrid, however, has the handsome face of the French nobility. He is a king in demeanor. His raiment is royal-tailored.

But Mr. Rockefeller, in golf clothes, reveals the man of power, with all the natural courtesy of the gentleman.

John D. Rockefeller is as homely as Julius Cæsar, and looks very much like him. Cæsar never wore a uniform, and Plutarch says that he never lifted his voice high, nor did he criticize, berate nor condemn

Powerful men can afford to be polite. Strong men can well afford to be modest.

Mr. Rockefeller is not the sanctimonious, dogmatic, joyless shrimp that we see pictured in the comic section. That is all a part of the vitriolic Tarbell rheum.

The fact is, Mr. Rockefeller is a persistent joker. He bubbles with wit, and exudes good nature.

In the company, when I met him, that Saturday, was a little old Scotchman by the name of Sears, a neighbor of Mr. Rockefeller who drops in now and then to see how things are going on and discuss old times.

This Scotchman has a close-cropped white beard, streaked with red. Mr. Rockefeller said to me, " Of course you came here, Mr. Hubbard, expecting to see me, but you did not know you were to have the pleasure of meeting Andrew Carnegie." And he waved a hand in the direction of the little hoot mon.

On this occasion Doctor Bustard wore a pair of checked trousers very much the worse for wear. These trousers excited the lively attention of Mr. Rockefeller, who said to me, " Bustard wears 'em because he thinks I am very fond of checks."

Then calling to Bustard, he said: " Doctor, your breeches remind me of the story about a tramp who applied to a preacher for aid, and as proof of his piety pointed to the patches on the knees of his trousers. ' This is all right,' said the dominie; ' but how about that patch on the seat of your pants? '

" ' Oh,' said the tramp, making a quick side-step, ' you know I am a backslider.' "

And then Mr. Rockefeller added with a sly smile, " you see, Mr. Hubbard, that is a straight Baptist joke."

He hit the ball a good, straight, swinging stroke, and as we walked across the field he continued the Baptist talk, and said: " You know, the fact is there are neither Baptists nor Methodists now—not even Roycrofters. There are just men and women. As you say, none of us is wholly right and none wholly wrong, but I believe the world is surely getting better."

Mr. Rockefeller asked me what we were doing about good roads in East Aurora. " Use a nine-pound brick," he said, " on a concrete base, and make sure that your roadway is well drained. Water is the great enemy of a road," he explained.

" I would like to live just fifty years longer," said Mr. Rockefeller. " Things are moving so fast, and they are moving in the right direction, that I just want to stay and see what a beautiful place the civilized world will be when businessmen awake to their opportunities."

And so we played the nine holes through. At one point my ball got into a particularly bad lie. Mr. Rockefeller came to my rescue, picked up the ball, carried it out and put it in a perfect position, explaining in the gentlest way possible: " You know this is Winter golf. All rules are off after November First."

He beat me six points, and I got back at him in the final score with: " You know what Herbert Spencer says about billiards? "

" Yes," he said; " I know what Herbert Spencer says about billiards. But I would like to hear you tell Doctor Bustard."

And so I told Doctor Bustard, and Mr. Rockefeller laughed as if he had never heard the remark before, adding, " I will tell that to Doctor Biggar this afternoon."

Just then Doctor Biggar came out of the woods on the other side, with a yell and a whoop and a waving of his hat, and we responded in kind.

I had met Doctor Biggar before, but this time I was impressed with the fact that his advice had added years to the life of John D. Rockefeller.

Biggar's prescription is out-of-doors, laughter, good-cheer and a lively interest in what the world is doing. To see Doctor Biggar and hear him talk is a tonic.

As I putted into the last hole Mr. Rockefeller reached over, picked out the ball, fished an envelope out of one of his pockets, put the ball in the envelope, and handed me over the package with a gracious smile and a bow, saying, "As a souvenir of a very happy occasion! "

Doctor Bustard and I remained to play off one more hole and decide a tie.

When we started off home, at a bend in the roadway we saw Mr. Rockefeller. He had gotten off his bicycle and was working with three Italians who were distributing gravel on the road. He had a shovel in his hand. We stopped and he cheerily called: " I am just showing these boys how to distribute gravel. See this? "

¶ He took up a shovelful and threw it, and with a dexterous twist of his wrist scattered the gravel as an experienced fireman flings a shovelful of coal and distributes it over a large surface. " I have not forgotten how—have I ? " he said.

In his essay on *Self-Reliance* Emerson says: "For non-conformity the world whips you with its displeasure. And therefore a man must know how to estimate a sour face. If this aversation had its origin in contempt and resistance like his own he might well go home with a sad countenance; but the sour faces of the multitude, like their sweet faces, have no deep cause—disguise no god, but are put on and off as the wind blows and a newspaper directs."

¶ I do not see how it is possible for any man to achieve the success that Mr. Rockefeller has, and to confer on the world the benefits which have accrued from his thrift and foresight, and not be misunderstood by the many. To live at all is an offense to some, and to live deeply, courageously, and to express yourself in a myriad of ways in tangible form are bound to incur the displeasure of the people who do not live at all. Then we get the newspaper that appeals to hate, prejudice, jealousy and ignorance, and we have the yellow journal rampant.

This does not for a moment mean that Mr. Rockefeller is an impeccable character—that he is free from any taint of selfishness, and that he lives in a high moral altitude separate and apart from the temptations that come to common men.

On the contrary, Mr. Rockefeller is a very human individual. Success is usually attained at a terrific cost. Success for an average man is a tragedy. But I think that all of the opposition that Mr. Rockefeller has met in his career has done him good.

"A surplus and a weak opposition would debauch an archangel," said Sir John A. Macdonald. Success did not come to Mr. Rockefeller without a struggle; he has fought his way inch by inch ❧ The white light of publicity has beaten upon him. Courts have done their worst to destroy him. Legislation, both State and

Federal, has used him for a target. Yet he has gone steadily forward, from his seventeenth year, when he began business.

He has made vast fortunes for a great number of individuals; he has supplied opportunity for countless thousands. Only one man in America is to be compared with him as a maker of men, and that man is Marshall Field.

Marshall Field always divided his prosperity with others. Those who could get under the burden received big rewards.

And so we have such men as Selfridge, Higginbotham, Shedd and a dozen others who are multimillionaires, thanks to the opportunity supplied by Marshall Field.

I once heard Mr. Rockefeller quote Marshall Field to this effect: "If I wanted to pick a boy and train him to take my place, I would choose a lad out of the high school whose mother was a widow, and where there was a family of seven brothers and sisters who looked to him for support."

John D. Rockefeller was born in the little village of Richford, Tioga County, New York. His parents were poor people, although not poverty-stricken. There were no servants, and everybody was brought up to work.

John D. Rockefeller made his first stake by raising turkeys, and to successfully raise turkeys and escape the dangers of rain and dew, and wild animals, is itself genius.

When young Rockefeller was fourteen years of age he left high school in Cleveland to work in a commission house. He went in as errand boy and clerk.

He became partner and manager.

In Eighteen Hundred Sixty-two, when he was twenty-three years of age, he went to work for Samuel Andrews, a chemist and refiner of crude oil.

Young Rockefeller showed himself a salesman, a diplomat, an executive, and he was admitted as a partner in the business.

From that time forward until the present day his rise has been

steady, sure, always advancing, always making head, always learning, always going to school. And the qualities that he then possessed are with him now, only in greater degree.

And these virtues are of a sort and kind that are very simple and well understood.

In the first place Mr. Rockefeller possesses what Mayor Gaynor's friend, Epictetus, called the greatest gift of the gods, the equal mind. Confucius said, " If you pray for anything let it be for equanimity." ❧ ❧

Mr. Rockefeller is no steam-roller; he is no tyrant, either in his domestic relations, in business, in church affairs or anywhere else. He never puts things through over the heads of other people ❧ ❧

He gives everybody a run for their money. Nothing is decided until all parties are heard. An executive has been described as one who decides quickly and is sometimes right.

Mr. Rockefeller does not decide quickly. The habit of the man is gracious, gentle, suave. His voice is low, and while he does not talk very much, yet his silence contains no menace.

Any one who meets him is not abashed. I have seen him talking to Italian laborers, foremen, superintendents, and also to men high in the financial world, and seemingly his manner toward each and all was the same. He is simple, frank and direct.

He impresses you as a man who has all the time there is. His feelings never run riot. He has the well-ordered mind that listens, considers, appreciates and then decides.

His success in the business world has been no fluke.

He is the greatest organizer the world has ever seen; the greatest business general of the age—or any age. And you find him today unspoiled, unaffected, kindly, industrious, economical, practising the virtues with which his mother endowed him.

Mr. Rockefeller said to me, " I have been very fortunate in being associated with able people."

The genius of Mr. Rockefeller is shown in his management of men. He reposes faith in his people.

In his book entitled, *Random Reminiscences of Men and Events,* Mr. Rockefeller lays bare his heart on various interesting things ❧ ❧

The book has a distinct literary style, and this style is simplicity in itself. Mr. Rockefeller never talks or writes Johnsonese. He speaks gently and quietly. In his book he tells of the men who have helped him most, and he pays them great tribute.

Some of these were men of totally different temperament from himself. For instance, H. H. Rogers was what is called " a good sport." ❧ ❧

Mr. Rockefeller knew the worth of H. H. Rogers, and managed him by leaving him alone. Mr. Rockefeller gave Rogers an opportunity to become what he was. Rogers was abrupt, fiery, profane, with very pronounced ideas on a great many subjects. Rogers took chances. Mr. Rockefeller is mathematical. Mr. Rockefeller never clashed with Rogers. He gave Rogers his own way, and at the last he always had his.

Mr. Rockefeller has met the world of society on a church basis. In religious affairs he is not dogmatic. The Baptist denomination in America traces a pedigree to Roger Williams of Rhode Island, and Roger Williams stood for liberty when the thing itself in America was a barren ideality. The Baptist denomination has neither pope nor bishops. Mr. Rockefeller is a primitive Baptist by prenatal tendency—a semi-ascetic, first cousin to the Quakers, Mennonites and Dunkards. Mr. Rockefeller likes to associate with plain people. Tobacco, strong drink, and the wide social swath have never been for him. All his pleasures are of a very simple sort.

He has been an expression of his times, and of the best. He has played the game of business according to the rules laid down by the times, and as the times have changed so has changed John D. Rockefeller ❧ ❧

Cosmic ankylosis has never caught him. His soul is not of the vintage of Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three, of Eighteen Hundred Eighty-three, nor Eighteen Hundred Ninety-three, nor Nineteen Hundred Three—he has always been abreast of the times, or in the vanguard.

Just now he is deeply interested in road-building, tree-planting and farming. These three things he is studying from every possible point of view.

He knows what is being done at Ames, Iowa, Manhattan, Kansas, and at Cornell. He himself maintains dozens of scholarships at various agricultural schools. He does not tell you this —you have to get it by indirection.

Mr. Rockefeller never boasts of what he has done or what he is going to do.

In his nature there is nothing sordid, selfish, mean, contemptible.

¶ He is not resentful. His patience under criticism sets him apart as a marked man. He does not attribute wrong motives to people —he looks for the best in everybody and everything.

In Mr. Rockefeller's personality there is not even a chemical trace of the parvenu. The man is modest, deferential, gentle, discriminating. He has the sense of values. He knows that the mere possession of wealth, of itself, makes no man great. And he, of all men, realizes that there are some things which money can not buy.

He has infinite faith in the future of America.

He knows that co-operation means the elimination of waste.

He knows that wealth must not be hoarded. He invests, and reinvests ❧ ❧

Until very recent times he has been a great borrower, and he has kept his credit absolutely untainted.

In his book he tells of the proud moment when he was able to borrow at a bank two thousand dollars on his own name—this before he was twenty.

When he was thirty years of age he was borrowing money in a way that would have staggered his creditors if they had known how much he was owing. However, he was working out a definite plan, and that was the organization of the oil business so as to reduce the cost of pumping, refining, transporting, distributing, selling and advertising.

And today the Standard Oil Company distributes a greater volume of goods, at a less expense for salesmanship and advertising, than any other business concern in the world.

It has stopped the leaks, taken up the economic slack, reduced friction, and rendered a service to the world that is the nearest approach to business perfection of any example that can be named.

¶ The oil flows from the well direct into your lamp, and your gasoline-tank is filled without disappointment and at an expense that is reasonable and right. Service is the big thing the Standard Oil Company supplies.

I thought of this last Summer when I visited Association Island, in Lake Ontario, an island that happens to be surrounded by water and is five miles from the mainland.

This Island is the tying-up place for a goodly fleet of gasoline-launches

To minister to the requirements of these launches the Standard Oil Company laid a pipe-line directly across from the mainland, and maintains a station on the Island, where with one whirl of the handle of a " Bowser " you get your gallon of gasoline and away you go to the fishing-grounds, care-free, with never a thought but that when you want more fuel you can put into port there at the Island and get the perfect service which makes you forget about it.

Things that are done smoothly, rightly, properly, beautifully and well, the world knows nothing of.

The newspapers only print accounts of the unusual, the extraordinary, the abnormal, the terrible and the tragic.

The world accepts the service of the Standard Oil Company just

as we accept the sunshine, the dew, the starlight, the silver moon, and the gentle rains from heaven.

That the Standard Oil Company should thrive through this service is exactly as it should be.

At the same time let it be noted that the Standard Oil Company does not hoard its money. It is eternally building, and laying out new pipe-lines, arranging new stations, building new steamships, and now it is exchanging its forty thousand horses for motor-trucks that will carry light, lubricant and power to every farm-house, village, town and city in the United States of America and elsewhere. It has been a jest up to this time that the Standard Oil Company has used horses to deliver gasoline instead of using gasoline to deliver gasoline.

The simple reason that horses have been used is because our roads in America have been of so impassable a kind that gasoline-trucks were only for the favored few who lived on faultless road-ways

Mr. Rockefeller said to me: " I will never be satisfied until every Standard Oil tank-wagon runs with oil or gasoline for motive power, but this can not be until we have good roads leading from every farm to every schoolhouse, and from every schoolhouse to every postoffice. Build your country roadways fourteen feet wide of nine-pound brick on a concrete base," said Mr. Rockefeller; " then leave eight feet of macadam on the side. A fourteen-foot road will compel automobiles coming towards each other to slow up. A driver when he gets off the brick will involuntarily lessen his speed. This makes safety doubly sure. Fourteen-foot brick road, that 's what you want—not sixteen feet. Save that two feet on the side and put it on the end of your road."

Here we get a straight example of Mr. Rockefeller's lucid logic. That is just the way he talks. His reasoning is never muddy, foggy or doubtful.

He has his own views, but he does not present them dogmatically.

¶ No one can meet this man and look into his steady blue eyes, and listen to his gentle voice, without being impressed with the fact that he is an honest man and that his intentions are right ☙ I select a few little extracts from Mr. Rockefeller's writings and sayings and append them herewith:

☙

A friendship founded on business is a good deal better than a business founded on friendship.

☙

The underlying, essential element of success in business affairs is to follow the established laws of high-class dealing. Keep to broad and sure lines, and study them to be certain that they are correct ones. Watch the natural operations of trade, and keep within them. Don't even think of temporary or sharp advantages. Don't waste your effort on a thing which ends in a petty triumph unless you are satisfied with a life of petty success. Be sure that before you go into an enterprise you see your way clear to stay through to a successful end. Look ahead.

☙

The man who starts out simply with the idea of getting rich won't succeed; you must have a larger ambition. There is no mystery in business success. The great industrial leaders have told again and again the plain and obvious fact that there can be no permanent success without fair dealing that leads to widespread confidence in the man himself, and that is the real capital we all prize and work for.

☙

A temporary setback will lead to safe institutions, and more conservative management upon the part of every one, and this is a quality we need. It will not long depress our wonderful spirit of initiative. The country's resources have not been cut down nor injured by financial distrust. A gradual recovery will only tend to

make the future all the more secure, and patience is a virtue in business affairs as in other things.

The mere expenditure of money for things, so I am told by those who profess to know, soon palls upon one. The novelty of being able to purchase anything one wants soon passes, because what people most seek can not be bought with money. These rich men we read about in the newspapers can not get personal returns beyond a well-defined limit for their expenditure. They can not gratify the pleasures of the palate beyond very moderate bounds, since they can not purchase a good digestion; they can not lavish very much money on fine raiment for themselves or their families without suffering from public ridicule; and in their homes they can not go much beyond the comforts of the less wealthy without involving them in more pain than pleasure. As I study wealthy men I can see but one way in which they can secure a real equivalent for money spent, and that is to cultivate a taste for giving where the money may produce an effect which will be a lasting benefit.

A man of business may often most properly consider that he does his share in building up a property which gives steady work for few or many people; and his contribution consists in giving to his employees good working conditions, new opportunities, and a strong stimulus to good work. Just so long as he has the welfare of his employees in his mind and follows his convictions, no one can help honoring such a man. It would be the narrowest sort of a view to take, and I think the meanest, to consider that good work consists chiefly in the outright giving of money.

The best philanthropy, the help that does the most good and the least harm, the help that nourishes civilization at its very root, that most widely disseminates health, righteousness and happi-

ness, is not what is usually called charity. It is, in my judgment, the investment of an effort or time or money, carefully considered with relation to the power of employing people at a remunerative wage, to expand and develop the resources at hand, and to give opportunity for progress and healthful labor where it did not exist before. No mere money-giving is comparable to this in its lasting and beneficial results.

If you aim for a large, broad-gauged success, do not begin your business career, whether you sell your labor or are an independent producer, with the idea of getting from the world by hook or crook all you can. In the choice of your profession or your business employment, let your first thought be: Where can I fit in so that I may be most effective in the work of the world? Where can I lend a hand in the way most effectively to advance the general interests? Enter life in such a spirit, choose your vocation in that way, and you have taken the first step on the highest road to a large success. Investigation will show that the great fortunes which have been made in this country, and the same is probably true of other lands, have come to men who have performed great and far-reaching economic services—men who, with great faith in the future of their country, have done most for the development of its resources. The man will be most successful who confers the greatest service on the world.

The greatest single obstacle to the progress and happiness of the American people lies in the willingness of so many men to invest their time and money in multiplying competitive industries instead of opening up new fields, and putting their money into lines of industry and development that are needed. It requires a better type of mind to seek out and to support or to create the new than to follow the worn paths of accepted success; but here is the great chance in our still rapidly developing country.

The penalty of a selfish attempt to make the world confer a living without contributing to the progress or happiness of mankind is generally a failure to the individual. The pity is that when he goes down he inflicts heartache and misery also on others who are in no way responsible.

Probably the most generous people in the world are the very poor, who assume each other's burdens in the crises which come so often to the hard-pressed. The mother in the tenement falls ill and the neighbors in the next room assume her burdens. The father loses his work, and neighbors supply food to his children from their own scanty store. How often one hears of cases where the orphans are taken over and brought up by the poor friend whose benefaction means great additional hardship! This sort of genuine service makes the most princely gift from superabundance look insignificant indeed.

It is one thing to stand on the comfortable ground of placid inaction and put forth words of cynical wisdom, and another to plunge into the work itself and through strenuous experience earn the right to express strong conclusions.

For my own part, I have stood so much as a placid onlooker that I have not had the hardihood even to suggest how people so much more experienced and wise in those things than I should work out the details even of those plans with which I have had the honor to be associated.

If the people can be educated to help themselves, we strike at the root of many of the evils of the world. This is the fundamental thing, and it is worth saying even if it has been said so often that its truth is lost sight of in its constant repetition.

I believe in the spirit of combination and co-operation when properly and fairly conducted in the world of commercial affairs, on the principle that it helps to reduce waste; and waste is a dissipation of power. I sincerely hope and thoroughly believe that this same principle will eventually prevail in the art of giving as it does in business. It is not merely the tendency of the times developed by more exacting conditions in industry, but it should make its most effective appeal to the hearts of the people who are striving to do the most good to the largest number.

Ignorance is the source of a large part of the poverty and a vast amount of the crime in the world—hence the need of education. If we assist the highest forms of education—in whatever field—we secure the widest influence in enlarging the boundaries of human knowledge; for all the new facts discovered or set in motion become the universal heritage.

Criticism which is deliberate, sober and fair is always valuable, and it should be welcomed by all who desire progress. I have had my share of adverse criticism, but I can truly say that it has not embittered me, nor left me with any harsh feeling against a living soul. Nor do I wish to be critical of those whose conscientious judgment, frankly expressed, differs from my own. No matter how noisy the pessimist may be, we know that the world is getting better steadily and rapidly, and that is a good thing to remember in our moments of depression or humiliation.

It has been my good fortune to contribute at various times to the University of Chicago, of which Doctor Harper was President, and the newspapers not unnaturally supposed at such times that he used the occasions of our personal association to secure these contributions. The cartoonists used to find this a fruitful theme. They would picture Doctor Harper as a hypnotist waving his

magic spell, or would represent him forcing his way into my inner office where I was pictured as busy cutting coupons and from which delightful employment I incontinently fled out of the window at the sight of him; or they would represent me as Eliza fleeing across cakes of floating ice with Doctor Harper in hot pursuit; or perhaps he would be following close on my trail, like the wolf in the Russian story, in inaccessible country retreats, while I escaped only by means of the slight delays I occasioned him by now and then dropping a million-dollar bill, which he would be obliged to stop and pick up.

These cartoons were intended to be amusing, and some of them certainly did have a flavor of humor, but they were never humorous to Doctor Harper. They were in fact a source of deep humiliation to him, and I am sure he would, were he living, be glad to have me say, as I now do, that during the entire period of his presidency of the University of Chicago, he never once either wrote me a letter or asked me personally for a dollar of money.

The whole system of proper relations, whether it be in commerce, or in the church, or in the sciences, rests on honor. Able businessmen seek to confine their dealings to people who tell the truth and keep their promises. The representatives of the Church, who are often prone to attack businessmen as a type of what is selfish and mean, have some great lessons to learn, and they will gladly learn them as these two types of workers grow closer together.

I have been surprised to learn how far a given sum of money has gone in the hands of priests and nuns, and how really effective is their use of it. I fully appreciate the splendid service done by other workers in the field, but I have seen the Roman Catholic Church secure better results with a given sum of money than other Church organizations are accustomed to secure from the same expenditure.

Make the farm attractive—that 's the thing! It is a mistake to allow the boys and girls to drift to the cities. We must build up the country until every crossroads village has every advantage that any city can supply.

Good roads are the most needed thing in the world. That sounds as if I was selling gasoline—and of course I am. But good roads and quick, safe and cheap transportation are going to solve most of our social ills.

My heart goes out to all those farmer boys who have raised a hundred bushels of corn to the acre. How proud they must be, and yes! how proud the mothers of such must be.

Anybody who adds to the wealth of the world, and prevents waste, makes everybody richer.

You can't make money without helping other people to make money

Charity, as usually administered, means giving to the most plausible and the most persistent. Thus, begging becomes a business, and reacts to the disadvantage of everybody. To give and not pauperize is a fine art.

George M. Reynolds

I CAN remember a time when all bank officers wore whiskers. The President of a bank was clothed in solemn black and cultivated a sad, lugubrious manner ☙ ☙

Usually his son was cashier, and a near relative, vice-president.

The whole atmosphere of a bank was hushed, depressing, saturated with gloom.

In those days I was a farmer; and there was a suspicion among farmers, founded more or less on experience, that the intent of the banker was to take advantage of the necessities of his clients.

¶ Farmers did not trust the bankers as a rule, and certainly, as a rule, bankers did not trust the farmers. I can swear to that!

My earliest childhood recollections go back to the time when a bank president drove out to our farm and took back to town with him our best milch-cow, because we could not pay interest on the mortgage.

The mortgage was a thing that gnawed night and day. If one stopped and listened closely he could hear it.

I recently made a visit to that particular old farm, and I heard a different kind of music. It was the merry music of a Chalmers 36, and the farmer had started up the machine preparatory to going to town to collect some rents due him in a flat that he owned ☙ ☙

Incidentally, this farmer happened to be Vice-President of one of the banks in that town.

Most of the farms in Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, thirty years ago, were decorated with mortgages, and these mortgages were held by parties in New England. The great Chicago fire occurred in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-one. There were prophecies made then that Chicago would never be rebuilt,

and that the mass of brick and mortar would never be cleared up and the lots resurveyed ☙ However, the prophets were wrong. Chicago was rebuilt, all right, and practically with Boston money ☙ ☙

Now there are a good many sky-scrapers in Boston and New York, owned by Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin men.

There is a New Way, and this new way has crept silently, surely, into the business of banking.

Banking has always stood as a symbol of conservatism. It is wisely conservative yet, but gradually there have been instances of its being sensibly radical, for every sane man is both conservative and radical. "There is a time for everything," said Ecclesiastes ☙ ☙

No country is more prosperous than are its farmers. When the farmers prosper we all prosper.

Food is the primal need, and we get our food out of the soil.

The greatest agricultural district in the world is represented by taking the city of Chicago as a center, and throwing a line out in a radius of five hundred miles in every direction.

The principal products are corn, cattle, hogs, sheep, wheat, oats, potatoes, and the industrious hen.

When a farming community is prosperous, there spring up manufactories and mercantile establishments in a thousand forms. Prosperity is contagious.

The second and most important thing in the world, next to food-supply, is transportation.

Unless an article is at a certain place at a certain time it possesses no value. Food separated from human bodies is of no avail.

Quick, consecutive, reliable, safe, economical transportation, coupled with Yankee ingenuity, the thrift, industry and unfailing strength of the Teutonic tribe, with the bounties of Nature, have made the Middle West surpassing rich.

Chicago has thirty-four railroads. Most of these have every pos-

sible equipment which money and inventive genius can supply ☙ These railroads have prospered as the farmers have prospered, and all Middle West railroads carry passengers and freight in both directions.

The motto of a good railroadman is this : " Trust in the Lord, but haul no empties."

These railroads have been double-tracked, safeguarded by block systems, grades reduced, curves practically eliminated, heavier steel rails laid down, and everything brought to a high degree of efficiency ☙ ☙

Happily, however, railroadmen are never satisfied. They are filled with a noble discontent; nothing is ever good enough—everything must be made better.

A great railroadman in Chicago said to me the other day, " Every morning before breakfast I go out and throw an engine on the scrap-heap."

This merely meant that he was always willing to throw away a good thing for a better one.

On all of these railroads centering at Chicago, scarcely one is running an engine on a freight or a passenger train that was in use eight or ten years ago. And yet the life of a railroad-engine is about the same as that of a horse—twenty-eight years—if used with reasonable care.

The spirit of Chicago demands the best ☙ And now behold a curious fact, that the men at the top, the men who have the final word in making decisions among the railroadmen of the Middle West, almost without exception, came up from the ranks.

They were born on the farms, brought up to do things, to make things, to go without things, to wait on themselves. There was always hardship enough to put them on their mettle, and yet, if they worked, there was encouragement enough through the natural reward that followed, so that they were not repressed, depressed and cast down.

The Middle West has produced a peculiar type of strong man. You will find these earnest, irrepressible, kindly, generous, intelligent, effective men, Middle West products, in all the big cities of America.

They gravitate to where they belong—where they are needed. ¶ In many instances they have snatched success from the teeth of failure. They know no such word as fail.

If they are whipped, they never are aware of it.

Just think over in your mind the great financiers and big businessmen of New York City, Boston, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and note the number who have come out of the Middle West in that radius of five hundred miles surrounding Cook County, Illinois! W. C. Brown, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Charles Melville Hays, Theodore P. Shonts, George W. Perkins, Frank A. Vanderlip, George H. Daniels, Paul Morton—these are specimen bricks. ¶ If it is true that farming and railroading move together hand in hand as a business, it is also true that there is no great and permanent prosperity for either farmers or railroads unless there are good banking facilities.

A bank deals in just one thing, and that is credit. Ninety-five per cent of all banking in America is carried on with the aid of checks. ¶ Ninety-five per cent of all businessmen in a prosperous and growing country are borrowers at some time during the year. And in any event, every businessman must know that if he wants money he can get it. The knowledge that he can get it often gives him the courage that pulls him through without it.

Banking is simply a method whereby the businessmen, the workers, the toilers, the producers, in any given community or district, stand together in what Jean Jacques Rousseau called the " Contrat Social."

Good banking cements the entire business fabric into a solidarity of mutual faith and friendship.

The men who produce wealth must have faith in the banks. When

they have this faith they deposit their money, thus signifying their willingness to trust the bankers. Then the bankers must reciprocate by showing their willingness to trust legitimate business ☙ ☙

The old-time banker, with his shaven upper lip, who sneezed twice and coughed once when you hinted at your need for credit, is now practically out of the game. The new way has eliminated him. Cold storage is one thing, banking another.

A good banker does not regard his customer with suspicion. The modern banker is human. He is a man who can laugh. He has a good digestion, a good circulation—he is on good terms with himself and with his customers. He has sympathy and imagination. He is a businessman first, and after that a banker ☙

The man who knows banking, and nothing else, does not know banking. Theoretically, every man is entitled to everything he needs. He is also entitled to all the assistance from other men that his wants require.

Incidentally, he is also under bonds to render all the assistance to others that he can.

We help ourselves by helping other people. Society is a vast system of transfers.

The business of a banker is to couple up the individual business concern with the financial world, in order that when a businessman needs credit he can get it.

Also, when he has money that is not active, he deposits it with the banker, who sees to it that this money gets busy.

Nothing should be idle, much less men and money.

Health is only possible where the winds blow. Only water that runs is pure.

Only active men are safe, sane, happy, healthy, useful men.

Money in the ginger-jar, in the stocking, under the bed, or buried in the garden in an iron pot, is all worse than useless. It is an invitation to bugs, microbes, yeggmen, hoboes and fear.

Banking, in a community that is producing wealth, when managed by a sane, sensible, level-headed man, is a very safe business. ¶ Banking that is not backed up by the forest, the farm, the factory, the mine, or the sea, is a very dangerous and uncertain business ☙ New York City banks turn over much more money than do the banks in Chicago, but this is simply because a vast number of banks, merchants, manufacturers, keep accounts in New York City.

New York bank loans are largely call-loans. Money is loaned out to the hydra-headed, mythical monster known as Wall Street. The money is used for speculative purposes.

For the most part, Chicago loans are time-loans. The money is loaned to actual producers—the men who are engaged in producing and marketing the necessities of life.

Actual business in America, as differentiated from blue-sky gyrations, is about the most staple and stable thing in the world.

When you hear a man say that ninety-five per cent of all businessmen fail, put this down as merely talk.

The business that begins small and grows is a safe business. The business that begins big is the one that goes by the board.

And always before a failure in business occurs, there is moral degeneration of the men who manage it.

A man fails mentally, morally and physically, and then his business sympathizes with him, and together they go into the melting pot ☙ Business nowadays is a constant readjustment, just as is the sailing of a ship, the running of an automobile, the driving of a team of horses.

The vast majority of businessmen are good business pilots. They know where they are going, and they know how to manage the machine so as not to land it in the ditch or make it climb a telegraph-pole ☙ ☙

Banking in the Middle West is essentially human service. It takes the idle money and sets it to work.

It gives credit to those who need it, and thus does the entire fabric progress and thrive, obeying Herbert Spencer's dictum, "Man was made for mutual service."

The best example of the distinctly modern bank, where speculation is eliminated, where character counts, and where the whole banking fabric is based on scientific, economic laws, is the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago.

Emerson says, "Every institution is the lengthened shadow of a man."

The Continental and Commercial National Bank is the lengthened shadow of George M. Reynolds.

Reynolds is the best type of our modern American banker. In several respects, he stands alone, and is unique.

Reynolds has built up a banking business on safer lines and done the thing bigger and better than it has ever been done before in human history.

Needless to say it could not have been done before.

Reynolds is a product of his time. Reynolds has gathered up in himself the spirit of the time and has spun it forth in the form of a bank—the largest in America in several respects.

First, it employs more men; and it has a longer list of depositors. It is the depository of more than five thousand country banks; that is to say, one bank out of five in America deposits with it.

¶ There are banks in New York that turn over more money; but there is no bank in New York that deals directly with producers and creators, and touches industrial life to the extent that this bank does.

In this respect, it exceeds and excels the Bank of England, or any other bank in Europe.

The basis of the business of the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago is the productive wealth of the farmers and factories that lie within the radius of five hundred miles from Chicago.

This bank prospers as the farmers prosper. And as the farmers prosper, so prosper the elevators, the factories, the mills, the merchants, and all that multitude of workers who go forth to their labors until the evening.

The Continental and Commercial National Bank ministers to a population of twenty million people, and these people aggregate the most prosperous, intelligent and well-to-do people in America.

¶ And when we say that, it implies the most prosperous, well-to-do and intelligent people in the world.

The strict and unerring policy of this bank is never to loan money where money will be made for the bank through any man's misfortune

This bank deals only with prosperous, healthy, happy people. It grows as they grow; it thrives as they thrive, it makes money as they make money.

To that end, no one can open an account at this bank unless he comes with references that show that he is financially and morally sound

Giving out check-books to rogues and bank-books to rascals is a thing that this bank does not do.

If a man's hopes run away with his brain he can not open an account here. The wear and tear and friction of taking care of money for fools and rogues is out of the line of the Continental and Commercial.

But having accepted the account of a businessman and worker, this bank stands by him.

Anything in the line of credit to which he is morally entitled he gets; also he gets it without humiliation and embarrassment.

¶ This bank is the friend and counselor of its customers.

So far as I know, George M. Reynolds was the first man to introduce the method in banking of having the cashier, vice-president, and working manager sit right out in the lobby, in plain sight of everybody, where they are get-at-able.

There was no such thing as a colored person carrying in a card and bringing out word that the great man was " not at home." ¶ George M. Reynolds adopted the plan twenty years ago of being at home all the time.

And every business day between certain hours you saw him before you saw the receiving or paying teller. He was the first man you bumped into.

Business was done right out in the sunlight. There was nothing to conceal, nothing to hide. Consequently, business was done with a minimum amount of friction and the maximum amount of speed compatible with safety and mutual understanding.

George M. Reynolds was born in the little town of Panora, Iowa, in the year Eighteen Hundred Sixty-five. He comes from straight New England stock—the kind of folks brought up among snow, ice, granite, obstacle and difficulty. He was dowered with good health and a habit of work.

The recipe for having educated children is this: Educate yourself

Reynolds was born of educated parents; that is, they were competent, honest, simple, direct, efficient people.

In Eighteen Hundred Sixty-five, Guthrie County, Iowa, was " Way Out West." There was no railroad in the county. The market-place was the city of Des Moines, which then had five thousand people, and Panora was just fifty-two miles from Des Moines.

It took pretty nearly two days to make the trip, and two days to get home, except in the muddy season, which was about half the year, and then the journey might take a week—or a month—both ways.

Guthrie, the county seat, was ten miles from Panora. At Guthrie there was an " academy "—otherwise, a High School. Young Reynolds spent two Winters, grubbing hard, and thankful for the opportunity.

When Reynolds was sixteen years old, his schooldays were over, but, paradoxically, he has been going to school ever since.

And he is still going to school. Any man goes to school who has the healthy, happy, active, curious, receptive mind, and gets his fun out of his work.

It was all right and natural that the smartest boy in Panora should become a clerk in the general store, and assistant to the postmaster

When a bank was started in Panora this boy became a clerk in the bank, and then cashier.

In Eighteen Hundred Eighty-six, Mr. Reynolds, having accumulated a little property, and being happily married, moved to Hastings, Nebraska, which was on the firing-line of civilization.

¶ His business was to loan money on mortgages to the farmers.

¶ In Eighteen Hundred Eighty-eight he returned to Panora to become the cashier and manager of the Guthrie County Bank. The business grew as the country round about it grew. Land had leaped from ten dollars an acre to twenty-five, then forty. Now land in that vicinity is anywhere from one hundred dollars to two hundred dollars an acre, and the farmers have mostly paid off their mortgages.

In Eighteen Hundred Ninety-three Reynolds went to Des Moines to accept the position of cashier of the Des Moines National Bank.

Under his active leadership this bank evolved and grew.

Reynolds, by nature, is a farmer and a businessman. He sympathizes with the producer. He knows his difficulties, his anxieties, his risks. He has the prophetic imagination that can put himself in place of the other fellow. He knows by instinct whether a business is sound or not. He is a judge of humanity. He knows men and he knows values.

The Des Moines National Bank grew, and on January, Eighteen Hundred Ninety-five, George M. Reynolds was elected President.

¶ Reynolds became known throughout the Middle West as a progressive banker, who saw things in a big, generous way.

It takes courage to loan out other people's money, to stand between the lender and the borrower. Reynolds literally banked on his ability to judge men. He loaned on character. He believed in strong men, healthy men, happy men, and wherever a man was making money and his business was growing from a little business into a big one, Reynolds was a friend and brother to that man.

¶ And as Reynolds believed in other men, so did other men believe in Reynolds.

Strong men are in demand. You can always hire men, plenty of them, for two dollars a day. When you want a man, however, to fill a ten-thousand-dollar position, you have to hunt for him; and when you want a fifty-thousand-dollar man, you find that he already has a good job and is not anxious to give it up.

In Eighteen Hundred Ninety-seven, the Continental National Bank needed a strong man. The business had grown faster than the management.

The directors cast around anxiously in every direction, and they picked on George M. Reynolds, the vice-president and general manager of the Des Moines National Bank, and Reynolds was induced to become cashier of the Continental National Bank.

¶ The deposits in the Bank were then twelve million dollars.

¶ In a few years Reynolds gravitated by divine right to the position of vice-president and general manager.

In August, Nineteen Hundred Ten, the deposits of this bank were ninety million dollars, an increase of seventy-eight million dollars since Mr. Reynolds took up his relationship with the bank

On August First, Nineteen Hundred Ten, the Continental and Commercial National Banks were consolidated. Mr. Reynolds was chosen President of the new bank. The Continental and Commercial Trust and Savings Bank and The Hibernian

Banking Association are owned by the stockholders of the Continental and Commercial National Bank, and Mr. Reynolds is President of all these institutions.

He is also President of the Continental Safe and Trust Company, of Chicago, and chairman of the Board of Directors of the Northwestern Trust and Savings Bank.

Outside of these financial institutions, however, Mr. Reynolds has no business save that of the farm where he was born, in Panora, Guthrie County, Iowa.

He has had many invitations to invest in various business enterprises; but his business is banking, and he will not allow himself to be subjected to the temptation of using funds entrusted to his care in his own business.

Reynolds regards himself as the trustee of his customers, the friend of his depositors, and the counselor of every man who does business with the institution.

The success of Mr. Reynolds has turned on organization. He is big enough to get other people to do his work, and he is able to enthuse them with his own spirit of industry, economy, good-cheer and mutual helpfulness.

The idea of enthusiasm in a bank is a brand-new idea, and has come about within our own time.

Shylock and Scrooge had no romance in their business, no tenderness, no pity, no love of beauty.

Reynolds, this modern businessman and banker, has sympathy, poise and power plus. He is a lover of children, a lover of the great out-of-doors, the friend of the farmer, and he always thinks of himself, yet, as a sort of hired man.

He is big in body, big in brain, big in heart. With it all he has decision, and he has the courage to calmly, frankly, tell a man when this man is on the wrong track. In that he is as brave as my old friend, Doctor Roswell Park, one of the world's great surgeons

If necessary to vivisect a man, Reynolds can do the job without administering anesthetics. At the same time he does not kill the individual. He saves him alive.

Reynolds never cuts off the dog's tail a little piece at a time in order to keep the canine from suffering.

Recently, I spent a half-day behind the scenes in the Continental and Commercial National Bank. There I saw five hundred typewriters, as many typewritists, two hundred adding-machines, a ton of gold and silver, and paper money enough to fill a small-sized haymow.

Yet ninety-five per cent of the business of this bank is done with checks, and is simply a transfer of figures.

With eighteen thousand accounts, all of the customers do not want money all at once. When you get enough figures, the question of chance is eliminated. The whole thing is averaged until a good cashier can prophesy, months in advance, exactly how much of a demand there will be for loans on any one particular day.

Men are strong only as they believe in one another.

" Financial panic," says Reynolds, "will be eliminated and made impossible when bankers reach a point where they are not afraid of one another."

As a general proposition, the community believes in the banker who believes in the community.

The success of George M. Reynolds is based on the fact that he believes in the great Middle West and the people who are minting money out of the black loam.

" Get your principles right, and the rest is a mere matter of detail," said Napoleon.

Every bookkeeper in this great bank has charge of just one single page of names that is handed to him every morning from a looseleaf ledger.

There are a dozen vice-presidents, and a dozen assistant cashiers,

each one of whom has certain duties delegated to him. And these men are to be found right out in the lobby where you can see them. The gumshoe and the mysterious have no place here. ¶ The cashiers meet once a day for conference, and each one is informed of all rear accounts. Also, all requests for credit are passed upon by a committee of the whole. So no one man's judgment is supreme.

The generous spirit, however, of George M. Reynolds runs through all of his helpers. The same courtesy, kindness, the genial handgrasp—these are the prominent things in the bank. ¶ It is a business founded on friendship. We used to think that friendship had no place in business. We are now taking a different view. When friendship dies from off the face of the earth, business, too, will go by the board.

Panics come through lack of loyalty. Faith falters, fear gets in the saddle, and the herd begins to stampede and then to mill, and anything that gets in the way is ground into oxaline.

Friendship means an even pulse, a clear vision, a good breath. It means frankness, generosity, truth; for a man can always afford to be truthful with friends. We only lie to tyrants and to slaves ❧ ❧

Modern banking eliminates the liar. Nothing but truth goes.

Reciprocity, mutuality, co-operation—these are the three big words ❧ ❧

So rapidly is the business of the Continental and Commercial National Bank growing that new quarters are demanded.

And so behold! the block bounded by LaSalle, Adams, Fifth Avenue and Quincy Street is being cleared, the property having been purchased by the Continental and Commercial National Bank. There will be erected on this site the largest office-building in the city of Chicago, and one of the largest in the world.

" There is just one thing about this whole building business," said Mr. Reynolds to me, " that is the fly in my ointment of

happiness, and that is the thought that when this building is completed, it will be too small for our wants!"

It is only a question of a little time before there will be a deep waterway from Chicago to the Gulf.

Chicago will then take on a new commodity, that of cotton, the fifth most important article produced in America. Also, rice will go into competition with corn.

The opening of the Panama Canal, and the Deep-Water Route to the sea, will mean an amplification of business in the Middle West heretofore unguessed.

In point of actual commodities handled, and legitimate business done, eliminating speculation, Chicago stands first of all cities in the world.

George M. Reynolds is in the heydey of his manhood. His hair is slightly silvered by the frost of years; but his face is the happy, exuberant face of youth.

The corners of his mouth turn up, he has good teeth, good eyes, great breathing capacity.

He finds his fun in his business. His life is in his work, and his work is the evolution, the growth, and the smiling prosperity of the great Middle West—incidentally, of the world.

"Scientific farming is going to double the acreage yield of Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Indiana, and the Northwest," said George M. Reynolds to me.

"You have to raise forty bushels of corn to the acre in order to pay expenses. Above that all is profit. Here in the Middle West we are going to make one hundred bushels to the acre the average yield. Then figure out, if you please, how this land will multiply wealth through laughing a harvest."

Can any one guess the extent of wealth that will be produced in the Middle West through the aid of scientific agriculture?

Reynolds attends Bankers' Conventions all over the United States. He visits with the Granges, talks to farmers, and goes to

the State Fairs. And he takes part in the proceedings, just as he used to take part in the Farmers' Clubs in Guthrie County thirty years ago.

When he was a farmer's lad of fifteen he subscribed for newspapers published in New York, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Cincinnati, San Francisco, New Orleans. Early in life he got in touch with the world. Long before he traveled bodily he knew the great cities and capitals, because he was reading the newspapers that they published.

Before he had ever set foot out of Iowa he had attained, in degree, the universal mind.

Reynolds is no villager. He is the antithesis of a provincial. And while the Middle West is his home, and the great Mississippi Valley is ever first in his mind, yet his thought girdles the world.

¶ Here is the new type of American, the educated man, the efficient man—the man who is both workingman and capitalist, who is a laborer, a farmer, and who is yet a financier and a philosopher ❧ ❧

George M. Reynolds is not only a banker: he is a teacher of bankers and a tutor of businessmen. His methods and ideas permeate, tint and flavor the financial methods of the world.

Elihu Root

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was right when, in Nineteen Hundred Eight, he said, "Elihu Root is the strongest man before the American people today, and perhaps the strongest man who has ever been before the American people."

Thomas Brackett Reed once said, "A statesman is a politician who is dead."

Men of the first class can never hope to get the glad acclaim of the mob. To get the approval of the mob, you must state the thing that the mob holds dear ❧ Root is essentially a statesman. Also, he is a politician who is alive. A statesman is a man who evolves, conserves, preserves and builds a state. And a state is never completely built; it is always in evolution. A state is a great ship that rides the waves, battling with wind and storm and difficulty, headed for a harbor that is never reached, by a route that is unmapped ❧ ❧

There is no absolute chart to guide the pilot of a ship of state. ¶ A statesman must be politic, that is, diplomatic. He must be a man of judgment, able to form a policy and engage others in the consummation of it.

There are men who are promoters and speculators—men of enthusiasm—who pick up a hundred families or a thousand and set them down on an Arizona desert—and forget them, expecting them to thrive.

Such men do not know details. All they do is suggest, and pump enthusiasm into what time often proves to be a rainbow-tinted bubble ❧ ❧

The statesman is a man who not only sees the beginning, but who also perceives the end. He has imagination, sympathy, and, in a degree, he must be a prophet. If he builds a railroad, it begins somewhere and ends somewhere, and that "somewhere" is

always a place worth going to. A statesman connects—fetches up —puts it over.

The sympathies of a statesman never become maudlin and run over until he stands in the slop. He must be big enough to curb his own spirit, to crucify his own hopes, to sink his own private interests, and, if necessary, receive the disapproval and disapprobation of the many-headed mob—and this without resentment. A statesman is always a cheerful loser. He does not look for gratitude; consequently, when it does not arrive he has no grouch.

Only a great man can achieve an enemy ❧ The man who writes one of the " six best sellers " will never live in literature. The fame of men with minds like Ralph Waldo Emerson is posthumous. ¶ Roosevelt was a very astute judge of human nature, and his estimate of Elihu Root was correct.

Root is always dignified, always self-contained, never loses his temper, never says things that require apologies and explanations. He has pride and ambition, but both within the limits that become a man.

If you do not understand Elihu Root it is your fault. There is in Elihu Root a little of the essence of the Reverend Doctor Jowett of Baliol, who said, " Never explain, never apologize—get the thing done and let them howl."

Elihu Root is no " reformer," because a reformer is a man who is in much need of reformation. The reformer's feelings get a-milling and he will override and grind to pulverized oxaline anything or anybody that stands in his way.

There are other statesmen in America than Elihu Root, but at the moment I can not recall their names. These are near-statesmen, understudies, attempts, imitations, would-bes, has-beens and never-wases, but where are the statesmen who can build a state ? ❧ ❧

Elihu Root is more than a citizen of America—he is a citizen of

the world—and yet the interests of America are always in his thoughts ❧ ❧

All of those humorous attempts to paint him in the guise of a valet for the trusts come tardy off. The man can neither be bought, bribed nor intimidated.

Elihu Root was born in the little town of Clinton, Oneida County, New York. Oneida County is on the Forty-third Parallel—that is, on the line that intersects New Hampshire, Vermont, Maine, New Brunswick, Scandinavia and Scotland.

The strong men of the world have, almost without exception, come from this little belt of land. They were born on the snow-line, where rocks and ice and difficulty abound. The people who have to save up the products of the Summer, so that they may have enough to last them during six months of very cold Winter, are the only people who accumulate either riches or ideas. Where Nature is too lavish, man does little for himself.

The father of Elihu Root was a professor of mathematics in Hamilton College. His mother, also, was a schoolteacher. This woman did her own housework, for her husband received the munificent salary of eight hundred dollars a year. And yet the family saved money. They had their garden, their cow, their dozen chickens. They thrived. They had everything they needed, and every year they made a trip to New York by way of Albany.

¶ And once, when Elihu was fourteen years old, his mother took him to the city of Washington on an excursion, and showed him the factory where laws were made.

And the city of Washington never looked as great to Elihu Root as it did then.

Elihu Root graduated at his father's college in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-four. Most of his preparatory work was done at home, his father and mother being his teachers, his companions and chums.

¶ After graduating at Hamilton College he became a tutor, then a teacher, and then taught for a year at the Academy at Rome,

New York. If he had wanted he could have had his father's job. But he began studying law. He graduated from the Department of Law, University of New York, in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-seven, having saved up enough money from his teaching to buy a five-foot shelf of books, and to pay his tuition and board.

He was then twenty-two years of age. He was slim, slender, pale and athletic. He had the calm, cold, gray eye and the keenness of intellect that make a good all-round lawyer. Also, he loved the literature of the law. He studied its history and knew its romance. He looked upon it as a profession and also as a game.

¶ He could listen to a client's complaints and know how much of it was constitutional or temperamental, and how much was injustice. This fine art of listening was his from the first—the endowment of a great mother to her son.

This boy did not have too much brain, too many sensibilities, his nerves were not on the outside of his clothes. Simple fare, little meat, no tobacco nor strong drink, and a practical absence of tea and coffee, with plenty of out-of-door work, evolve the type of man that makes the world go round.

Any man who has more knowledge than he can use is like the individual who has " excess baggage," or more money than he needs. Too much of anything, even religion and conscience, are bad. Elihu Root has always been just as honest as it is possible for a man to be, and still succeed at the practice of law.

Never was there a man who knew the value of things better than Elihu Root.

From the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-five, when he was thirty years of age, he has been recognized as one of the greatest lawyers of America.

He was the leading counsel for the defense in the celebrated contest where an attempt was made to break the will of A. T. Stewart, by alleged Irish heirs. These Irish heirs were the tools of some very shrewd English and American lawyers.

A. T. Stewart having left a very comfortable estate, and being well dead, and his will having been upheld through the masterly work of Elihu Root, naturally a goodly fee fell in the direction of said Elihu Root, counselor and attorney-at-law, said fee being the modest sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

It was a fairish bit of work for a country boy, but we had better remember the truth that big men always and forever have been country boys.

The A. T. Stewart estate litigation fixed Root's rank once and forever, and gave him his pick of cases.

When a lawyer does his work well, his reward is more work and harder work. Causes complex, peculiar and undesirable—cases no one else will take—are his. This is true, more or less, in everything, but especially true in the practice of law.

Elihu Root was counsel in the Broadway Surface case, the Sugar Trust contest, the New York Aqueduct litigation.

Root successfully defended Robert Ray Hamilton in a beautifully devised scheme of a very clever woman, Emma Mann, who tied the New York Samson round and round with green withes of shagbark hickory.

Root cleared his man and indicted the woman.

Root was appointed by President Arthur, in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-three, United States Attorney. He was a delegate-at-large to the Constitutional Convention of the State of New York, in which he was made Chairman of the Judiciary Committee.

After the close of the Spanish War, when an especially strong man was needed in the War Department—for battles won are only a beginning of the trouble war makes—Root was chosen as Secretary of War. This was August First, Eighteen Hundred Ninety-nine. Under his direction the American soldiers quelled the insurrection of Aguinaldo.

Root sent an expedition to China a little later, to protect our threatened interests there and help put down the Boxer uprising.

¶ He was reappointed Secretary of War by President Roosevelt, and served until February First, Nineteen Hundred Four, when he resigned to look after his law practice, which he had neglected in working for the State.

On July First, Nineteen Hundred Five, he was induced by President Roosevelt to return to his cabinet as Secretary of State, to take the place of that very able man, John Hay ☙ Roosevelt was in difficulties, and needed the strongest man he could find to fill the position. Naturally, he selected Elihu Root.

Root was a member of the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal, which sat in London in Nineteen Hundred Seven.

He knows our relationships to the Orient, the Russians, the Japanese, the South American Republics, and the other nations of the world, better than any other living man.

In Nineteen Hundred Eight he resigned his position in the cabinet, and was elected United States Senator for the State of New York.

¶ Root's masterly work at the Chicago Convention, when red riot was imminent, has been exploited and pictured by the press of the world. He knew what he wanted to do. He knew what was parliamentary and legal, and he did it.

He gave that seething, shouting, yelling mass of fifteen thousand people their own way on every unimportant theme, but always and forever at the pivotal point he was there at the front with gavel in hand.

If he splintered one gavel he just reached under the table and picked up another. He had all sizes of gavels for all possible conditions. I always expected him to come down to the front with a maul on his shoulder ☙ Never once was he flustrated or in doubt.

He has the faculty of thinking ahead and anticipating every argument, every objection, every unkind combination, that might work his discomfiture and overthrow the organization.

His decisions were crystalline. He never hedged, faltered or

apologized. Now and then came a flash of wit which relieved the tension of the occasion, and allowed the enemy to withdraw under cover of a laugh.

Once a member stood on a bench and shouted: " Point of Order ! Point of Order! "

Root advanced three paces and sent forth a ringing reply, thus: " The gentleman will state his point of order! "

" My point of order is that the Steam-Roller is exceeding the speed-limit." " The Chair supports the gentleman's point of order! " came back instantly. And the audience found rest in a roar of laughter.

Root knows the law of jiu-jitsu, and brings it to bear in all of his forensic exercises.

This man has no desire either to run the world, or to snap its demnition head off.

He has no Utopian schemes for making Society over in his own image. He takes things as they are, and thanks Fate they are no worse. Then he makes the best of everything.

Root has made considerable money, and yet no man who lives on law-fees can hope to get supremely rich. So, today, as men count wealth, Root is not a rich man. However, he has all he needs, and this is enough—but he does not need much.

He dresses in simple good taste. The gray business suit matches the gray of his hair and his close-clipped mustache, and his socks synchronize with his necktie. He has good teeth, an even pulse, the patience to wait, and he always has time to hear anything that is worth hearing.

On the other hand, the bores and the parasites and all of that fine contingent known as " cheap skates " find him a hard man to willopus-wallapus.

Root realizes that time presses, and so he does not allow the political boll-weevil to get too close. Hence he is accounted cold and unsympathetic. He kisses no babies, and does not chase

after the great unwashed. Root is supposed to be strong on cold storage, but this is necessary for self-protection.

Root can laugh, and on occasion he can even laugh at himself—thus does he get relaxation.

No man in America has the crystalline intellect, the ready wit, the sympathetic heart, the far-reaching imagination, and the well-curbed will that this man possesses ❧ He believes in all religions, but has absolute faith in none. He recognizes the good in humanity, and at the same time he knows the limitations of the genus homo, of which he himself is one. He also knows that any man who greatly benefits humanity will be crucified by humanity, if humanity can lay its unmanicured hands on him. ¶ Root has pride, but in right degree. He is a businessman, and his advice and counsel have added millions upon millions to the wealth of this country. He has helped make the United States of America a safer, better and happier place for us all.

Besides being a "commercial lawyer," Root belongs to these rapidly vanishing school of lawyers who love the law for its dignity, its literature, its romance, its classic allusions. These old-fashioned men do not try their cases in the newspapers. Elihu Root respects the judge because he respects the office. He does not play horse with the court, nor bank on its ignorance. He gives a fair deal, and he expects one.

In the natural course of the swift-marching days, Elihu Root will drop out of the procession. The march of progress will go on, but the fame of this man will endure. He has carved his name deep in the granite of history.

Benjamin Franklin Bush

THIS is a little journey into the ego of a big business-builder.

Just have a look at the last edition of the *Century Dictionary* and you will find the word "Business" defined thus: " Business—the supplying of commodities or services that are necessary to the well-being of mankind."

Business is essentially human service. That is to say, modern businessmen are public servants.

Business is a vast system of transfers. Each man does the thing that he can do best, supplying a service that is individual and unique. He does the thing that he is to do, and he helps himself only as he ministers to society.

There was a time in history when human wants were supplied by violence. Men took the thing they needed, and anything they could get away with was theirs. The strongest man was king by divine right. He proved his prowess by destruction, and he was always and forever a man with a great ability to destroy, kill, dissipate and dissolve.

And he advertised his power by conspicuous waste and conspicuous leisure.

Economics is the science of the creation, production and distribution of wealth. Adam Smith defines wealth as stored-up labor. And his dictum, that all wealth comes from labor applied to land, is familiar to every schoolboy.

Adam Smith, naturally was a Scotchman. Snow and ice, difficulty and hardship, thistles and heather, granite and gneiss, all tended to produce a man with foresight and energy enough to store up food and raiment over against a long spell of bad weather.

¶ Builders all come from a country that has weather as well as climate. On the Equator, where Nature is too lavish, man simply

lies down and depends upon the Dame to tuck him in and shake the friendly branches so that fruit will fall within his reach.

Where parents do too much for their children, the children will not do much for themselves. And when Mother Nature does too much for her family, the result is exactly the same.

This age is essentially an age of business. From the age of fighting, destruction, annexation and exploitation we passed into the realm of barter, and the customs of the booth and the bazaar were supreme. It was canine masticating canine. Commerce was a system of haggle. Every man used his skill to inveigle. We kept the sword, dagger and bludgeon concealed and matched cleverness with cleverness, fraud with fraud, finesse with finesse.

¶ Recently, however—say since Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six —we have adopted the one-price system, and the one-price system means truth in business.

We now know that truth is an asset, and a lie is a liability.

There are too many of us here now to play the game on the haggle basis. The one-price system makes rapid trading possible. We eliminate friction and lubricate the whole proposition with reciprocity. That is to say, business is now on a human basis. We have imagination enough to see that the brotherhood of man is a paying principle.

We are parts and particles of one another. To injure another is to injure yourself. We thrive only as we bestow a benefit. All that we give away comes back to us. Cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall return to you shortly—buttered.

Here we get a great Spiritual Law. And a Spiritual Law is a Natural Law. Natural Law manifests itself in the Science of Service. The laws of economics are eminently Nature's enactments ❧ ❧

Sentiment plays a big part in business today. Emotion, enthusiasm, good-cheer, affection, friendship — these are important factors in business.

In this great transfer of services we have to trade quickly. There is no time for hate, much less for jealousy and fear.

And so we have the new *Contrat Social*, wherein we have all agreed to be decent. The man in business who does not tell the truth does not last as long as a snowball lasts in Juarez.

Truth was foreign to the old-time businessman, just as it is foreign in war. From the age of violence we drifted into the age of palaver ❧ Now we do business right out in the sunlight—we do business with our friends.

Benjamin Franklin Bush represents the new type of businessman. He is big in body, big in brain. He is over six feet in the shade, and weighs two-and-a-quarter hundred pounds.

Bush impresses you as a giant, but although he has a giant's strength he does not use it like a giant. He is not fat in body or fat in wit. His avoirdupois is well distributed. He can run, play ball, wrestle, and best of all he can laugh. He is a joker. Also, he is a humorist. He knows a big thing from a little thing. The sense of values is as strong in his mind as it was in the mind of Mark Twain. He is a lover of children, and his pockets are always packed with things for any kiddyeen he may chance to meet. ¶ There is no aqua fortis in his conversation. He speaks well of every one—if he speaks of 'em at all. He does not have to struggle to control his temper. He has no duel with his nerves. He simply takes the generous, comprehensive, sympathetic view. ¶ All of the little misfits that occur are accepted quite as a matter of course, and disposed of.

Well might his motto be, " Only one get mad at a time." If other people fuss and fume and bellow, Bush sits back and smiles. He has infinite time—he has all the time there is.

When you call on him, you do not find him immersed in a mass of papers. He does not shuffle the documents on his desk, and nervously pull and haul things over as a reminder that it is time for you to beat it.

Instead of there being bushels of letters on his table, the letters are answered and in the letter-file where they belong. He has just a few things before him that he and no one else can pass upon. ¶ It is silly and absurd for a man to do things any one else can do. It is for us to give the goods that no one else carries in stock ❧ ❧

This is what Bush does; and his ability to laugh keeps his nerves from getting on the outside of his clothes.

He has good digestion and he is on good terms with himself, and being on good terms with himself he is on good terms with every one else.

Bush was born at Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, in Eighteen Hundred Sixty ❧ ❧

In the same town, and about the same time, was born Van Valkenburg, of the Philadelphia *North American*—a man of very much the Bush type and of about the same herculean proportions —also, a joker and a jester in earnest.

Both of these men have a capacity for making decisions. They are executives. They decide quickly, and not only are they sometimes right, but they are right about ninety-five per cent of the time. And when they go wrong they are able to cash in their mistakes. If they come out at the little end of the horn, they straightway appropriate the horn and play a merry tune on it. They are cheerful losers.

There is enough of the Pennsylvania Dutch in Bush to give him ballast. The Dutch have a firm hold on the primal virtues of industry, economy and truth—virtues for which, so far, the world has been unable to find suitable substitutes.

Educated in the public schools, young Bush later took a course in the State Normal at Mansfield, Pennsylvania. The Normal Schools throughout America have worked miracles in taking the raw stuff from farm, field and factory, and working up the product into able men and women.

Very seldom are students at the Normal School *sent* there. They go, and sometimes great sacrifices are made in order that the youngster may get an education. The change in environment is what works the miracle—not the books.

At the Normal School young Bush took a course in surveying.

¶ Later, he had an opportunity to go out on the Northern Pacific as rodman. His willingness to work from daylight until dark, his good-cheer, his heroic physical strength, his ability to laugh and to clean up the job, attracted the attention of the Division Engineer. And when this Division Engineer was promoted and asked to name a man to take his place, he promptly named Ben Bush.

And Bush gravitated by divine right on to the payroll of the Union Pacific.

In Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine he became Chief Engineer and General Superintendent of the Oregon Improvement Company.

¶ In Eighteen Hundred Ninety-six he was made General Manager of the Northwestern Improvement Company. This concern owned big coal-properties along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The problem of mining and marketing coal was up to Bush. He studied the proposition from every possible angle, and became an expert in the matter of fuel.

In Nineteen Hundred Three he was made Fuel Agent of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, with headquarters in Saint Louis. All of the Gould coal-properties were under his management and jurisdiction ❧ ❧

Successful mining demands the prophetic vision. Also, it demands a scientific management of men.

Clerks are plentiful, but men who can carry responsibilities are as scarce as bull moose in the open season. Strong men are always in demand, and in Nineteen Hundred Seven Bush was chosen president of the Western Maryland Railroad, but he still retained his position with the Missouri Pacific Fuel Department.

¶ The Western Maryland was in a bad condition. It was two streaks of rust and a right of way, all right, all right. It had been tossed on the horns of the bulls and caught in the teeth of the bears. A receivership, therefore, was the only way out, and Bush was made receiver.

Bush rejuvenated and rehabilitated the road, and from a property that was practically an incubus on the owners, it was put on a paying basis.

Anybody can manage a first-class railroad. For instance, the New York Central and the Pennsylvania would run on gravity for a very long time—this without any prejudice towards Brown of the Central or McRae of the Pennsylvania.

But a railroad that is run down at the heel demands a man of brains, of courage and initiative.

The public at large is not much interested in Who and When and How, but the business world is always and forever scanning the horizon for men who can take a Nothing and make it into a Something

The ability to breathe the breath of life into a commercial corpse is a miracle very few men can perform.

A receivership usually means dissolution, with large and juicy fees for " Papa." With Benjamin Franklin Bush it meant a new lease of life, a being born again, a new incarnation of a valuable enterprise

In April, Nineteen Hundred Eleven, Mr. Bush was chosen President of the Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain and the Denver and Rio Grande.

This is the great Gould system. Jay Gould did a wonderful work in combining a long list of non-paying railroads, linking them up into a whole. What he might have done had he lived no man can say. His ambition was to do with the Western railroads, that composed the Gould System, what Commodore Vanderbilt had done with the New York Central and Hudson River.

But the Gould System fell into the hands of the bears, and then also the business-baiters got busy and the peanut politicians of the Southwest sat up nights, devising ways to tax, harass, subdue and destroy railroad values.

Of course this was not their express intent, but instead of comprehending big business and the difficulties of maintaining upkeep and taking care of the overhead and escaping the danger and disgrace of a deficit, they just set to work to secure political preference for themselves by coming in the name of the "dear people." Prosperity has been defined as that peculiar condition which excites the lively interest of the ambulance-chaser. So there are law-makers who know only two ways to share in prosperity and that is by the hold-up and the frame-up.

And so they taxed and legislated and supervised. The Southwest has had a strange experience, but happily it has lived through the rule of the highwayman, and then the demagogue, and the businessman is now coming into his own.

All good railroadmen now recognize that they can thrive only as the people thrive who live along their lines.

The motto of a good railroadman, "Trust in the Lord and haul no empties," is no idle slogan. You have to haul passengers both ways, and only a happy, prosperous people travel in both directions. ¶ From the very day that Benjamin F. Bush took charge of the Missouri Pacific, hope and courage were flashed throughout the entire line.

There is a disease known as factory melancholia. If there is a depression of spirit in the front office it goes out through the foreman, the superintendent, and reaches everybody in the employ of the institution. Even the horses that deliver the goods to the railroad-station will catch it. They will moderate their pace, and no longer will they frolic in glee. The brass on their harness is not receiving attention. The ivory rings are being lost. Indifference is showing itself in every department. Everybody is

saying, "What's the use!" The Missouri Pacific was suffering from dry rot. It lacked unity.

¶ Corporations, we are told, have no souls. This sometimes applies, and certain it is that a few years ago the Missouri Pacific had lost its soul.

But today it certainly possesses one. Every man in the employ of the Missouri Pacific feels the thrill of life along his keel. Pride is taking the place of gloom.

Bush does not ride in a private car. The word "private car" is not in his vocabulary. There are "business cars," but no man in the employ of this great system has a private car. The cars belong to the company and the employees use them, but not for junketing joy-rides.

I took a peep into one of these business cars. It was furnished with a severity in keeping with the man who has eliminated business frills and frivols; and who does not take on any superfluities at the expense of the company. He is neither a graberino nor a grafter. He is an employee—a servant of the company—and of the people.

In the general offices in Saint Louis I saw the same economy in furnishings. The gaudy and the unnecessary were given the go-by.

¶ We can all remember a time when railroad officials carried about one hundred twenty pounds of pressure on their dignity-tanks. Bush does n't. He runs no cold-storage plant. Anybody who has business with him can see him—and see him, too, on an equality

He has a wonderful capacity for absorbing the vital features of any proposition presented. He sees all around it. First, seemingly, he looks for its weak points, for the flaw and the leak, and then he looks for the advantages to be derived. He lets everybody talk themselves out and he listens with patience, and then he makes his decision.

In a year's time over twenty-five million dollars have been ex-

pended on improving the track and equipment of this great railroad system. New ties, heavier rails, ballast—the whole road has been literally and spiritually uplifted.

I was going down the " Iron Mountain " from Saint Louis to Hot Springs, and the conductor of the train, noting my preparation to shave, remarked, " Neighbor, you don't have to use a safety on this road." I found he was right.

The man was proud of his position, proud of his road, and when the opportunity came I saw it was the tendency of a Missouri Pacific man always and forever to speak well of the line.

A few years ago this spirit did not exist. It is the Big Ben spirit.

¶ Good health, good-cheer, unfailing courtesy and a patience that never tires are the chief ingredients that make up the new spirit of the Missouri Pacific.

The last quarter was the biggest that this company ever experienced in all its career. And things are still coming!

Bush does not take all the credit to himself for the fecundity of the soil of the great Southwest and the bumper yields in nine different crops. But the Missouri Pacific is certainly getting its share of the prosperity that is everywhere to be seen, especially in the West and the Great Southwest.

The Missouri Pacific System covers more than seven thousand miles of track. It is all West of the Mississippi except one hundred ninety miles in Southern Illinois that serves the coal-fields. Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, all are enriched by the Missouri Pacific, and all enrich the Missouri Pacific.

Here is an Empire that could feed the United States of America.

¶ On the " Iron Mountain " I noticed that for several hundred miles the road was lifted and re-ballasted, making washouts impossible ☙ ☙

It is a great thing to maintain your schedule. A maintained schedule creates a feeling of confidence in the patrons. It tends

to stability all along the line, gives faith to traveler and employee alike. Also, it reduces the running costs and lessens the risks.

Every modern improved appliance known to the railroad world is being installed by the untiring energy of President Bush. Speed, safety, co-operation, reciprocity, mutuality, are in evidence always and forever.

You will find that every station-agent throughout this vast system is feeling the magnetic spell of the vibrations sent out from the general offices. Every employee is made to feel that he is a link, and a necessary link, in the great chain.

Some years ago we used to hear the bewhiskered Populist say that the railroads were going to drain the Southwest of its wealth ☙ ☙

Any man who puts up this sort of argument should have his mentality rated in guinea-pig power.

And certain it is that the railroads are carrying money into the Southwest in exactly the same proportion that they are carrying it out.

Nature has been kind to the Southwest—call it Providence if you wish.

Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana form a territory that really has not been discovered. You have to get a perspective on this country, and that we have not yet been able to do, any more than the late Colonel Archimedes was able to find a place upon which to set his fulcrum in order that he might get a lever under the Planet Earth.

The high cost of living is not without its benefits. The world is studying scientific soil values as never before. Real estate in the South is advancing in value.

Benjamin Franklin Bush is first of all a human being. Every man in the great army of Missouri Pacific employees knows him—if not by sight, he knows who he is, what he is doing, and what he stands for.

Bush is simply a railroad employee, and his heart goes out, not only to his own colleagues, but to the entire world of workers.

The day before Election, I was in Saint Louis, and called at the general offices of the Missouri Pacific. On the bulletin-boards I saw a notice to the effect that the offices were to close on election-day at one o'clock, so all employees would have an opportunity to vote " for the candidates of their respective choice; and it is hoped that every qualified voter will take advantage of the opportunity."

Bush did not even faintly suggest how his men should vote, but he impressed upon them the fact that they should take a hearty interest in the welfare of the country and exercise their privilege of American citizenship.

Mr. Bush has done away with the railroad lobby, so far as his particular railroad system is concerned. He has a very strong prejudice against the idea of corporations participating in politics ❧ ❧

One main thing that distinguishes this man is the fact that he maintains a publicity bureau, and the business of this publicity bureau is to give out the truth concerning the railroad and its affairs. There has been a disposition in the past to run a railroad on a sort of gumshoe basis. If there were accidents, the truth was concealed from the public.

Mr. Bush thinks that the truth is good enough, and he wants the man in charge of the publicity bureau to give the facts to the newspapers just exactly as they occur. If complaints come in, remedy them, if possible, and never file or pigeonhole a complaint without first acknowledging it and then carefully investigating it and viewing the matter from every possible standpoint, and seeing that justice is done.

Mr. Bush's assumption is not that complaints are made by cranky, ill-natured individuals, but that there is a basis of truth at least, in every kick.

" The business of a railroadman," says Mr. Bush, " is to do his work so well that the kicker will run out of raw stock."

Mr. Bush is a firm believer in the white light of publicity; and while the facts may occasionally reflect on the management, yet the final effect must be good. It puts everybody on his good behavior, and tends to make him conduct his affairs in such a way that the truth will not hurt nor harm.

" The world having tried about everything in the list, no substitute has been found for truth. There is nothing just as good." So says Benjamin Franklin Bush. And here we get a new ethic in railroad management!

Theodore N. Vail

THE inventor of the telephone was Alexander Graham Bell, an instructor in Boston University. His official title was, "Professor of Vocal Physiology."

The salary attached to the office was in inverse ratio to the honors—it was just five hundred dollars a year.

Bell's specialty was visible speech, or the teaching of deaf-mutes to talk.

His father, Alexander Melville Bell, was an elocutionist and a teacher of rhetoric. He had served in the Universities of Edinburgh, of Dublin and of London.

This young man was a dreamer from Dreaming Town. He could watch words, and tell you their shape and tint. He could see them travel, tell you their rate of speed, and where they went.

Key, pitch, tone, modulation—these were his playthings.

Why were no two voices alike? Alexander Graham Bell, tall, pale, serious, could tell you why, if you had nothing else to do but listen

Voice, he argued, was a purely mechanical proposition, and having taken the stand he set out to prove it.

In Boston, at odd hours, he had private pupils, deaf-mutes, that he was endeavoring to make forget the finger alphabet, and catch the words without ever muffing one.

Among his pupils was a boy by the name of Georgie Sanders.

The Sanders family lived in Salem, sixteen miles from Boston.

The business of Sanders was to cut soles out of leather for shoes.

¶ He was a hustling businessman who needed all of his capital.

¶ By way of reciprocity, Bell was invited to make his home with the Sanders family in Salem, and teach Georgie visible speech for board and keep.

This he did, and he also used the cellar of the Sanders house as a workshop.

He littered the place with tuning-forks, magnets, batteries, coils of wire, tin cans, cigarboxes, and strange chemicals.

He had a string stretched from the cellar to the roof. Each end of the string (for all strings have two ends) was attached to the inside of a tin can. Sanders was ordered to go up on the roof and talk down to the boarder in the cellar. This was an old and interesting experiment which boys innumerable had tried. It was a talking string.

All you had to do was talk into the tin can and your voice would carry over the string for a distance of several hundred feet. This was the germ of the telephone.

To replace the string with wire, and render the wire sensitive with the aid of an electric battery, was an easy step—after you knew how.

Besides Georgie Sanders, the young professor had another interesting pupil, Mabel Hubbard by name.

When Mabel first came under the care of Professor Bell she was fifteen years old. This was in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-four.

¶ Mabel Hubbard was the daughter of Gardiner G. Hubbard of Boston, an attorney, writer, economist, and all-round man of affairs who was interested in everything human.

Hubbard was gentle, considerate, sympathetic, but knew too many things to make much of a success of any one; and was too conscientious to be a marked success in the practice of the law.

Mabel Hubbard was a deaf-mute, and she was Bell's best and brightest pupil. He used to tell her of his wonderful invention, by means of words which she never heard.

The inevitable followed.

Gardiner Hubbard had great respect for the young instructor in vocal gymnastics, but did not have any confidence in his inventive genius. That is where he differed from his daughter ❧

One day Bell said to Hubbard, " If I sing the note *A* close to the strings of the piano, the *A* string will answer me by vibrating."
" Well, what of it? " asked Hubbard.
" It is an evidence," said Bell, " that some day we will have a vocal telegraph. If I can project my voice over musical strings and these strings will reply, why can't I send my voice over wires? "
And Hubbard laughed. But Bell followed this up with another proposition, " If I can make your daughter talk, I can make metals talk, too."
And Hubbard sneezed.
Nevertheless, on February Fourteen, Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, there was issued to Alexander Graham Bell from the Patent Office in Washington the most important patent ever issued by the United States Government.
In this patent the word " telephone " is not used. That came later. That was the coinage of Gardiner G. Hubbard.
Sanders had put up the money to secure the patent, and had also grubstaked Bell for two years, for which Bell gave him a quarter interest in the invention.
A stock company was formed, with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars. The owners of this stock were Bell, Hubbard and Sanders.
It was playfully understood between the Hubbard family and Bell that, if the telephone was a success, Mabel Hubbard was to become Mrs. Bell.
And so it happened that one year after the granting of the patent, Alexander Graham Bell and Mabel Hubbard were married. Bell became one of the Hubbard family.
Bell on his wedding-day presented his bride with a certificate for all of his stock in the Bell Telephone Company.
It would have been easy for the patent to have sunk out of sight. No matter how good a thing is, the man who puts it before the

people, educates the people to its use, and successfully launches it on the tide of the times—this man is quite as important as the inventor ❧ ❧

Hubbard was a man of influence, with a wide acquaintanceship among businessmen, writers, politicians and teachers. He committed himself to the telephone, heart, head and hand.

Wherever he went, he carried with him a coil of wire and two telephones. This was before the days of the receiver and the transmitter. You simply talked into a disk, about the size of a saucer, and then you inclined your head and listened for a reply. Sometimes you heard it, and sometimes you did n't.

If you did n't, Hubbard always explained just why.

He had a coil of five hundred feet of piano-wire, with a telephone at each end. He strung this from one railroad-car to another, and then talked over the line.

This was the identical invention exhibited at the Centennial, where, for two months, no one paid any attention to it.

Even the wonderful and far-reaching patent that was given to Bell, merely described the article as " an improvement in the art of telegraphing."

The principle had been proven. Various other wires were strung. Sanders and Bell obtained permission to use a telegraph-wire, and they telephoned successfully between Salem and Boston.

¶ Both Sanders and Hubbard had neglected their regular affairs to float in this dream of long-distance conversation.

Working with Bell was a young man by the name of Thomas A. Watson, who was a mechanic and an electrician.

Watson was of immense help to Bell, and he was also a very important factor in enthusing Sanders and Hubbard, because Watson was a practical man, whereas Bell was spoken of as a college professor, and not much of a professor at that.

Hubbard succeeded in collaring Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, at the Centennial. And the Emperor, being an obliging gentleman

and with a turn of mind for the curious and peculiar, was greatly interested in the telephone; or, as it was then popularly called, the " talking-machine."

Anything that Dom Pedro talked about, the newspapers picked up. And Gardiner G. Hubbard succeeded in launching the entire newspaper press of Christendom into talking of the talking-machine, simply because Dom Pedro declared it was the greatest invention of the age.

Dom Pedro spoke of buying it out. And America sort of rubbed her sleepy eyes and got awake to the fact that there were possibilities in the talking-machine.

The Western Union Telegraph, seeing that Sanders and Hubbard were able to utilize telegraph-wires and send messages—although neither Sanders nor Hubbard were telegraph-operators—thought they saw a way whereby they could cut down expenses and talk over the wires, instead of using the slow and cumbersome dot and dash.

Sanders, Hubbard and Watson talked the matter over together, and then went to see President Orton of the Western Union. They offered him the stock, including the patent, for a hundred thousand dollars.

And President Orton gave them the smile audible.

The ticker, or tape-machine, was already in operation. President Orton knew more about the subject than he had intimated to Sanders, Bell and Hubbard. He had investigated the thing, believed that Bell's patent was of no value, and that it covered merely a plaything at the best.

Then it was that the Western Union Company also organized a corporation known as the American Speaking Telephone Company, with a capital of three hundred thousand dollars.

Edison, Gray and Dolbear were retained, and the three greatest electricians were placed on the Western Union payroll.

The announcement was sent forth to the world that the only

original telephone was the one that the Western Union owned; and this telephone was the combined invention of Dolbear, Gray and Edison.

Here comes in a most unexpected turn. Bell, Sanders and Hubbard, instead of being cast down, were now greatly encouraged. ¶ The very fact that the Western Union Telegraph Company—the greatest corporation then in America, or in the world—had acknowledged that the telephone idea had a tangible, practical, actual value filled them with enthusiasm.

Bell, Hubbard and Sanders had a banquet in a Boston sub-cellar restaurant, and blew themselves to the extent of one dollar and twenty-five cents for the feast.

They pounded each other on the back, toasted each other in *aqua pura*, and declared that they were the people, and that telephone wisdom would die with them.

They began making telephones, supplying them to factories whose offices were a mile or so away, and to places that had branches. They ran in debt to the full extent of their credit—which was n't very much.

What they needed was a business manager, and Gardiner G. Hubbard said he would find one.

Hubbard about this time had been named by President Hayes as chairman of a commission to suggest ways and betterments in the Post-Office System.

On one of his trips to Washington, Hubbard met Theodore N. Vail, then head of the Railway Mail Srevice.

Hubbard took out of his valise his coil of wire and two telephones. Vail went into the second car ahead, and at one end of the line, with Hubbard at the other, they planned out a little scheme for quick communication of the people.

If you want to know how crude the telephone then was, just remember that the way they " called " was by tapping with the fingers on the membrane of the telephone.

Hubbard's enthusiasm was catching. Vail was " exposed " and caught it, and Hubbard, on the spot, hired Vail as the General Manager of the Bell Telephone Company at a salary of three thousand dollars a year.

And then Hubbard wrote a letter to Vail, saying, "We rely upon your executive ability, your fidelity, and your unremitting zeal."

Young Vail wrote back in dignified terms: "My faith in the success of the enterprise is such that I am willing to trust my life to it. I have confidence that we shall establish the harmony and co-operation that are essential to a great enterprise."

One week later, Theodore N. Vail had resigned his position with the Government, and taken his seat at a kitchen-table in a shabby little office in a back-room in Reade Street, New York. And the Bell Telephone Company was in existence.

Because a man's salary is three thousand dollars a year is no reason he gets it. Vail was obliged to accept his pay in stock. He had a few thousand dollars, and this went for stock, too, because the Company needed the money.

Bell was the inventor of the telephone. Watson was the man who constructed the mechanical part of the machine.

Sanders financed it.

Hubbard advertised it.

But Vail put it on a practical business basis.

Vail took up the work with as good a preparation as any man could have possessed. Vail was to business what Bell was to invention

Vail was born of a mechanical family. His own father had not done very much, but genius is apt to skip one generation. His granduncle Stephen had built the engines for the *Savannah*, the first steamship to cross the Atlantic Ocean. One of his relatives was the intimate friend and helper of Morse, the inventor of the telegraph

Morse had lived for several years at the Vail homestead in

Morristown, and the Vail family had grubstaked Morse, just as Sanders had grubstaked Alexander Graham Bell.

At Morristown, Morse erected his first telegraph-line, a three-mile circuit. This was in the year Eighteen Hundred Thirty-eight.

Theodore N. Vail had heard this story over and over, and was heir, prenatally, to the science of intercommunication. As far as this science had progressed, he knew it, having learned it from his mother's lips.

He was a telegraph-operator and a skilled man in the management of the handling of mails.

He was an economist of time, money and materials. With it all he was an athlete, and had glowing good health.

This was in the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-seven. Vail was then thirty-two. He was two years older than Alexander Graham Bell ❧ ❧

The owners of the Bell Telephone Company at that time were Mabel Bell, Gardiner G. Hubbard, Thomas A. Watson, Thomas Sanders, Theodore N. Vail and W. H. Forbes.

Forbes was a rich man, a Boston blueblood, and the son-in-law of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Forbes was the first President of the Bell Telephone Company.

The introduction of Forbes into the business put it on a sound commercial footing, and caused the Company, for the first time, to receive the respect of the business world.

Just before Forbes took an interest in the business, there were various entries, which may yet be seen in the Bell Telephone cashbook, as follows:

Money advanced to Bell	*50c*
Hubbard, for lunch	*20c*
On acct. to Vail	*$4.75*

And now, behold, the unexpected happened. The Western Union Company entered suit against the Bell Telephone Company, demanding an injunction.

Behind this suit were the biggest lawyers in New York City and Boston ❧ ❧

The Bell Company had given out rights to subsidiary companies in various cities through the United States. Action was brought against each of these separate companies, and everybody connected with the Bell Company who could be was attached—even the users of a telephone were up against the legal game. The Bell folks were to be flattened out by the judicial willopus-wallopus, and quickly, too.

The Western Union Company claimed that there were three men who had invented the telephone; that each of these three patents was theirs, and that these men had all perfected their machines before Bell was in the field.

The case began in the Autumn of Eighteen Hundred Seventy-eight, and lasted, for a full year. A thousand witnesses and more were examined, and exhausted.

After a year, and before the Referee had put in his report, the attorneys for the Western Union notified their clients that Alexander Graham Bell was the original inventor of the telephone.

¶ They suggested compromise, and their advice was taken.

A committee of three from each side was appointed and spent five months in arguing the case from every possible standpoint.

¶ At the end of this time a treaty of peace was drawn up and signed ❧ ❧

This treaty was very brief, but it covered the case:

First, that the Western Union admit that Bell is the original inventor of the telephone; *second*, that his patents are valid; *third*, that the Western Union agree to retire from the telephone business ❧ ❧

The Bell Company agree, *first*, to buy the Western Union Telephone system at the appraised cost of construction; *second*, to pay the Western Union a royalty of twenty per cent on all telephone rentals; *third*, to keep out of the telegraph business.

¶ This agreement was to remain in force for seventeen years. It was a mighty good thing for both the telegraph and the telephone people.

The Western Union had gone into the business under a misapprehension. They had supposed confidently that their system of telegraph wires could be used for telephone purposes, and it took them several years to discover that the current required for telephone business is almost infinitesimal. It is so very slight that it can not be measured, and yet, without it, the wire is not sufficiently sensitive or alive.

On the other hand, the heavy, coarse wires then used for telegraph business, and the heavy current, made it almost impossible to utilize the equipment for telephoning.

The use of a telegraph-wire for telephone purposes would require an entire rebuilding of the lines.

At that time, the telegraph business was a big business, and the telephone business was a small one.

The telegraph was making money, and the telephone people were struggling to get on their feet.

There is no romance of Victor Hugo, Sir Walter Scott or Jules Verne that equals in romance the rise of the telephone business.

Thomas Sanders sold his stock for a million dollars, and lost most of the money in Colorado gold mines. However, he had given a certain amount of stock to his mother, and this had been doubled by the liberality of Mabel Bell. And so the Sanders family was made passing rich.

Gardiner G. Hubbard became a millionaire several times over, and had a deal more money than he ever knew what to do with, with his simple ways of life.

Hubbard was rich in money, rich in friends, and he managed to distribute his love and his money—some of both where it did positive good.

Thomas A. Watson, the dollar-a-day mechanic, became a million-

aire, and established a shipbuilding plant near Boston. This business flourished, and it now employs several thousand men.

¶ As for Alexander Graham Bell, being a poet, a schoolteacher and a lover by nature, he had presented all of his holdings and patent-rights to his bride on their wedding-day, with a note saying that, if it had not been for her, the telephone would never have been invented. In other words, the invention of the telephone was owing to the so-called disability of Mabel Hubbard.

¶ Thus was a calamity turned into a monumental success.

Parties with a certain per cent of sentiment in their cosmos declared that what Bell said to his wife on their wedding-day was absolutely and coldly true.

This young woman gave him the encouragement without which he would never have gone ahead and carried his invention to a successful conclusion. Moreover, without the tangible help of the girl's father, the matter would never have been publicized and brought before the world.

Also, without the help of Gardiner G. Hubbard, Vail—the man who organized the business and put it on a firm financial footing —would not have been discovered.

When Vail took up the work of managing the Bell Telephone Company and piloting it to success, through shoals and shallows, passing many a rocky cape out into the fairway where the water was deep, Bell turned to his work of instructing deaf-mutes.

On the subject of teaching the deaf and dumb, Bell has given to the world about all of the literature it possesses. This literature was expanded and published by Gardiner G. Hubbard.

The universities of the world have vied with one another in giving Alexander Graham Bell tokens of recognition.

The French Government gave him the Volta Prize of fifty thousand francs, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Germany, England, Italy and Austria have recognized him with various decorations

The Postal Service Boys have never lost sight of Theodore N. Vail, and every now and then, Vail, on his trips backward and forward between Boston and New York, will go into the postal car and work the mail, just as Thomas A. Edison, on election night, sits at a receiver taking down the returns, handing them out, impassively.

If any one living person knows the telegraph, telephone and mail demands of mankind, and how to supply them, Vail is the man.

¶ Well has he been called, " The Monte Cristo of Communication."

Not long ago a man in Chicago, from his room in the Hotel Sherman, put in a telephone call for the President of the United States. He got him.

And then the gazebo asked to talk with the Governor of each State. Central, nothing surprised, for Central is never surprised at anything, replied in cheery tones, "All right! "

And in three hours the man had talked with them all, or with their secretaries, and knew just how they stood on a certain subject.

¶ You can communicate with Emperor William of Germany, the Czar of Russia, the Mikado of Japan, or a businessman in Sydney, Australia, as easily as forty years ago you could communicate between New York and classic Hoboken.

The one thing that differentiates this age from all others that have gone before it is the matter of intercommunication of the people

Transportation is the matter of conveying persons or commodities from place to place.

Communication is the matter of conveying ideas, thoughts, emotions, desires, over distances—long or short.

There are in the United States today, in round numbers, fifteen thousand telephone companies.

These companies are known by various and sundry names, but usually the word " Home " or " Independent " is applied.

If by chance some financial tidal wave should wipe these fifteen thousand companies out of existence, between the evening twilight and the dawn, it would create scarcely a ripple of disappointment, save among those who own or operate them.

If, however, the telephone company known as "The Bell System" should cease to operate for a single day, it would discommode, disarrange and disintegrate business to a degree which would be unequaled by the stoppage of any other single public service, save the United States mail alone.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, commonly known as The Bell system, maintains and operates about seven million telephone stations.

It employs about one hundred fifty thousand helpers.

It owns fourteen million miles of wire, and its customers converse over these wires to the extent of twenty-five million conversations, daily.

The value of the property owned by this company approximates a thousand million dollars.

Nominally, there is a goodly profit in the telephone business. It figures up pretty nearly as good as raising pigs. Starting in with one sow that has two litters of ten pigs each, the increase is in geometric ratio. Or that goose farmer where the honks were sold to autoists.

New inventions have made the scrap-heap a great absorber of profits in the telephone business.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company deals in just one commodity, and that commodity is service.

The success of this company turns on the quality of service that it supplies.

As stated above, it has fifteen thousand competitors. These so-called independent companies are financed for the most part from the territory which they cover. The promoters go into any town or city where the Bell System operates and start an opposition

company, securing capital in the vicinity. So we see the slogan on letterheads, billheads, delivery-wagons, billboards, and in advertisements, thus: " We strive to please—Both Phones." There seems to be an idea fixed in the minds of the proletariat that a man with two telephones is twice as big a businessman as if he had but one.

Guests of a hotel would not tolerate two telephones in a room. But often the clerk will call you and say: "You are wanted on the Home Phone. Please come down to the office."

And then you say things unprintable. If defined we could put it in this way:

Hell: Three telephone systems in a town.

Purgatory: Two telephone systems.

Paradise: One good telephone system.

The independent companies operate about three million telephones. Their capital stock is, say, five hundred million dollars. The yearly income is about a hundred million dollars.

Almost every town and city in the Middle and Far West and South has an " independent " telephone company.

However, in the main, the independent companies have done the world good. They have inspired the " Bell " to improve its service in every possible way. A person given to persiflage might also say they have done the world good and proper—but this is another story.

It is a curious fact that one group of men have, in several instances, organized upwards of two hundred telephone companies in as many different towns and localities. These men go into a town and suggest telephone service at, perhaps, one-half what the people are paying. The average man, knowing nothing about the the cost of telephone service, nibbles at the bait, and is willing to put up one hundred or two hundred dollars for stock.

The company may have a capital of five, ten, fifteen, twenty-five or fifty thousand dollars, all depending upon the amount of

territory that is to be covered. The individual or group composing the company usually keeps more or less out of sight, and operates through some local business man as head of the enterprise. Everybody in that town is sort of blackmailed into coming in. Civic pride is worked overtime, and the necessity of standing together and twisting the tail of the octopus is made apparent.

The promoters take their pay in stock. They make money in the organization through construction and supplying equipment. If the district is a sparsely settled one, and the amount of business does not look very encouraging, these promoters simply sell out their stock and disappear into the circumambient ether, and, nobody ever having seen much of them, they are not missed.

These independent lines were formed with the intent, for the most part, of selling out.

The Bell System has bought up a great number of them and is still absorbing them as they come into the market, at a fair valuation ❧ ❧

It does not require much of a prophet to see that eventually one telephone company in the United States will be ample and sufficient ❧ ❧

This company will be under the supervision of the United States Government. There will be a directing board appointed by the Government that will work with the directors of the company ❧ ❧

This governing board will be made up of competent businessmen, who know the difficulties involved, and who have a high sense of what constitutes a perfect service. On this board the demagogue, the professional politician, the promoter and the bounder will have no place.

The ambition of the Bell System is to give the maximum of service at a minimum of cost.

The responsibility and accountability of this corporation to the public can not be misunderstood or evaded. When there is one

company we know whom to blame when things go wrong. This company obligates itself to serve the people, and it must do so with the greatest possible amount of efficiency in order to save its corporate soul alive.

The Bell System was reorganized in Nineteen Hundred under the name of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. The Western Union Telegraph and the Telephone Company are practically one institution.

Mr. Vail, from time to time in his career has been able to reach down or up and strike an untapped reservoir of strength. He has moved from point to point, always making head. This ability to be physically and mentally born again is a wonderful achievement.

¶ Professor James, of Harvard, wrote a book on the subject, entitled, *Untapped Reservoirs,* wherein he endeavored to prove that under normal conditions every man should keep growing and evolving in mental power.

The brain is an organ. It is the last organ of the body to develop. It grows through exercise, just as all organs do, and only when properly exercised can a man hope to have an efficient and masterful brain.

But if any living man has worked out the problem of getting the most out of life, it is this man, Theodore N. Vail.

Vail is interested in every living thing. There is no enterprise, and no line of human activity, that is not vital to him.

He has the curiosity of youth. He has known poverty, sorrow, loss, misunderstanding, but he has worked his difficulties up into life and cashed in his errors and mistakes.

We grow by elimination. Vail knows everything that will not work

East, West, North and South, on the Equator, in the South Temperate Zone and the North Temperate Zone, this man is equally temperate and at home. He loves horses, knows breeds of cattle, is interested in poultry, is an enthusiast on school-

gardens, on good roads, and on everything that relates to human betterment.

On Mr. Vail's great farm in Vermont, there is raised a wonderful crop ❧ ❧

What crop is it? It is the best product that Vermont produces—men! ❧ ❧

Vail's farm is a school where a hundred boys are taught scientific agriculture, and the beauty of earning an honest living with their hands ❧ ❧

He loves children, and I have seen him stop his automobile on a country road to pick up schoolchildren headed for the little Red Schoolhouse and give them a ride.

Little foolish things, you say? Well! Nevertheless, they mark the sympathetic heart of a man who has lived a most useful life, and who is now the active head of two of the greatest and most useful corporations of the world, and who yet has the faculty of putting himself into the place of the country boy.

Vail has time to listen to a good story—and tell one—if the tale is not too long.

He can laugh, and he can even laugh at himself.

Vail impresses you as a well-nourished, happy, sympathetic, generous man.

Personally, he practises all of the economies of New England. If he dines alone, a thirty cent lunch is quite enough.

Just after Vail became President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, he summoned a number of the big heads of departments and district managers to New York City for conference. There were a hundred or so of these men that he wanted to see. He wanted to know them and he wanted them to know him. It was necessary that they catch a little of this great enthusiasm and boundless faith which Vail himself possessed in American possibilities. The question was, How would Vail entertain these men when he got them to New York?

And what did he do? He just rented a yacht that belonged to a princely nabob who happened to be in Europe.

Anything belongs to Vail that Vail wants. No man would refuse him anything, no matter what, because he is a man who would not ask for a thing he did not need.

And so he told the nabob that he must have that yacht for a few months.

It was a beautiful craft, and here on this yacht Vail met the district managers and department heads as they came—perhaps a dozen at a time—from all over the United States and from Europe as well.

It was a great diplomatic blend of business and pleasure. They sailed up the Hudson, and out on the Sound, and even got a taste of the rolling sea.

Vail listened to what they had to say, and they listened to him, and when they parted they parted as friends. They had played together and laughed together, and men who have laughed and played together always thereafter think well of one another.

Vail commands the loyalty of his men to a degree that no other businessman, perhaps, in America does. He is a Jovian, and the Jovians are the boys who are doing big things in an electric way.

¶ Some years ago, when the telephone business was largely divided between New York and Boston, Mr. Vail found it necessary to make several trips a week backward and forward. At first he rode with the " folks " on the regular trains, and was often to be found in the day-coach or smoking car.

He discovered, however, that there was too much visiting going on, and a trip entailed a waste of time unless he could get by himself where he could relax, think, drowse or work, as the mood inclined ❧ ❧

And so he got a special car and rode alone or with two or three particular men that he wanted to talk to.

That was a great economic stroke. Instead of making a date with

a man at the office, he simply invited him to ride over to Boston, and together they thrashed out the matter. And you can depend upon it that when they arrived in Boston the other man had accepted Vail's point of view!

There is a degree of economy which is positive loss. There is that which giveth and yet increaseth, and there is that which withholdeth and tendeth to poverty.

Theodore N. Vail is a great economist.

He is a great enterpriser. He knows how to spend big sums and get the money back.

As for throwing money at the English sparrows, this he never does

Personally, his wants are few. He possesses the virtues of New England, fused with the beautiful spirit of the Middle West. He is ever willing to throw away a good thing for a better one.

If a man were to be selected as General Commissioner of the Post-Office Department, with authority to go ahead and do anything with wires, wheels and mail-sacks which, in his judgment, seemed right and proper, Theodore N. Vail would be the only man to whom the commission should go.

The telephone business began as an interesting and curious plaything. Then it became a convenience in big factories and institutions, where the officers were scattered over a considerable acreage; instead of sending a boy with a message, a telephone was used.

It was regarded then that in a great city, with a vast complexity of business, the telephone would not meet the requirements, so we had the "A. D. T.," which supplied the humorists good raw stock and was referred to as "Any Damn Time." And it makes us smile to think that the first "telephone-girls" were these A. D. T. boys.

¶ The telephone business crawled up until it became a rival of the telegraph, and then it was neck and neck with the telegraph.

¶ Now, in extent of operation, it vastly surpasses the telegraph.

¶ Emerson says: " Great teachers do not teach us anything. In their presence we are simply different people." The strongest men in the world are not necessarily the most influential. Napoleon, Cæsar, Frederick the Great, dominated men. They wore their opinions pompadour. In their presence other men sank into insignificance.

Great personalities iron the individuality out of other people. Perhaps we will some day discover that the supremely great man is the one who allows other people to live their lives, and who, while doing a great work, is preparing the world to do without him.

Mr. Vail does not subdue and destroy the personality of his colleagues and helpers. He is simply one of them. They do not fear him. They respect, admire and love him. He fills them with enthusiasm, and no one can meet this man, Theodore N. Vail, without really thinking better of himself.

Vail has educated a vast army of men to take the initiative, to carry responsibilities, and to shoulder big burdens.

Vail is one of the World-Makers.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg and C. W. Post

IN BATTLE CREEK, the home of the Breakfast Foods, live two live men. There may be more than two live men in Battle Creek—I really can not say—but there are only two that are so thoroughly alive that they will live long after they are dead.

Some one has said—out in Utah, I believe—that no house is big enough for two families ❧ Also, we might say that no town is big enough for two big men.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg and Charles W. Post are men of initiative—powerful, restless, nervous, ambitious, opinionated, prejudiced, with ego plus and the Builder's Itch.

This type of man is the only kind that builds institutions—and they all have the defect of their qualities.

This article is no paid ad., for sad to relate it will displease both Post and Kellogg, neither of whom will allow the other's name to be mentioned in his presence, unless you sneeze.

Kellogg has impressed himself on the world profoundly. He is hated and loved, scorned and praised, vilified and worshiped ❧ He is a theological-psycho-medico-talkissimus who will write an editorial for a Seventh Day Advent journal, lecture for two hours, diagnose the status of forty patients as fast as a sunrise judge passes judgment on the socially derelict; and then will operate for ten hours without rest.

Through the Kellogg sanitarium pass say, ten thousand patients a year. Some die. A vast majority get well. And some get mad—and these that get mad get well, having received an impetus that stopped introspection and put a kibosh on the messianic instinct, which is simply a search for help outside of yourself.

Life is disillusion. ¶ The great man is a sore disappointment, when inspected at close range.

Carlyle said of Jesus Christ, "A great mon, a great mon—but he had his limitations!"

So has Kellogg—and so has Post. Dr. Kellogg can bring up more scientific mishmush and silly, sectarian pishmince in a lecture than any man I ever heard. He regards certain denominational abstractions as verities, and symptoms, diseases. He decides quickly—and is sometimes right. Having no children of his own, he has legally adopted forty-six babies and brought them up in the way they should go.

Kellogg is the Archbishop of Crankdom. He is a radical conservative, an altruistic individualist, and is as cock-sure as John Calvin.

¶ He has been too busy all of his life to live all of his theories. He is submerged in a sea of dialectics and dietetics, and being so occupied, it is quite likely he has made a few mistakes, for which, being a doctor, he is not responsible. On the whole, let it be truthfully stated that in his kicking, he has certainly kicked the ball toward the goal.

His vegetarian diet, his sand baths, his plea for work, are all excellent, beneficent and altogether lovely.

If he thinks that heaven is a vast sanitarium, and Gabriel an operating surgeon, this is only because, like the dyer's hand, he has been subdued by the medium in which he works. Great is Dr. Kellogg, and long may he live to replace the hypodermic needle with the hot pedaluvium, and hot air.

Dr. Kellogg is an individual. There are only a very few in this world—most folks are merely persons. Individuals lead and direct people. You can't argue with an individual—you have to obey him, kill him, or move on.

When an individual meets another individual there is apt to be an explosion ☙ ☙

Charles W. Post went to Battle Creek about twenty years ago, a broken-down, nervous wreck. Dr. Kellogg was the magnet that attracted him.

As Nietzsche went to worship at the feet of Richard Wagner, so went Post to Kellogg, with a like result. Post soon discovered the fact that all wise men know, which is this, that the feet of all idols are made of mud.

Post thought that Kellogg's treatment did him no good. The absolute fact is, that Dr. Kellogg worked the cure of the used-up Post, and Kellogg is grandfather to Postum. Kellogg did the miracle by making Post think for himself—by stinging him into a self-reliant attitude, by arousing in him a fighting quality of mind.

¶ Post got well. He got well by the exercise of his sky-piece, which was evidently in sore danger of atrophy through disease, until he came in contact with the Battle Creek Dynamo.

Kellogg probably does not know that he stings and irritates many of his patients into health—but he does.

Twenty years ago C. W. Post was a failure, financially, physically, mentally. Like that man who went to Muldoon's on a shutter, and in six weeks eloped with the Muldoon maid-of-all-work, so did Post go to Kelloggdom, got back his besom, and started a business that makes Kellogg divide honors. The joke is on Kellogg !

Post is one of America's great Captains of Industry, a multi-millionaire, a man in splendid health—lean, lithe, sinewy and strong—and as an economist and sociologic intellectual factor, he cannot be overlooked. Three centuries ago in France, they would have made him a cardinal.

To compare Post and Kellogg would be unfair to both. In some ways they are very much alike. In others, vastly different.

Kellogg is swamped in the shallows of detail. Post is one of those very rare men who know how to get others to do their work. He saves himself for the task which no one else can do.

Kellogg's lectures on right living set the mind of Post perambulating. Whether Grape-Nuts and Postum are superior to the products produced by Kellogg, it would be indelicate to ask.

¶ To make the world believe they are, has been the task of Post. That he has succeeded is undeniable, even by Kellogg.

Success in life turns on salesmanship. Sheldon is right. Post is a very great salesman—he is a hypnotic advertiser.

A thing may be ever so good, but if it is not rightly presented, the enterprise is nil.

Battle Creek is a monument to Breakfast Food feuds. Factories there, by the dozen, stand idle, save for the spiders, rats and bats, and the bats in the belfries of the erstwhile owners.

Post has succeeded beyond the dreams of avarice. His success looked so easy that capital came a-running, and internes and invalids invented names, ordered cartons, and saw themselves pressing buttons and riding in limousines.

Meantime Post plugged along, and most of the others with something just as good went to the wall. Kellogg, of course, is a fixture, for back of him is the sanitarium and a great religious denomination, preaching a doctrine of fear and making invalids faster than Kellogg can cure them. Orthodoxy supplies the raw stock—Kellogg does the rest.

Meanwhile, Post has a mortgage on the town. Also does he spend fifty thousand dollars a month in advertising—and builds hundreds of homes for folks who would otherwise be homeless—and gives goose-flesh to organized labor.

That the Post products have much merit, there is no doubt, even if they are made of nothing but wheat and New Orleans molasses. They hold the trade.

Post feeds the people, and the people pay for his advertisements. All are satisfied.

Post is a business man. As an organizer, manufacturer, advertiser, builder, he has written his name large on the tablet of the times. Not only did he have to invent his product, and name it, but he had to construct appliances to produce it. And then he had to convince a nation that it needed it.

The business that begins big, busts. The business that lasts is the one that begins small, and the man grows with it.

If the business grows faster than the man, it is nearing the rocks, and just beyond can be heard the siren song of the surf.

Perhaps, in the larger sense all business is for the production of men

One-man power is the only kind that counts. The man who has to explain and get another's O. K. before he can act, sees his enthusiasm ooze and the idea escape.

Post is finer than anything he produces. Grape-Nuts and Postum have made Post. And just bear in mind that twenty years ago, Post was an invalid, sleepless, irritable, confused with a digestive apparatus on a continual strike.

Now you behold a man not quite fifty, tall, erect, rapid—who can think on his feet and write as he travels.

Post's plant at Battle Creek is a model of decency, order and system. The product is produced without being touched by human hands. Every improvement in the way of sanitary appliance is found. There are bathrooms, rest rooms, pictures, books and work for the people under sunny, happy conditions.

Every improvement which Factory Inspection exacts has been seen and gone one better.

All the demands of organized labor have been met and more—save the one that the owner shall turn his business over to a Committee named by the Amalgamated Moulders.

Post believes that the man who has built up a business and who can not run away from it—who, if it goes down in bankruptcy and disgrace, has to go down with it—should be allowed to run it. This seems reasonable and right.

Post has met Unionism and fought it to a finish, as far as his own shop is concerned. Now he is devoting thousands of dollars to fighting it, on principle, and for the good of mankind.

As the implacable foe of union labor he is the foremost man in

America. And indeed, with say one exception, he is the only big manufacturer who stands out in the open and says his say on labor problems. The rest of them hesitate, lisp, go slow and reach for the safety-clutch.

And yet without Unionism, the Post plant would never have taken on its present degree of excellence, any more than it would have been started without Kellogg. Post hates two things—Kelloggism and Unionism—the two things that have made him. "And each man kills the thing he loves," etc.

Factory betterments are the result of a fight. At first they are opposed by the manufacturer; then he takes them up, becomes fired with the idea, and goes beyond what the unions ask. In this case, he in turn is then opposed by Unionism, for his efforts at betterment have become patronage, and this, American labor will not tolerate.

Post received ingratitude, exactly as the National Cash Register Company has. Both did too much. Freedom implies a great deal of play to your pulleys—to get power you must not screw things up too tight.

Whether Post knows how much the Walking Delegate has done for the world by jacking up the maker of Grape-Nuts to do and dare, is a problem. But true it is, that all things work together for good whether you love the Lord or not.

Invalidism, Dr. Kellogg, and Unionism have been essential factors in the evolution of Charles W. Post, inventor, creator, builder, business man, controversialist and reformer.

Judge Lindsey

DOWN in Boston they have a Female Jail—and why not, since in Buffalo they have a Female Seminary? Well, in the kindness of their judicial hearts in Boston when children are arrested, boys and girls, they put them in with the Lady Criminals instead of the Gents. The idea is founded on the supposition that all women have a motherly instinct and will exert themselves in looking after the little waifs. ¶ If a worse blunder could occur than locking boys up with depraved men, it is to lock them up with depraved women. To picture the dire effects upon a child of contact with drunken women of the streets is frightful to contemplate, but it reveals the thoughtless, inconsiderate, heedless treatment meted out to the luckless little ones, even in the great Commonwealth of Massachusetts

The State of Massachusetts, like most other States, recognizes its duty done when it provides a prison in which to lock the boy up. A bad boy should be thankful for really any kind of a jail—goodness gracious!

Judge Lindsey was recently in Boston and gave twenty-three public addresses in five days. To his simple, heartfelt story of what he is doing in Denver for the boys of the street, and the so-called bad boys, the Bostonians listened with wonder. Many doubted the literal truth of the message, others smiled and talked of "Hypnotism," and one eminent jurist remarked, "We do not need advice in Massachusetts from people who live on the borders of civilization as to the management of our criminals. We have had three hundred years' experience in this line. I can try all the children that are arrested in Boston during a week, in an hour." And that he could there is no doubt, but he could not try them in the Judge Lindsey way.

In speaking of football in his last annual report, that very excellent man, President Eliot of Harvard, said, " It is childish to suppose that the men who have allowed this monstrous abuse to grow up, can reform it." It is so with every other " monstrous abuse "—the people who allow it to evolve, who grow up in it, and around it, and with it, know nothing about it any more than pollywogs know of the pond. Changes are wrought by outsiders; and so the little man from Denver, in his mild and gentle manner, told Boston some things about her duty to her boys and girls that made Culture stand first on one foot and then on t 'other.

¶ The plan of railroading accused persons before a magistrate, at the rate of one a minute, with occasionally five minutes given to a case, is very common. It is easy to punish for the act, but to find out why the act was committed is another thing. Punishing for the act is like treating symptoms instead of locating the disease, and removing the cause.

Judge Lindsey weighs one hundred and twenty pounds in the shade—just one-half of what Taft scales.

But Judge Lindsey has done things that have never been done before in the history of the world, and the beneficent influence he is wielding is mighty and far-reaching.

Officially he is known as the Hon. Benjamin B. Lindsey, Judge of the Probate Court and Magistrate of the Juvenile Court. But to the street boys of Denver he is plain Daddy Lindsey.

The custom in most places when children are arrested is to put them in the pen with the drunks, suspects, vagrants and hardened criminals. Thus every jail is a school of crime.

Judge Lindsey was the first man in America to provide a " Detention School " for children under arrest. The school is in charge of a man and his wife who were and are schoolteachers and are experienced in the management of children.

The next move was to investigate each case and find out why the child did the thing with which he was charged. The child

was regarded as " a victim of unkind conditions," and instead of bagging him off to the Reform School, an earnest effort was put forth to better his environment. And by the probation system he was kept in touch with those who have his best interests and welfare at heart.

About three years ago a boy was brought before Judge Lindsey charged with stealing sand and lumber from a Railroad Company. He was caught by a railroad detective, red-handed. He pleaded guilty and asked for his " papers "—which means that he was ready to take his commitment papers and go to the Reform School

Judge Lindsey hesitated about sending this frank, active, alert and intelligent little fellow away without further investigation. So the Judge just put on his hat and he and the youthful criminal took a street car to the boy's home in the suburbs of the city. The house where the lad lived was small and very plain—the home of a laborer, built on a lot 25 x 75. In the little yard behind the house was a pile of sand, stolen sand, and two barefoot little girls were digging in it. In the corner was a shanty the boy had built with his stolen lumber.

Judge Lindsey explained to the boy the wrong of taking things that belonged to other people and the sin of stealing sand, even if the railroad did have plenty. But he did not send the boy back to the Detention School, neither did he commit him to the Reformatory

The Judge went straight to the office of the Superintendent of Schools and induced that worthy to go with him and see the stolen sand and the play-house built with lumber that was pinched.

Then these two men laid the case before an official of the Railroad Company. The result was that the Company donated a lot near by for a public playground and deposited on it a carload of sand. And the Superintendent of Schools fitted up the basement of the ward school with improvised manual training apparatus. The

bad boy who had stolen the sand was made monitor of the room, with a request to gather up all the bad boys in that vicinity and set them to work. The result has been that the arrests of juveniles in the ward have been cut down eighty per cent.

When Judge Lindsey decides that it is best to send a boy to the Reform School at Golden, he does not send an officer with the youngster. No, he just makes out the commitment papers, gives the lad thirty-five cents to pay car fare, shakes hands with him, and away he goes. Of a hundred boys sent in this way, not one has proved disloyal to the trust reposed in him. Judge Lindsey believes in the boy, and the boy believes in Judge Lindsey, and when you get a boy in that frame of mind where he responds to a trust, proving true, even going to prison alone and unattended, that boy is on the way to reformation, for he is reforming himself.

¶ Judge Lindsey is one of the modern saviors of the world.

John North Willys

WE have a new word. This word is used in every sermon that is being preached, in almost every editorial written, in most advertisements printed. ¶ When thinking men meet and mingle you will hear this word used over and over again. This is the word "Efficiency."

Aristotle and Plato separated over the relative value of poetry and philosophy. And while poetry and philosophy have not been discarded from our lives, they hold comparatively insignificant places. They are derivatives and not categories.

The big man now is the efficient man.

The question today is not, "What do you know?" but "What can you do?"

Once all honors went to the destroyer and the exploiter. The man who could kill was king by divine right.

Now, honors go to efficiency. The efficient man is a creator and builder

To be efficient, not only must you make a living for yourself, but out of the surplus of your efficiency you must be able to do for others

The world is being made over, and man's business is to work with Nature, to utilize natural forces and combine them in forms of utility and beauty.

Philosophy means talking and thinking about things. Poetry means graceful, gracious and beauteous expressions of life. But it is not enough to be grateful, gracious and beautiful. We must be useful. This is the kernel of the new American Philosophy. And philosophy is your highest ideal of life.

There are five big efficiency engineers whose names we often hear. These men are Louis D. Brandeis, Frederick W. Taylor, Henry L. Gantt, Morris L. Cooke and Harrington Emerson.

Before the Inter-State Commerce Commission, when the question of raising railroad rates was up for discussion, Mr. Emerson made the assertion that the railroads were wasting a million dollars a day through inefficiency. Challenged to prove his figures, Emerson set about and reaffirmed his dictum—only placing the figure at two million dollars a day.

The General Manager of a Great Railway System about this time, very gently pooh-poohing the statements and figures of Emerson, decided to hire him; and so Emerson was given an opportunity to go into the shops and offices and put his efficiency ideas into practical use. And now his methods are being adopted by various other big railroad systems.

Emerson's claim that in the average factory the workmen give only sixty-five or seventy per cent of efficiency is believed by many economists to be safely within the bounds of truth.

It is easy to philosophize on the subject of efficiency; but to build up a factory and maintain a degree, say, of ninety-five per cent efficiency is another thing.

In my mind, one of the most efficient business generals in the world today is John North Willys.

Mr. Willys is the owner and general manager of the Willys-Overland Company.

Willys is not only the owner of every share of stock of the Company—save the dozen shares that are needed to qualify the directors, all of which shares are locked up in the private safe of Mr. Willys—but Willys is the Willys-Overland Company.

To own the stock of a concern is one thing, but to have your soul animate it, and spell the word SUCCESS in letters of gold over the door, is another.

Here is a six-million-dollar corporation animated, inspired and managed by one man. One-man power is the only thing that can make things go—provided you have the man.

Every great institution, says Emerson, is the lengthened shadow

of one man. A committee is a body of men who take a week to do what one good man can do in an hour.

No man of creative impulse can explain his plans to another. Here is where a great corporation is crippled, and inefficiency creeps in. The directors have to be pacified, the stockholders pleased, the "market" considered, so diplomacy is the big thing—the factory be damned!

Thackeray has described the scene, where thirteen men sit around a green baize table, with their attorney on a high stool in the corner, and argue for points. In the meantime the stockholders are trimmed, and the workers go their own sweet way. The heads of departments are the sons of the chief bondholders. Greed, graft, pelf, place and power creep in, and the plunderbund and the parasite give us sixty-five per cent of efficiency where ninety-five per cent is demanded. So, I repeat, where you find an institution that secures ninety-five per cent of efficiency out of machinery and men, you have an institution where one-man power prevails.

There are no secrets about the Willys-Overland Company. Visitors are welcome; and streams of them, buyers by the hundred and prospective buyers, ramble through the offices, shops, factories and grounds at their own sweet will.

What is the secret of this wonderful institution, and how is this ninety-five per cent of efficiency liberated? Well, I would say it is something like this: While the learned groucherinos are explaining that the thing can't be done, Willys simply goes ahead and does it.

Willys has the intuitive, creative mind, coupled with executive ability; ambition and animation fused with right intent, all ballasted with high health and kindly good-cheer.

Here we find a man under forty; rather small of stature, with no more body than he needs—the body of an athlete, a prize-fighter, a wrestler, a long-distance runner—the man who endures.

There is something about Willys that makes you think of Admiral Togo—a man who laid all of his plans to win, who intended to win, and who did win; but who, if he had been whipped, would never have known it.

The man who personally asks for little, but gives much; whose working hours are not bounded by the eight-hour law; and yet at the same time a man of leisure who has time to do what he wants to do, this is our Ideal American, a blend of the blood of every nation.

God built Willys on the plan of Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, and of his great competitor in well-doing—Napoleon Bonaparte

If I were asked to name a man who could organize the Great World Powers on a business basis so as to bring about the greatest possible amount of efficiency, and liberate the wealth and beauty and utilities of the world for the benefit of mankind, I would name John North Willys—this little man, with the full crop of hair becomingly streaked with silver, showing in spite of his youthful looks a trace of the stress and strain that comes from carrying heavy burdens.

Willys is a man without hate, whim or notion, with no desire to jig, amble or dance his way through life. He is the antithesis of the social bounder; he keeps out of the lime-light unless it is necessary he should come to the front, and then he does.

He is one of the demos, one of the plain people—the kind that Lincoln said God loved, otherwise He would not have made so many of them. He is the average American country boy, concentrated and consecrated, brought up to work, to do things, to go without things, to economize, to wait on others; educated by a great and loving mother—a beautiful commonsense woman.

¶ So here we get the well-born boy, educated in the public school, but educated more at home; carrying water for the elephants to pay his way into the circus; graduating from the

school of Hard Knocks; the boy who can run, swim, box, climb trees, take hard knocks, stand the stone-bruises and bumblebee stings, and still laugh and play; and a man who grows to years of maturity carrying with him this spirit of the morning and the lavish heart of youth. This man, with the generous, boyish attitude, is the man who knows how to spell efficiency, plus.

¶ The true American is a good sport.

We used to think the educated man was one of mighty dignity, also of much whiskers. He was lugubrious. He frowned on things he thought were evil.

He patted the heads of little boys and gave them pennies, and advice. But wherever he went he cast an atmosphere of gloom and a shadow of fear. If he visited a house, the children hid under the bed. He had a wonderful mouth for chicken-pie, wise saws, and modern instances.

We know now that he was a good deal of a hypocrite, in bonds to fear, and with a very limited faith in the beneficent Powers of the Universe; also small faith in his fellow-men.

Willys is not this kind of a man—he is the new type. He is a man of faith. He believes in humanity, and in the great heart-promptings of the human soul. His face is turned toward the East. He loves babies, children, boys, men and women.

He does not blame nor berate. He does not retail the unpleasant things that have come to him in life, nor tell the number of times he has been deceived, beaten sore and left for dead. Everybody gets it where the millionaire's wife wears her pearls. Do nothing, say nothing, and be nothing, and you'll never be criticized.

When Willys talks he talks of hope and faith and good-cheer in the future—big with possibilities and opportunities. He is a maker of opportunities, and his life is a man-hunt. He is a baseball fan, a golf fiend, and in fact he is a good all-round sport and a cheerful loser in any position where you might place him.

¶ And the cheerful loser is a winner.

All we have in the world is what we give away; and here is a man who gives with a lavish hand, and yet with none of the imbecile, scatterbrain, scatter money, flinging-things-to-the-birds propensity that animated our old friend Coal Oil Johnny and others of his ilk, who hire special trains, float on seas of Widow Cliquot, and burn incense at the shrine of the genus coryphee. No girls, wearing little beyond a smile, leap from pies for the amusement of his friends.

Willys finds his rest and recreation in his home. He loves his family, and all the members of his household devote themselves to him. In a world where death is, there is no time to scrap, says Willys.

He has a wonderful memory, and also, what is better, a beautiful forgettery. He does not write down on the tablets of his memory the many things that have been done and said to him, the number of times he stubbed his toe, or the great things he has said and done. His modesty becomes him—what he has done is as nothing to what he intends to do.

He prizes the nights for sleep, and the days for work. Saturday afternoons are to him sacred to baseball, or the quiet little trips away out upon the open road, at just a nice moderate speed, where you can see the trees running by, and hear the singing of the birds, the sound of rippling waters, and the sighing of the winds through the branches.

This ability to mix with Nature, to be a part of Nature, to realize that you are a manifestation of Nature, that you are the instrument of Nature, that Nature plays through you, and that your business is to co-operate with Nature, to improve upon nature, to direct and divert her and use the natural forces of the universe for utility and beauty—these are the things that fill and animate the soul of John North Willys.

So, just to recapitulate: Here we find a man under forty, in perfect health, an athlete in body; possessing a big, generous,

loving, sympathetic heart; a head for concrete figures; a salesman by nature; with all the time there is, giving everybody else opportunity to say their say—a man who can listen, a man who is patient, a man who has eliminated whim, grouch and notion; a man who can neither be coerced, flattered nor bribed; a man who, being true to himself, looks for truth and expects truth from others; a man who has traveled enough by the thorn road to know there is only one way to live and that is the right way, only one way to do business and that the truthful way, only one way to work and that the efficient way.

Then you behold this man organizing a great business, animating it with his own big, generous, hopeful, aspiring spirit, picking his foremen as Napoleon picked his Generals, binding them to him with hoops of love.

I can imagine Napoleon at the Palace of Versailles, bidding his Generals farewell, standing on tiptoe and—according to the custom of the times—kissing the bearded cheek of each; and these heroes of blood and grime moved to tears.

It is the same spirit that Willys brings to bear among his superintendents and eighty-odd foremen. They believe in him because he believes in himself. And yet he knows perfectly well a thing which perhaps they do not realize, and that is that the strong man only succeeds as he gets others to do his work.

When the world is big enough to breed men of the Daddy Lindsey, Luther Burbank and John North Willys type, the millennium will be just around the corner.

Henry B. Joy

NEVER judge a man by his clothes—especially by the one suit you see.

Possibly he has another!

If you are positive the clothes the man has on is the only suit he possesses, go ahead with your estimate. Otherwise, apply the soft pedal.

When Archbishop Ireland, one of the great men of America, visited the College of Cardinals at Paris, he had not advised his friends by what train he would come, and so they were not at the station to meet him. And then the Archbishop, in good democratic American style, simply grabbed a grip in each hand and walked from the station to his destination.

¶ But the attendant in charge refused to welcome him. According to the European idea, no Archbishop would walk through the streets alone carrying his luggage.

Archbishop Ireland had with him neither secretary nor valet. He was sufficient unto himself.

Some years ago came to Roycroft a tall, athletic young Englishman. He was working on a telegraph construction-line as a pole-climber. He wore no hat, a flannel shirt, big thick-soled shoes, and corduroy breeches. His hair was three shades lighter than his complexion, for while the sun had tanned his face it had bleached his hair.

He said he wanted to work for his board for just a week. I quite liked the looks of the fellow, and so set him to work.

He certainly could swing an axe, exercise a hoe, and play a duet with a crosscut saw. He was around the place for three days before I accidentally discovered that he was a graduate of Christ Church, Oxford, and that his father was Alfred Russel Wallace.

¶ The other day one of the Roycroft boys told me there was a man camping down in the woods by the creek.

He had arrived in a prairie-schooner set on an automobile running-gear.

This camper-out had told the boy to tell me that if I was down that way he wanted to see me.

And so that afternoon when I was taking a little horseback ride, I rode around that way and met the camper.

A tramp with an automobile is rather an innovation as yet.

When Upton Sinclair becomes President of the United States, such things will be common. My man was cooking his supper, making flapjacks on a skillet that he held over the fire. A joyous smell of coffee and bacon was in the air, and when the tramp invited me to have supper with him I just accepted the invitation. I tied my horse to a tree, took a seat on a log and watched the chef prepare what the fashionable hotels call " the evening meal."

My friend had wooden pie-plates that he threw on the fire after using, thus saving dishwashing. I saw he was pretty well prepared for the business of camping out.

I was also interested in his benzine-buggy. It had a canvas top like unto the moving-wagons of old that went to the West with a legend, " Pike's Peak or Bust! "

Sometimes they came back, and then there was a different gonfalon flung to the breeze. This man had an improvised tent that he fastened to the top of his automobile and staked down behind.

He told me no matter what the weather he was always at home, and wherever he was, he was present. He said he traveled alone so as to be in good company.

In spite of the dusty, rusty look of my friend, I quickly discovered that he was a man of intelligence and worth, but so stupid was I that we had gotten nearly through supper before it flashed upon me that I was talking to Henry B. Joy, President of the great Lincoln Highway.

I had met Mr. Joy before, but under different circumstances. Then he wore a dress-suit, and the occasion was the annual dinner of the Michigan Bankers' Association. Mr. Joy sat next to me at the gabfest, and I remember he made a particularly good address.

It is a great man who can adapt himself to all circumstances and conditions, who is at home out under the stars, who can run his own automobile no matter how rough the roads, who enjoys all kinds of weather—and stormy weather most of all.

Henry B. Joy is a specimen of the new model of American Businessman

He mirrors the machine he makes—the Packard.

In other words, he creates in his own image—as we all do.

Mr. Joy is an all-round good sport, which does not mean that he is a sportsman. He does not kill anything if he can help it. He does not even run over chickens with his Packard.

He travels at a moderate pace along the road and through life. He appreciates every good thing. He is not lonesome when alone, and he is not abashed when he is sent for to meet the President of the United States in council or to address the Chamber of Commerce at Washington.

He can " rough it " without belonging to the ruffnex.

He appreciates music, reads poetry, loves literature, and has a goodly grasp on history.

Athletic, bronzed, silent when he should be, and talking when he has anything to say, Henry B. Joy is a fine example of the genus humanus.

He graduated at Phillips-Andover Academy, and the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale.

He can play, and he can also carry heavy burdens, and make decisions that are wise and far-reaching.

Mr. Joy has traveled many thousand miles in his Packard Prairie-Schooner, studying road conditions from every possible

standpoint. He has also studied road sentiment as it exists in town, city and country all over the United States.

He knows the science of roadmaking as well as the best. Also, he is a practical man familiar with ways and means.

Automobiles make permanent roads in this country a necessity. The automobile is binding humanity together in a way never before possible. People now a hundred miles away are your neighbors

And if you want to know what becomes of all the secondhand automobiles, just ask the farmers and they will tell you.

The farmer is an economist. The city man is sometimes a bounder. Many city men who own automobiles never think of wearing a car out. The slogan, " Keep your Car! " for them falls on dull ears. They just get rid of it after a year or two. These cars go to the country, and are gleefully gobbled by the gazebo agrarian. And the better the roads, the more cars will be used by urbanites and suburbanites.

There are only two materials for permanent roads: one is concrete and the other is brick.

The Lincoln Highway is the most important building enterprise now before the American people.

It is estimated that a million people a day will use the Lincoln Highway, as against a thousand a day that will pass through the Panama Canal.

When you know that you can start from New York City and run to San Francisco or Los Angeles in your machine, and have a mudless, dustless, skidless road all along the way, without question, it will start numberless wheels a-turning.

Also, it will start the money a-flowing, and hearts a-surging, liberating a vast amount of energy in the line of useful endeavor.

It will cost fifty million dollars to make this road complete, which does not include the cost of numerous feeders.

A good deal of the road is already built, but there are a great

many links that need connecting up. This will not be a toll-road —it will be free for every one.

There is no expenditure that human beings can make that is as democratic and far-reaching for good as road-building.

A good road is used by the people who need it. It accommodates the children going to school, the farmer going to market, people going to church, to Chautauquas, to lectures, to meetings at the Little Red Schoolhouse. Thomas Jefferson's ambition was to build a good road from every Little Red Schoolhouse to every other.

Thomas Jefferson laid out the old Cumberland Pike, and his ambition was to have it extend from New York through to the Mississippi River—that is, to the "Louisiana Purchase." But when we began to build railroads, road-making fell into abeyance, and for fifty years and more the old Cumberland Pike was forgotten by the Federal Government that had inaugurated it.

¶ Citizens along the route patched up a few miles, here and there, setting up tollgates, and through the receipts of these kept the road in spots in fairly good condition.

The Lincoln Highway tokens a pivotal point in progress.

It portends peace and plenty, health and happiness.

It will increase land values.

It will increase the sum of intelligence.

It will increase productive acreage, and add vastly to creation and distribution.

There is a monument to Washington that is five hundred fifty feet high.

McAdoo built for himself a monument under ground—several miles long.

But think of a monument stretching over three thousand miles of territory.

What greater tribute can we pay The Liberator than by building this road to his memory and dedicating it to the use of man!

¶ Henry B. Joy is a man who is capable of getting under big burdens. He is a great executive, an out-of-door man, who can laugh, who can play and who can work.

He is a man of culture. He knows science, art, economics.

But he does not pretend to know all about anything—he is always going to school. He is learning from every one he meets.

¶ He is a man of sentiment, interested in flower-gardens, tree-planting, playgrounds, farms, homes, parks, forests.

He knows the secret of applying love and labor to land.

He knows how to tickle the soil so that it will laugh a harvest.

He is a great humanitarian.

The automobile which he manufacturers, is the last word in luxurious motor-cars. It is built for the people who can afford the price of luxury in vehicle construction.

But as for Henry B. Joy himself, he travels in a prairie-schooner mounted on wheels, meeting farmers, laborers, schoolteachers and school children on an equality.

On his trips across the country, he picks up trudging mortals who are pushing along on foot and gives them a lift toward their destination, and few indeed realize that they have been in the presence of a man whose thought girdles the globe, who is in touch with kings, princes, presidents—and who can cook pan-cakes to perfection, tossing the poetic flapjack in the air and catching it with poise, prescience and precision.

It is a great thing to be a financial magnate. It is also a great thing to be an intellectual aristocrat.

But it is a greater thing to be a man—a man who can join hands with average people.

And Henry B. Joy is all three.

Here 's to Henry B. Joy, President of the Lincoln Highway!

Luther Burbank

WHEN I lectured at San Francisco, Luther Burbank came down from his home at Santa Rosa, fifty-two miles away to hear me.

He had never heard me speak—this you say accounts for his being there.

Very well, Terese, we will let that pass.

There was an audience of nearly two thousand people.

There were doctors, lawyers, a few preachers, a celebrated assistant prosecuting attorney, many businessmen, college professors from Berkeley, teachers from graded-schools, many young folks—alert and receptive, eager, generous—and a goodly sprinkling of men with tanned faces and calloused hands.

I sat a moment there on the stage waiting for the last few stragglers to find their seats. And as I sat there the audience took psychic snapshots at me, and I also sprung a few dry plates on them.

James Whitcomb Riley once told me that when he is about to begin a spiel he always expects to commence in a squeak or a squawk. He doubted himself—would memory fail, voice go on a strike, and thought sit silent, stupid, sullen in the brain cells? I know the feeling. And what an atrocious, brazen, brass-plated presumption on the part of any man to call from fields, parks, libraries, and homes of the great, the good and the strong of a big city and ask them to sit still and listen to him prate for two hours concerning this and that.

Something like this swept over me as I sat looking into the faces of that four-thousand-eyed something called an audience, at Van Ness Theater, that beautiful Sunday afternoon in San Francisco

And as the sense of guilt mounted to my cheek of alleged adamantine, mine eyes looked into the eyes of Luther Burbank,

there on the right aisle, fifth row back. Just the one glance and we seemed to understand each other. That quick look changed all the current of my thought. Just before, I was trying to swing my lariat over the coming speech and at the same time mentally offering any man in the audience a hundred dollars to come forward and take my job.

I now suddenly felt a sense of peace sweep over me. I was back to the wall and secure.

Luther Burbank, who never goes to church, who has no time for plays or parties, who, through sense of duty denies himself to visitors, had come to hear me speak! Oho! and yet again, oho!

¶ His eyes looked level into mine—he smiled a welcome, friendly, kindly, generous, assuring smile.

A speech is a collaboration between speaker and listener. If you get much from an oration it is because you have brought much.

¶ Luther Burbank is a sensitive-plant. The man who can not talk to him has no message for mankind.

I spoke for two hours—a heart to heart talk—with the introduction cut and the peroration omitted.

I acknowledge it was a great talk—where the thoughts were not padded nor the illustrations lugged in by the ears.

Luther Burbank keyed the discourse.

No one in the audience, so far as I could detect, was aware of his presence. The man fits into a crowd like a guinea-chick in a meadow.

The next day I saw Burbank in his own garden, there at Santa Rosa. A modest man with iron-gray hair, furrowed face of tan, with blue eyes, that would be weary and sad were it not for the smiling mouth whose corners do not turn down.

A gentle gentleman, low-voiced, quiet, kindly, with a welling heart of love. On Broadway, no one would see him, and on Fifth Avenue no one would turn and look. His form is slender, and smart folks, sudden and quick in conclusion, might glance at

the slender form and say the man is sickly. But the discerning behold that he is the type that lives long, because he lives well. His is the strength of the silken cord that bound the god Thor when all the chains broke. He is always at work, always busy, always thinking, planning, doing, dissatisfied with the past, facing the East with eager hope.

He is curious as a child, sensitive as a girl in love, strong as a man, persistent as gravitation and gifted like a god.

His hands are sinewy and strong—the hands of a sculptor. His clothes are easy and inexpensive.

Children would go to him instinctively. Women would trust him

Luther Burbank was born in Massachusetts, and those prime virtues of New England—industry and economy—are his in rare degree.

No matter how much money he might possess, Luther Burbank's mode of life would not change.

He is wedded to his work. His mother, aged ninety-six, is one of his household. His sister is his housekeeper. Two fine, intelligent young women, bookkeepers and stenographers, make up the balance of the family.

They all work—even the good mother reaching out toward the last lap of her century run, is busy. In fact, I rather guess that is the secret of her long life—an active interest in things, with plenty of responsibility for ballast.

It is a very busy household, with every day crammed with work. The stiff, formal and pedantic are beautifully absent.

These people are doing things, so they do not have to pose or pretend

Henry Thoreau said: "The character of Jesus was essentially feminine." That is to say, the love that could embrace a world was mother-love, carried one step further. The same could truthfully be said of Luther Burbank.

Much has been written in an exaggerated way of Burbank's achievements, but the fact is, his genius is of a kind in which we can all share, and is not difficult to comprehend.

Genius, in his case, is a great capacity for hard work. Fused with this capacity is great love, great delicacy, great persistency.

Among scientists there is almost as much bigotry and dogmatism as there is among theologians.

There is canned science as well as canned religion. In truth, most so-called scientists are teachers of text-books—purveyors in canned goods.

Even among the Big Five—Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer, Wallace and Darwin—there were a few slight spots on the sun. Only one of that immortal quintette was ninety-nine and ninety-nine one-hundreths fine.

That man was Charles Darwin.

In the heart of Darwin there was no room for doubt, distrust, jealousy or hate. He was without guile. He loved Nature with a high and holy passion. He had no other gods before her.

The honesty of Darwin, his reverence for truth, the modesty of his claims set him apart as the High Priest of Science. In all the realm of physical research, Darwin seemed to have but one compeer and that was Aristotle.

Now there is a trinity, for Luther Burbank is one with these. He is a citizen of the Celestial City of Fine Minds.

Theology and metaphysics have their jargon and jibberish. They pull the strings that make the puppets dance, and beneath their lingo they hide their ignorance. The pseudo-scientists can no more be cornered in argument and caught than you can corral an evangelist.

The tactics of the inkfish are not covered by copyright. With Luther Burbank the clap-trap of science is beautifully missing. The tricks of the sciolist are absent.

The most beautiful words I heard him utter were these, "I do

not know." He makes no effort to explain things he does not understand ❧ ❧

He lives out his life in the light.

It is a joy to think that the bounty of Andrew Carnegie has made this great and gentle soul free from bread and butter cares, so he can give his days to science and the race.

" The land that produces beautiful flowers and luscious fruits will also produce noble men and women," said Aristotle. Also, in producing beautiful flowers and luscious fruits, men and women become noble.

The finest product of the life and work of Luther Burbank is Luther Burbank.

Charles M. Hays

CHARLES MELVILLE HAYS was born in Rock Island, Illinois, in the year Eighteen Hundred Fifty-six ❧ ❧

He went down to his death with the *Titanic*, on the morning of April Fifteenth, Nineteen Hundred Twelve.

The motto of this man was, "Never sacrifice safety to speed." And the irony of Fate decreed that he, who scorned all soft luxury, and had done so much to make traveling safe on land, was to be caught in a sea-trap, and be sacrificed to the greedy Goddess of Luxury and the Demon of Speed.

And so the icy waters closed over Charles M. Hays, and he died as a brave man should. But his work lives after him, and his spirit abides.

If Canada has supplied the States our greatest railroad-builder, James J. Hill, we have equalized matters by supplying Canada Sir William Van Horne, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and Charles Melville Hays.

Van Horne, Shaughnessy and Hays form a trinity of strong men, all products of the Middle West, born within a short distance of one another.

The semi-pioneer times of those days served as a great school. There was work enough to prevent introspection, and always a reward for well-doing. It was a time of creation, adaptation, invention ❧ ❧

Strong men who could assume responsibilities were in demand. Silent men who did their work and held their peace were wanted then, as now.

The school of adversity is the college in which builders, creators, financiers are graduated. Marshall Field once said that if he were to pick a boy to be his successor, he would choose a young-

ster who had left High School to support a widowed mother and a brood of brothers and sisters.

A friend of the Hays family secured a clerkship for Charles in the office of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad in Saint Louis. The youngster took passage on a steamboat from Davenport with a kindly captain, who turned the lad over to the railroad and took a receipt, " Delivered in apparent good order."

It seems that this steamboat captain took such a liking to the boy that he offered to give him a job on board the steamboat; but the boy would not listen to the proposition, turning it down with the proud statement that he had already promised his services to the railroad company.

And so, in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three, he began his railroad career by counting and checking up the punched tickets that the conductors brought in.

The boy had ambitions to become a lawyer. He had read the life of Lincoln; and once, in Rock Island, he had met Robert Ingersoll, who came over there to a political rally.

Then he wrote a letter to Leonard Swett of Chicago, asking his advice about the practice of law. The great lawyer wrote back a kindly note to the effect that the law was a bad business; that commerce was the thing; that railroading in the future would far eclipse the legal life.

Charles Hays did not give up his ambition, however, and he worked for a transfer into the Legal Department of the railroad. Naturally he landed in the Operating Department.

The boy remained in the service of the Atlantic and Pacific for three years. Then he went over to the Missouri Pacific, where he worked under the direction of A. A. Talmage, who was known as " that Tyrant of the Rust." Every man is a tyrant who wants things done better than they have ever been done before.

Talmage had a wonderful vocabulary. He was a rough diamond —in any event, he was rough.

Among other names they used to call him "Shellbark Talmage."

¶ Talmage was the man who really educated Hays.

Talmage was an executive—he made decisions quickly and was sometimes right.

Talmage is the first man in history to hoot, ridicule, deride and curse a roll-top desk. Talmage said that a roll-top desk was an excuse for postponing your work; it was an attempt to hypnotize the rest of the people in the office into the belief that you had cleaned up your work. It was the ideal place in which to lose things. And at that time to own a roll-top was proof that you were a businessman.

Personally, Talmage did business on a kitchen-table, and he either chucked things into the wastebasket or passed them along to some one else.

Young Hays made it his business to sort the contents of the wastebasket, and occasionally he got hold of a document that should have been filed where it could be found. He anticipated a time when Talmage would demand this identical document in thunderous tones.

Finally, Talmage discovered that Hays had a head for system, and so the boy at twenty-one was made Secretary to the Superintendent of the Road. When the Gould interests bought the Wabash in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-six, Talmage was made General Manager, and his First Assistant was Charles M. Hays. Three years later, Charles M. Hays was made First Vice-President and General Manager of the Wabash System.

The Goulds thought so much of Hays that they made him a Director in the Chicago and Western Belt Railroad of Chicago, also in the Detroit Union Railroad and Station Company, the Hannibal Station Company, the Keokuk Station Company, the Kansas City Union Station Company, and the Terminal Railroad Association of Saint Louis. He was a member of the Central Traffic Association and the Joint Traffic Association.

¶ The simplicity, directness, strength, good nature, silence and rare good sense of this man commended themselves strongly to the entire railroad world.

In January, Eighteen Hundred Ninety-six, the directors of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada induced Mr. Hays to go to Montreal and take charge of the organization.

At this time the Grand Trunk was in a bad way.

It is very much easier to manage a first-class, successful railway than one that needs reorganization, regeneration and reconstruction ☙ ☙

The Grand Trunk had been going down hill. The streaks of rust were not merely poetic, but actual. The grades were corduroy.

¶ Sir William Van Horne had risen from the key of a telegraph-operator to be General Superintendent of the Canadian Pacific.

¶ The Grand Trunk directors from London sought the world over for a man who could perform for them a similar service.

Mr. Hays came to Canada and was given the right of way.

The record of what he has done is not only a matter of history, but the work endures.

So thoroughly did he do his work that on the coronation of George the Fifth, it was proposed to give Hays the same title that had been bestowed on Sir William Van Horne and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy.

Lord Strathcona quite insisted on this, but Hays, who happened to be in London at the time, simply said: " The decoration was given to Sir William after he had completed the Canadian Pacific. It will be time enough to give me a decoration after I have earned it. Let us wait until the Grand Trunk Railroad is running a solid train between the Atlantic and the Pacific."

And so the matter rested.

Mr. Hays rebuilt the entire Grand Trunk System.

He took over the Central Vermont Railway, so as to get an outlet to New York City.

¶ He built the Victoria Jubilee Bridge over the Saint Lawrence, and the single-span steel arch over the Niagara River at the Falls ❧ ❧

He double-tracked the Grand Trunk for a thousand miles from Montreal to Chicago.

He certainly spent a lot of money, but he got results. He breathed into the nostrils of the Grand Trunk the breath of life. At the waving of his hand towns and cities sprang into being, and whole districts throbbed with an industry and enterprise before unknown ❧ ❧

Sir Wilfrid Laurier made it possible, by the enactment of necessary legislation, for the work of the Grand Trunk Pacific to begin. Money flowed from across the sea. Canada did her share nobly and well, as she has always done in the matter of railroad-building. Canada does not penalize her railroad-builders. She does not seek to disgrace, to harass, to thwart, to embarrass them ❧ ❧

Canada realizes that transportation is the second most important thing in the world—that transportation annihilates space and cancels distance.

The Grand Trunk System is now being constructed from Moncton, New Brunswick, with lines to Saint John and Halifax, through to Prince Rupert, British Columbia, a distance of nearly four thousand miles.

The road crosses the Rocky Mountains with a maximum grade of one-fourth of one per cent, or twenty-one feet to the mile. ¶ This is the lowest grade of any road through to the Coast.

Mr. Hays was not only President of the Grand Trunk and the Grand Trunk Pacific, but he was also President of all of the subsidiary companies of these railways, embracing thirty-five hundred miles of track in the Canadian Northwest.

He was also President of the Grand Trunk Pacific Steamship Company, operating steamers on the Pacific Coast between

Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, Prince Rupert, and the Queen Charlotte Islands.

The progress of the Grand Trunk System under Mr. Hays' direction was steady and sure. The value of the property has constantly increased, because the people along the Grand Trunk are happy, prosperous and progressive. Hays said, "We can prosper only as the people along our line prosper." So "Grand Trunk Folks" were always close to the heart of Hays.

The securities of the Grand Trunk rank high in the world's bourse

At the time of his death, Mr. Hays had full authority over the Company's affairs in America. In fact, literally, when he went down to his death on the *Titanic* he carried in his pocket power of attorney, signed by the directors of the Company, authorizing him to use his judgment and to act in any way that he saw fit on any subject pertaining to the company and its shareholders. These shareholders number more than fifty thousand, and live for the most part in England. ¶ Charles M. Hays was one of the world's great workers.

He never allowed a clock in his room, and the story is that he never carried a watch. This may be merely poetic truth. The fact is, he stuck to his work until it was cleaned up.

He was a lover of books, and had a distinct literary style in his letters. I have many letters from him—short, brief, frank, kindly, but straight to the point.

When George H. Daniels was giving away the *Message to Garcia*, Charles M. Hays sent a requisition for a hundred thousand copies. I wrote at his request a little book called, *Politeness Pays*, which was distributed to every employee on the Grand Trunk System, and ten thousand were sent over to London to show the Grand Trunk attitude on the humanities.

We are told that he who controls his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city.

If ever there was a man who was able to take care of himself, this man was Charles M. Hays.

Talmage, his teacher, was a whirlwind of wrath and a cyclone of invective when he was aroused.

Talmage taught Hays, by antithesis, never to lose his temper. No matter how great the provocation, Hays had his tact, his patience, his charming disposition. He had personal magnetism, plus ❧ ❧

When you met him, you did not find a man who was effusive, but you saw one who was gentle and considerate, and who had time to listen to you. But, in some way, he managed to let you know that you could cut out the details, omit the introduction, and get right down to first principles.

He had the intuition of a woman; and much of his prophetic vision and his ability to concentrate himself on his work was simply the genius of mother-love, lifted to a different plane.

Hays had the supreme ability to choose strong men as his heads of departments. Not only could he operate a railroad, but he could build one. To finance a two-hundred-million-dollar proposition is no task for an amateur. But Hays did it, and did it jauntily ❧ ❧

I do not think anybody ever tried to jolly him. The man was the very soul of sincerity, and when in his presence every one seemed to feel that the simple truth would answer.

He made big demands on his people, but he set them the example by carrying off big burdens without complaint.

He had a rare skill in relieving friction between the heads of departments. He brought people together, and while sympathizing with both, and admitting both were right, he yet gently showed that "we owe a big service to the Company, and our own affairs are trivial and really not worth considering. The one thing is to serve our Company." And he always spoke of himself and thought of himself as a railroad employee.

He was ever looking for suggestions from subordinates, and he always gave them full credit.

His heart was with the people who are paid wages, quite as much as with the men who draw salaries.

Often he rode with engineers on locomotives, and he was on very friendly terms with many of these men who look down two glittering streaks of steel, while the rest of us sleep soundly in the Pullman cars behind.

Mr. Hays provided night-schools in the mechanical departments for the training of apprentices. He devised a school for training railroad agents. He bought fifty scholarships with his own money in McGill University, and gave these out to the sons of worthy railway workers. He sent boys to Cornell and to the Ames Agricultural College.

In stature, Mr. Hays was rather short and stocky. He, however, was not fat. He was an athlete in body. He walked five miles and more every day. He was on good terms with the cold bath. He used to chop wood, shovel snow, and lend a hand around home whenever there was any good old-fashioned work to be done.

¶ He was temperate in his eating and drinking. His habits were the best, and his only dissipation was in the matter of work. But he enjoyed his work. He had the ability to put enthusiasm and animation into every task.

Some years ago, when he was in Saint Louis, he owned horses and rode horseback; but finally, he said he preferred to walk, because when he reached his office he did not keep thinking about the horse that was tied outside, or, if the horse was sent back home, wonder if the man had taken care of it properly.

He cut out clubs, society, theaters—everything that might detract from his work. The last time I lectured in Montreal, Mr. Hays said, "I'm sorry I can't hear your speech, but you know I have the Illinois habit and go to bed at nine o'clock." And I congratulated him.

He kept no automobile, because he said that it might be a temptation to run away from his work.

Mr. Hays was rapid in his movements, alert in mind, clean in body—a healthy, happy, lovable man. He was never cast down or depressed, and there was always time for a story—if it was a short one.

He dressed very plainly, usually in gray; wore a full beard, and his iron-gray hair sort of matched his clothes.

You would have thought that he was a prosperous well-to-do farmer, who had just sold his steers, and had come to town to have a little look around.

There was a sort of shyness about the man, a modesty and a democracy that marked him as a countryman. He did n't have to seem—he was.

I can well understand why he declined the knighthood. His ambition was to do his work, not to corral social honors.

So died Charles Melville Hays, and the example of his simple, devoted, consecrated life is our priceless heritage.

We are different people and we are better people because this man lived, and worked, and loved, and died.

E. C. Simmons

THE Simmons Hardware Company, of Saint Louis, was founded about a half-century ago.

It is the biggest business of its kind in America.

¶ It began in a small way and has evolved as the great Middle West and the "Far West" have evolved.

Hardware enters into every item of building enterprise. There is no such thing as construction of homes, stores, factories, mills, railroads, without hardware.

The President of the Simmons Hardware Company is E. C. Simmons. Practically the whole of this man's life has been devoted to the business. He is now in his seventy-sixth year. But he is strong, able and has an active and intelligent interest in the workers of the world. Simmons has grown rich by going in partnership with the whole Middle West and "Out West."

He has thrived as the people have thrived. No modern merchant, save possibly Marshall Field, alone, has done business with more people and touched American civilization at so many points as E. C. Simmons has.

Best of all, Simmons has always been filled with a noble discontent. Nothing to him has been quite good enough. Everything must be made better. Past achievements do not much interest him. He has the prophetic vision. He looks to the sunrise. He pins his faith to the future. ¶ E. C. Simmons represents all that we have preached about and held up as ideal at the Little Red Schoolhouse on Friday afternoons.

Simmons got an education out of his work at his work. Nothing that is human is alien to him. Schoolchildren today interest him quite as much as do successful grown-ups. Factory-workers are just as much to him as millionaires. Especially, does he believe in opportunity for youth.

Nothing is too cheap or trivial for him to overlook. Certainly he represents the manhood at its best of our seething, working, striving, evolving America.

Simmons symbols all that the Stars and Stripes stands for, and well did President Wilson act when he offered this man a place on the board of the Federal Reserve Bank.

But Mr. Simmons thought he was too old to take the position. He argued that the place was one for a younger man.

Now it seems that recently Mr. Simmons sent out a circular letter to every wholesale and retail hardware-dealer in the United States with whom he has done business, and this represents a mailing-list of about a hundred thousand names.

This circular was in the way of a personal appeal to the individual to use his influence with his Congressman to give the business world a rest.

It was the letter of a great businessman to his friends.

I quote from this message sent out by Mr. Simmons:

" We recommend that no further attempts of legislation on the matter of the control of business or passing of Anti-Trust Laws should be continued at this time.

" What the country needs more now than anything else is a quiet time—an absolute rest from the agitation of politics, and assaults upon business—it does not make any difference whether it is big business or little business.

" Nine-tenths of the business of this country is thoroughly honest, but because one-tenth of it may be questionable in its character or methods, the whole of the ten-tenths is made to suffer by this agitation, which is doing so much damage.

" We, therefore, strongly recommend and earnestly hope that Congress may be convinced that they have done enough law-making for the present; that the country is absolutely tired and surfeited with political agitation, and that the agitation now of control of business is exceedingly injurious, and will serve

to retard an improvement in business, which otherwise would be very great and rapid—bringing in the most desirable way the greatest good to the greatest number."

Very naturally a good many of these circulars were remailed by the recipients to Members of Congress, the President, and members of the Cabinet. In fact, this was one object of Mr. Simmons in making the appeal. Now, behold, the President puts out through the press a statement beginning, " I have discovered——"

Then he goes on to explain his discovery, which is that Mr. Simmons and others have organized a bureau to block legislation and interfere with affairs at Washington.

Certainly this is hardly fair on the part of our friends at Washington to put out any such specious proposition, intimating that free speech and a free press in America no longer exist.

The President in his official capacity has no authority under the Constitution to act as a lawmaker. The laws are made by the people through their representatives.

The Constitution does not recognize party politics. This Government is neither Democratic nor Republican—or it certainly should not be. Lawmakers should not be partisans, any more than the Courts should be.

William Jennings Bryan, when the case of Caleb Powers was up for discussion, asked, " Was it a Democratic or a Republican Court that tried him? " Mr. Martin Littleton replied: " Mr. Bryan, as I understand it, the courts in the United States are neither Republican nor Democratic. They are just courts."

And far away on the Western horizon a cuckoo called plaintively to his mate, " Cuckoo! Cuckoo! "

The President, as an American citizen, has a perfect right to suggest to Congress the laws that he thinks should be passed. But his right in this direction is no greater than that of any unofficial citizen.

Mr. Simmons of Saint Louis has just as good a right to send out letters to his friends stating his views as to what is best for the country as the President has to suggest that certain laws be passed ❧ ❧

It is the privilege and the duty of every American citizen to take an active interest in proposed legislation.

It is our privilege and right to express ourselves to our neighbors over the back fence, or when our teams meet crossing the prairies.

¶ If a man wishes to call his neighbors together and address them at the little Red Schoolhouse on political issues, he may without let or hindrance.

The United States mails are his. He owns them. He is the Post-Office Department. The Postmaster-General is his servant, and so is the President of the United States, who holds his office only on a four years' contract. For the President now to intimate that Simmons is attempting to block legislation, to hinder progress, and to make things difficult for the Administration, is all pure gratuity and political piffle, suitable for the stump, but in bad taste coming from the White House. Every citizen can speak, write, print, circulate to his heart's content and the ability of his pocketbook, concerning proposed legislation.

The first article of the Constitution grants the full and free right of petition to Congress and to the Administration.

This is all a part of our great Democracy vouchsafed to us by Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Sam Adams, John Adams, and that goodly company of men who laid the foundations for the United States of America.

Is n't it time that we cease reflection on citizens who dare express themselves in opposition to the views of the Administration? Does the Administration think that the majority of citizens are so ignorant and unmindful of their rights that the free and full discussion of political problems is forbidden?

If so, this country has taken a step backward.

The King of England can suggest legislation, but he has no right to force it, any more than a private citizen has. The edicts of a President are not yet law, and let us hope that in free America they will never be.

E. C. Simmons, is also, I hope, captain of his soul.

So I say, all honor to Mr. Simmons for having definite views on the subject of prosperity, and for being thoroughly enough interested in the welfare of the country to state what he thinks is right and best and proper, at the present time.

And surely this man who has lived more than threescore and ten, and who has added so much to the welfare and the happiness of the world, should be given a respectful hearing.

He is a private citizen, aye, yes, and the fact that the President a short time ago offered him a great office is no reason that his mouth should at the present time be stopped.

The danger to liberty comes not when citizens express themselves on political issues, but when they cease to take a hearty, active interest in them.

Does the District of Columbia assume that E. C. Simmons has violated any law or any ethical or moral right? It looks so.

Simmons may be wrong in his political and economic views. If so, let us not forget that he has just as much right to be wrong as the President has to be right.

This is all a part of the freedom granted to us by our forefathers, who threw the tea overboard as a matter of principle.

Please pass the Hyson!

We are told that Mr. Simmons is part of "an insidious lobby;" and the object of this alleged lobby is to discredit the Democratic Party ❧ ❧

That is to say, Mr. Simmons is insincere in his statement that he is interested in business, what he is working for is to bring about a political landslide.

This intimation has been made before concerning men who

maintain payrolls, by various Senators, Representatives and others in high places.

We are told that there is a combination of businessmen who are intent on purposely bringing about hard times and a semi-financial panic for the purposes of embarrassing the Democratic Party ❧ ❧

There is one thing that is of more importance to a businessman than anything else in the world, and that is business.

I once heard George H. Daniels say in the presence of his wife, who was a most beautiful and gracious personality: "Yes, my family life is ideal. No man ever had a better wife than I, and I can not imagine how she can be improved upon. Thrice blessed am I. But even in my most ecstatic marital moments, if I listen closely, I can always hear the rumble of the Empire State Express."

What Mr. Daniels meant was that to him his business was supreme, and the rumble of the Empire State Express was the undertone in his life's symphony.

Businessmen are only incidentally interested in politics.

Businessmen are not interested in bringing about a depression in business, any more than businessmen are intent on making money through fires and failures.

Business is a game, and the joy of it comes from success, and not from failure.

Failure means humiliation, apologies, dodgings, defeat.

To lay off workmen is very humiliating. To curtail output causes a pang. And the intimation that businessmen bring about a depression purposely is not only gross libel, but bad psychology.

¶ Any one who makes this intimation does it for one of two reasons, or both. First, they are ignorant of the motives that actuate a businessman. Second, their intent is to prejudice the unthinking voter against the very things that have made this country supremely great—that is, production and distribution.

To play upon the prejudices of employees and make them think that a man who maintains a payroll is the enemy of his helper, is unjust, unfair—worse than that, it is silly.

Politics to a politician is the first thing in the world. Naturally his heart is in it.

Business to a businessman is the first thing in the world. And when a politican imagines that a businessman is more interested in politics than in business, he is exaggerating his own importance and his own affairs—a thing which we are all prone to do.

To E. C. Simmons, of Saint Louis, business prosperity is the one thing desirable.

To a party politician the business of the country is a thing secondary to party exigency.

Mr. Simmons is not a partisan. He really does not care what political party is in power, but he is very earnestly intent on having the political party in power do the things that will tend to increase the prosperity of all the people.

This being in his mind, Mr. Simmons exercises his prerogative as a free American citizen and does all that he can in a reasonable way to influence his friends to influence Congress to act in a way so confidence will be restored, the fires in the mills started, and that animation, ambition, courage and hope will be our portion and prosperity follow.

What we want in this country is more men of the E. C. Simmons type, more men interested in prosperity than in party politics. Parties pass, politicians die, but the people live on forever.

The most important thing in the world is business, and business is a matter of supplying human wants.

Business is the production and the distribution of the things that are necessary to life and its well-being.

The ability of the many to buy makes business good. If men are out of work, naturally they are not purchasing anything save the bare necessities of life. We build only when prosperity flows ❧

Simmons is a builder and he is one of the great builders of America. Not only is he engaged in building homes, factories, churches, schoolhouses, opera-houses, street-railroads, but he is engaged in building manhood.

Mr. Simmons knows that people are safe only when they are employed. Men out of work constitute a menace to the safety of the nation. Get enough men out of work in this country and the bakeries and banks will not be safe. " The devil still finds mischief for idle hands to do."

There is nothing in the world more beautiful, nothing more altruistic and ethical than to set people to work at profitable employment. He who destroys opportunity for work subdues human life and destroys civilization. Hats off, everybody, to Simmons, the builder, who tells people what he thinks concerning the present business situation.

Henry L. Doherty

PUBLIC utility is a company or corporation that undertakes to do for a city what individual effort could not compass.

Public utilities supply light, heat, power, water, gas, transportation.

Usually a public utility that supplies electricity also owns and operates the street-railway system, for the simple reason that the concern aims to use its own current, and an electric street-car line is a method of marketing the "juice."

One big feature of selling electricity has now manifested itself in the many electric signs that are seen in all of the prominent cities. It is one thing to build a railroad and another thing to operate it. It is one thing to organize a public utility and another thing to run it. It used to be an axiom that the builders of a railroad always went broke in the operation, and some one else had to come on the scene, take charge of the property, rejuvenate it, reorganize, put in fresh blood, in order that the whole thing might be galvanized into life.

Most of the electric-light companies in the thousands of towns and cities over America were organized with local capital, and in the majority of instances the venture was a losing one for every one concerned.

One thing, the equipment was usually found to be obsolete in the course of a few years, so rapidly have new inventions, new ideas come in. Economy in construction was carried beyond the point of diminishing returns. The fact that the scheme was not a financial success discouraged all local investors from putting in any more money.

Then comes the public-utility expert and buys the property. For instance, the firm of Henry L. Doherty and Company of New York own and operate public utilities in about one

hundred towns and cities in America. ¶ There seems to be an opinion in some circles that Doherty takes money out of a town. The curious thing is that Doherty makes money for himself by putting far more money into the town than he takes out.

For instance, in the city of Toledo, where Doherty took over the Railways and Light Company, he is planning to purchase one hundred new steel cars of the very latest construction at a cost of five thousand dollars each. Here is five hundred thousand dollars straight.

It will require additional men to man and care for these cars, thus making a greatly increased payroll.

Five hundred thousand dollars more will be expended in extending lines, in lengthening sidings, double-tracking, putting in heavier steel, increasing the capacity of central plants. Easily a million and a half dollars will be spent in two years. This money is all outside capital. Also, it does not come from Wall Street

Doherty has a clientele of about ten thousand small investors scattered all over the United States. Everything that Doherty takes hold of prospers, and his investors are educated into the idea that anything that Doherty recommends is a sure and safe investment. These investors are not speculators, bounders nor gamblers. They are plain people who seek a safe investment and a fair dividend.

The intent of Doherty in every instance is to increase the consumption of the current, and he does this through sales departments that go into the town and suggest ways and means whereby an increased use of the current is brought about.

A few years ago the incandescent lamp was used to light houses and stores. Now in every city there is more of the juice used for advertising purposes than for interior consumption. For instance, most of the big stores in the cities close at six o'clock at night. Thus the consumption of electricity for store purposes

is limited to a very few hours. However, these same stores often maintain big electric signs that operate until one o'clock in the morning. Thus the central plant gets what it calls a " long haul." A storekeeper will pay out fifty, one hundred or two hundred dollars a month for electric lights to run his signs, when he would kick on a fifteen-dollar bill for lighting his home.

The diversity, ingenuity and genius brought to bear in constructing these signs is a new thing in business.

Toledo has one sign that requires seven thousand bulbs, and there is a building in Denver that is lighted on the outside by fifteen thousand bulbs, all purely for decorative and advertising purposes

When a man who runs a central plant can double the production of his current, he more than doubles his net income. The cost of electricity decreases rapidly in proportion to the amount of the current produced, and it has been ascertained beyond argument that the best-lighted cities are those where most business is done.

Light stands for literature. The words have a common root. Literature tokens intelligence, and intelligence mirrors enterprise, thrift, industrialism. Business at the last is largely a matter of sentiment. The light seems to give courage, hope, animation, and binds people together into a common bond.

The men who manage big utilities now everywhere realize the necessity of going in partnership with the people. A public utility thrives only as it is backed up by the best people in the town. A public utility stands for permanence. It is always a booster. It joins hands with everybody who is in a good business, and the financial advantages that it enjoys over any local concern put it in a position where it can render a great, important service to the community. It siphons capital from a thousand towns and cities and centers it in places where it will do the most good. I have visited a great many of the Doherty towns

and have noticed that through a betterment of the service by putting vast sums into the town in the way of improvements and betterments they have given the whole town a boost, and this lends courage to every local venture of every sort and kind. ¶ It is a new infusion of blood that gives increased life and vitality to the whole business community.

Henry L. Doherty was born in Columbus, Ohio, forty-four years ago. His father died when he was twelve years of age, and the lad went to work earning his own living and helping support his mother and a brood of brothers and sisters. He was errand-boy, clerk, secretary, salesmanager, engineer, in the gas industry, and then drifted into electric-light work. He made the discovery that most public utilities are run on a very parsimonious basis, and that no public utility can be run properly with local capital and with local management.

He was appointed receiver of a run-down, busted-up plant, went out and secured new customers for the current, convinced a few of his friends that the business could be made to pay, and they having faith in him put their money into the venture. He pulled the whole thing through in a big way and put it on a paying basis.

And this same policy that won out in one instance has been applied to the hundred and more public utilities that he has taken over. Anybody who deals with Doherty thrives, because he thrives only as the community thrives in which he operates. He goes into partnership with the public.

While Doherty is not exactly on his uppers, yet he is not wallowing in wealth any to speak of. He controls two hundred million dollars' worth of property. But his enterprises are all in the borrowing stage. Doherty puts them in position where they are able to pay interest on bonds and a small, sure dividend to stockholders ❧ ❧

And this from a business standpoint is success.

But as for Doherty taking money out of a community by means of a public utility, please disentangle it from your memory and give your forgettery a chance.

The modern public-utility policy is, put money into a town, not take it out.

And here we get another instance where big business benefits everybody.

E. T. Bedford

A HUNDRED years ago there was but one millionaire in America.

He had one eye, and his name was Stephen Girard.

In America today we have eight thousand men who are worth over a million dollars each.

To be sure, a hundred years ago every village and hamlet boasted one or two colossal incomes, ranging all the way from five to ten thousand dollars; and in the mouths of the hungry villagers these stupendous sums were as delectable and succulent morsels, which were fletcherized with extreme unction.

O tempora! O mores! to quote our friend the late Tully, who was some spellbinder. *Tempora mutantur*—how times are changed! Millionaires are rather diminutive tubers these days. They stalk about in our very midst every day of the week, and we never know it—little difference it would make if we did.

Time was when a millionaire was a man who was worth a million dollars ❧ ❧

Next, he was a man who made a million a year.

Now a man can not qualify for Millionaires' Row unless he spends a million every twelve-month.

We can not anticipate the next step in the evolution of the strong box. Already we are getting familiar and hail-fellow-well-met with multimillionaires and billionaires. In such company as this, your mere millionaire is decidedly *de trop*.

Every week or so some millionaire dies, of whom the world at large knows little or nothing. In fact, in these times of inflated fortunes, the average millionaire has to die in order to win recognition from the press. The obituary is generally a businesslike statement, brief and to the point: " Mr. Smithers, of Jimtown, died yesterday, worth ten million piastres. No flowers. Pitts-

burgh and Kalamazoo papers please copy." Like the famous slogan, " Wilson's Whiskey, that 's all."

It is only the Carnegies, Morgans, Astors, Rockefellers and Lawsons—people who maintain a bureau and do strange things to get the advertising publicity free, gratis, for nothing—that every one takes note of. No others need apply.

And yet, an entertaining chapter might be penned about so-called "obscure" or lowly millionaires, men who have done somewhat in the world, and made their pile, but to whom the world, after its fashion, is strangely indifferent. They are, for the most part, quiet, unassuming men, who mind their own affairs, say little and hoe corn.

On lower Broadway stands a tall, narrow building, that is the home of more Cock Lane ghost-stories, perhaps, than any other building in the country. About Number Twenty-six Broadway there hangs a pall of mystery like unto that which enveloped the fateful House of Usher.

Certainly, Twenty-six Broadway has acquired (however undeservedly) a sinister fame in the eyes of certain worthy people. They visit the spot and gaze at the non-committal exterior with fearsome awe. A little imagination, and lo! Number Twenty-six Broadway is straightway metamorphosed into an ogre's den, a veritable Castle Dangerous, within whose gloomy walls lurks a gruesome Giant Despair, ready at a moment's notice to pounce on the unwary and rend them piecemeal.

Had Eugene Sue known about Number Twenty-six Broadway, he would surely have devoted a chapter to it in his *Mysteries of Paris.*

Twenty-six Broadway is associated with the Standard Oil Company, the best business organization in the world. The Standard Oil Company did n't happen; it is the direct and inevitable result of struggle and ceaseless endeavor, combined with foresight. Efficiency is the watchword of the company.

" The very elevator-boys are chosen with a view to their possible evolution into department heads," wrote Ida Tarbell, and she was right.

King Oil is the graven image, the golden calf, before which every Standard Oil employee reverently genuflects. Even the night-watchman on his nocturnal rounds cries out, " Oil well! " On one of the doors in this fortress of finance appears the name " Mr. Bedford "—simply that and nothing more.

But who is Mr. Bedford? Can it be that he is one of the ogres, gloom-bugs or Cyclops that are popularly supposed to haunt the grim corridors of Number Twenty-six Broadway?

Wrong again. Mr. Bedford is one of those "obscure" millionaires —a most well-disposed gentleman, by the way, and one of the men higher up. He is a director of the Standard Oil Company, and a member of its highest governing body, the Executive Committee. Men who exert big influences can afford to be modest

If Mr. Bedford had amassed his millions in the time of Nero, he would undoubtedly have been requested to bequeath his wealth to that savior of the State and open his veins without more ado. As it is, he does business in a locality where every third or fourth man you meet has an income that is swollen like the mumps, so the American people do not as yet know him very intimately.

Mr. Bedford was born of English parents in Brooklyn, in Eighteen Hundred Forty-nine, the year of the gold-fever in California. The family had come to this country the year previous, and settled in New York's " Dormitory."

The father, Frederick Thomas Bedford, was a skilled wood-carver

When the Prince of Wales (later King Edward the Seventh) visited the United States as the Nation's guest of honor, the American people presented Queen Victoria with a portrait of

the Prince, and Frederick Bedford was delegated to design and carve the frame that enclosed the portrait.

E. T. Bedford received his education in the public schools of Brooklyn, and at the Maplegrove Academy, Westport, Connecticut

From the very start he began qualifying for a place of honor with the Standard Oil Company. His first money was earned as a salesman in the employ of the oil firm of Charles Pratt and Company. He specialized in oil and learned all that he could about the product.

Later, he was connected with Chesebrough and Company, the foremost producers of vaseline in the United States. Everybody is familiar with the dainty little bottles put out by this " subsidiary "—their product is almost good enough to eat.

Next Mr. Bedford stepped into the firm of Boyd and Thompson, working first as an employee, then as a junior partner. In time the firm name was changed to Thompson and Bedford, and the partners were R. J. Thompson, Edward Thomas Bedford, Charles Pratt and H. H. Rogers.

The company was incorporated in Eighteen Hundred Eighty, and became the Eastern agents for selling lubricating-oils for the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Bedford became president of this company. In Eighteen Hundred Ninety-three, the business became a department of the Standard Oil Company—the Bedford Department.

The Standard Oil Company is organized on the basis of decentralization, after the manner of a department-store, or the water-tight compartments of an ocean liner.

Decentralization spells business salvation. Without it disaster to one department of the business would mean financial ruin to the entire concern.

In Nineteen Hundred Three, Mr. Bedford became a director of the Standard Oil Company, and also a member of its Executive

Committee. His particular province consisted in advising the company on methods of merchandising, on the manufacture of lubricating-oils (of which he had made a special study), and on the development of the foreign market.

Bedford's business is salesmanship. He does not give lectures on the subject at Chautauquas, but the fact is, he is America's greatest salesman.

When the Standard Oil Company was dissolved by decree of the Supreme Court, Mr. Bedford resigned his official posts in various oil concerns, henceforth to devote his time and energies to the Corn Products Refining Company, of which he was elected president on the reorganization of the business a few years ago. In a short space of three years Mr. Bedford increased the company's average annual net earnings from three hundred seventy-five thousand dollars to nearly ten times that amount.

Andrew Carnegie says we should put all our eggs in one basket, and then watch the basket. But Andy was speaking of eggs, and anyway, the canny Scotsman knows full well that one iron in the fire is not enough to keep an active man busy.

Mr. Bedford finds his diversion in horseflesh. With him the "hobbyhorse is not forgot." He is an enthusiastic horseman and has spent many thousands of dollars on costly studs. He is a member of the Riding and Driving Club, of Brooklyn, and owns a breeding and stock farm at Green's Farms, Connecticut, which he calls Wynfromere. His trotting stable has produced some famous horses. He was the breeder of the celebrated Hamburg Belle, who held the world's record of 2:01 1-4, and was sold for fifty thousand dollars.

He owns a valuable show stable, and some of his teams have attained renown, as, for instance, Hildred and Plymouth Champion, and Donner and Blitzen. Mr. Bedford himself is recognized as one of the most expert whips in the country. He has hung up a number of notable records. At the Parkway Club, in Nineteen

Hundred Two, he drove his two trotters, Bemay and York Boy, to a road-wagon, registering a mile in 2:12 1-2—a world's record. ¶ Mr. Bedford has three daughters and a brace of boys. A lot of left-handed compliments are passed out to college lads and rich men's sons these days. The best argument against all such nonsense is the boys themselves. Fathers quite generally have a way of forgetting that they were once in kilts themselves; and having survived the peg-top age, they expect their sons to skip the youthful stage and become mature men of dignified port and sober judgment while you wait.

But " every dog will have his day." The Bedford boys labor under the double disadvantage of being a rich man's sons, and collegians, to boot. But they bid fair to follow in father's footsteps. And it is n't " pull," either, for though pull may get people into positions, push alone will keep them there. The Bedford boys believe in the initiative, but not the recall.

Dr. Charles R. Van Hise

AT the last convention of the National Chamber of Commerce of the United States, twenty-two men made speeches.

But of all the oratory spilled on that occasion there is only one address that is now being commented upon and quoted.

Doctor Charles R. Van Hise, President of the University of Wisconsin, made a distinct impression on his auditors.

He has definite ideas. He reads history, and he therefore knows a lot of things that will not work. He is not a dabbler, an experimenter, a dilettante reformer or a partisan pompadour professional politician. He is not hotly intent on securing applause and votes. He is not a party leader in his State, or out of it.

He is a working man, a teacher, and the general manager of one of the world's great universities.

It is a democratic university. The students who attend the University of Wisconsin go to college—they are not sent.

For the most part they are the sons and daughters of people in moderate circumstances. Many of them pay their way by earning money.

Doctor Van Hise's heart is in his work, and his principal work is that of a teacher. His sympathies are with his students, and their success in life is his warm desire. In their achievements he takes a justifiable pride.

Doctor Van Hise believes that Economics is the greatest study in the world.

Economics is merely the science of the production, transportation and distribution of the things that are necessary to human life. Doctor Van Hise believes in co-operation, that is, in the organization of a great number of men working together for a common end and a common purpose.

Organization in economics means the production of commodities at a minimum of cost with a maximum of quality, all to the end that all parties concerned shall thrive.

Doctor Van Hise claims that nothing has been gained or can be gained by dissolving the trusts.

In every instance the interference of Government in an endeavor to dissolve trusts has resulted in an increased cost of production. Instead of lowering prices they have been increased and the ultimate consumer pays the bill.

" Trust-busting is an error, a mistake, a blunder, and has added to the burdens that the working man has to carry," says Doctor Van Hise.

In England and Germany co-operation without limit is lawful. In America we have endeavored to make organization criminal.

Doctor Van Hise proposes a single amendment to the Sherman Law. This amendment is very simple, easily understood, and carries with it no uncertainty or doubt. It is this: " A combination in business shall be unlawful when detrimental to public welfare—not otherwise—and the burden of proof shall remain on the accused."

Doctor Van Hise claims it would be comparatively easy for any corporation to show the relative cost of production under organization, as compared with cost of production where factories consist of small units.

With all the activity of politicians to dissolve big combinations, no sustained effort has been made by the Government to ascertain the relative cost of production in big business as compared with little business.

This is a vital thing to ascertain, and it should not be difficult.

¶ The fact is, however, that politicians are not primarily intent on the good of the people at large. For the most part they are out simply for the good of the party, and each one is endeavoring to hold his office, or desires to secure a better one.

Doctor Van Hise suggests the creation of an Interstate Trade Commission that will regulate co-operation, to the end that fair profits may be made, and that the public may gain from the increased efficiency, so that wages may be bettered and the general condition of the wage-earner be put on a surer, safer, saner basis

Doctor Van Hise is not so much interested in helping the rich, as he is in increasing the opportunities of the poor, and bettering their economic, moral and mental status.

He is a citizen of the world, not of a State or a city.

The present conditions of uncertainty are immoral.

One big offender is singled out for persecution and nine hundred and ninety-nine smaller ones escape. Who will be seized upon no one knows.

Here we get a condition of haze and fog that permeates the entire business world. Nobody knows whose turn it will be next.

It is a very serious thing to have the power of the Government under which you live turn upon you with intent to increase your expenses, disrupt your plans, destroy your market and possibly put you out of business.

Doctor Van Hise believes that the co-operation of farmers and labor-unions is right and should be legalized by being put on a par with all other business enterprises.

Doctor Van Hise thinks that it would be a very great gain if farmers should combine and market their products at a profit, instead of all being hotly in competition with one another.

The success of the California Fruit-Growers' Exchange might be cited. Here is a combination of about seven thousand farmers who by banding together are enabled to market their products at a profit, where otherwise the public, the railroads, and the growers would suffer.

There is nothing in organization itself that is wrong. In the past men have at times combined for bad purposes, but at the

same time organization has brought us civilization. The test should always be: Is this organization benefiting the public at large?

It should be borne in mind that society does not exist for the protection of either this business or that; that every business must prove its worth, and although big business may, in certain instances, destroy small concerns, yet this is a part of the price of progress.

The steam-railroads put the stagecoach out of business. The telephone killed the business of the American District Telegraph and Messenger System.

Now the telephone is replacing the telegraph.

The use of concrete has destroyed the business of the men who owned stone-quarries, and the old stonemason has had to look elsewhere for a job.

The cafeteria and the " Help-Self " restaurant are undermining the Waiters' Union.

When trolley-cars took the place of the horse-railroad, it was for the people who raised horses and owned horses to seek another market, or go into some other business.

Civilization can not pause to take care of the lame ducks. Progress is a continual readjustment.

Trust-busting, so far, has all been in the interests of the little businessman, but if the little businessman can not supply the public commodities as cheaply as the big businessman, then he has got to give way and readjust himself.

The motto must always be: " The greatest good to the greatest number."

Doctor Van Hise is of the opinion that the businessman now who insists on standing pat and blocking progress, who fights regulation and will not frankly face the new economic conditions, is the man who is making for Socialism and giving the I. W. W. their ammunition.

A little stiffening of the vertebræ just now is what big business requires

The world should be educated to the fact that big business means bettering the commodity and decreasing the cost of production

Organization means increased payrolls, better opportunities for promotion, old-age pensions, parks, playgrounds, school-gardens, libraries, sanitation, pure water, fresh air, the electrification of railways and factories to the end that the smoke nuisance shall be mitigated or abolished, shorter hours and a general increase in human opportunities all along the route.

What Doctor Van Hise is working for is a nobler race of people, and this nobler race can come only through a better understanding of economic law.

And economics, it must not be forgotten, is the science of the employment of human energies in supplying human wants.

Work is the great civilizer, and happiness comes through effort.

¶ Doctor Van Hise's plan is sane, sensible, and nearer bomb-proof than that of any other reformer, theorist or politician now before the public.

Doctor Van Hise does not inflame class hatred. He does not foolishly accuse able businessmen of an endeavor to maltreat and mistreat their employees, and coerce the consumer. He does not believe that the railroads are the oppressors of the people, and that the owners and managers of big business are engaged in a conspiracy to exploit society.

Doctor Van Hise knows perfectly well that the big businessmen of the United States, the creators, the transporters, the world-makers, are graduates of the University of Hard Knocks.

They do not belong to any one distinct class.

For the most part they are men who want very little for themselves. They are economical and work tremendously hard.

They are playing the game.

They are in it, and they can not get out. There is no such thing as liquidation and there is no such thing as ease or rest. ¶ Success brings increased difficulties, and the more a man has the greater are his responsibilities to himself and the public. ¶ To mistreat the public is to invite a competition that will wipe a man off the economic slate.

The modern businessman deals in friendship.

This is his raw stock, and he invites the co-operation of his patrons to the end that all may thrive in every transaction. ¶ Doctor Van Hise believes that a liberal policy toward big business and the railroads especially is eminently wise. The railroads should be paid for the service they render society. To rob them, to confiscate their property and to force burdens on them, is eminently unethical and unwise.

Everything must be paid for. Nothing is given away.

When the railroads are prosperous they carry increased payrolls, and are the biggest buyers of lumber, steel, iron, copper, wood, wire, cement. Railroad-managers all have plans for building clear beyond their present economic needs. As fast as they get money, it is returned again to the public.

The man who wastes, the bounder, the grafter, is surely being spotted by the white light of publicity.

Such a man will have to mend his ways speedily, or get out of business ❧ ❧

Doctor Van Hise believes that publicity is the great panacea. ¶ Supervision, full, free and frank, must be the rule. But this supervision must be by the wisest and most able economists in the United States, not by demagogues.

Doctor Van Hise does not believe in a government by experiment and hysteria.

Nervous prostration and hot calls to arms are not constructive. ¶ We must be calm, logical, mathematical and conservative. The good that civilization has given us we must keep, the bad

we must eliminate, and of all our business assets Doctor Van Hise believes that happiness, courage, good will, animation and ambition are the most valuable.

To repress, stifle, thwart, and destroy these is to kill the very thing that makes for tangible progress.

William T. Noonan

I AM writing this on the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railway.

Three years ago I made a trip over this same road. It was a day trip from Buffalo to Pittsburgh. I did n't have anything special to write about, and so I wrote about the folks I saw on that train.

The conductor did something that caught my attention—he thanked me when he took up my ticket.

I watched him and I discovered he thanked everybody. He was a thankful sort of man. He was tall, strong, healthy, smiling. He was n't overworked. He must have been on good terms with himself, his family, the world. He was well-dressed, but not too well-dressed. Many times he came through the train, and always he sort of keyed the situation with a gladsome grin.

I held no conversation with the man. He did n't talk much with any one. He was friendly without being fresh; courteous without being familiar.

" Mister, will you tell me what time it is ? " an old lady asked the conductor

And he told her.

Then she asked this question, " Say, Mister, are you sure your watch is right? " And she was assured.

A man in the seat ahead of me asked one question four times: " How soon will we be at Ridgway? "

He was always respectfully answered.

The conductor went through, and when he came back the man asked a fifth question, " I say, Conductor, are you sure you have n't passed Ridgway? "

The man got to Ridgway all right, and did n't thank anybody—but he should, for Ridgway is a very beautiful town.

The trainmen helped the people who needed help—elderly folks, mothers with children and big baskets, lame people, foreigners. ¶ And the suavity which that conductor started out with at nine-thirty he had with him at six o'clock.

And I thought of the Roman Emperor, Antoninus Aurelius, the Stoic, foster-father of Marcus Aurelius. He was ill, but no one knew how ill, for he never complained.

The captain of the watch came to him and asked for the password for the night. " Equanimity," answered the Emperor, and turning on his side, he ceased to breathe.

That conductor's name might have been Antoninus Equanimity.

And behold, all of the copies of that particular ***Philistine***, containing my mention of this railroad, were picked up on the news-stands. Extra orders came, and on investigation I saw I had accidentally said something. The edition was gone—and orders were coming from all over the United States.

So I said to my boys in The Roycroft Shop, " Better get that thing out in folder form." ¶ " What shall we call it? "

" Oh, why, call it *Courtesy as an Asset.*"

And it was so done. Upwards of twenty different railroads ordered several thousand each. The Grand Trunk took fifty thousand. And I have a personal letter from Charles Melville Hays, commending the article. The Northern Pacific and the Baltimore and Ohio bought forty thousand each.

And one day I happened to meet James J. Hill, art-collector, book-lover and discoverer of Howard Elliott. It was at the Minnesota Club in Saint Paul, and Mr. Hill said to me with a quizzical smile, " Do you know why we ordered of you those booklets about the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh? "

" No; I 've often wondered."

" Well, it was because the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh is run by a Minnesota boy! "

" What is his name? "

William T. Noonan was born on a farm near the little town of Waverly, Minnesota, and began railroading at Minneapolis.

On this farm railroad-ties were cut and sold to James J. Hill, and the wood that was not used for ties was sold to the railroad company for fuel, because coal in that country at that time was a curiosity.

Mr. Noonan began his railroad career as errand-boy under W. H. Truesdale, now President of the Lackawanna Railroad.

¶ And that was n't very long ago—just twenty-five years.

Lots of people can remember that far back, and some of us can go a deal further.

So in twenty-two years you find William T. Noonan traveling from the position of errand-boy to the presidency of one of the most prosperous railroads in the United States.

What sort of man is William T. Noonan? Well, he is the youngest president of an important trunk-line in the United States.

Mr. Noonan is of medium size, with no excess baggage, and is n't especially handsome. He does n't attract attention on the street. Your first impression of the man is that he is physically " fit," to use the phrase that Kipling puts into the mouth of Mulvaney.

¶ The second thing that impresses you in this man is his contagious smile.

No man can meet him without answering that smile with a grin of his own.

Mr. Noonan is at home in any society; he is not abashed by so-called big people; neither does he embarrass track-walkers, section-men, foremen, mechanics or trainmen when he meets them.

Mr. Noonan is at home with his men, he calls them by name, respects them, and they respect him. They listen to every word he says, for he never talks at random. His words of encouragement add to their efficiency. He brings out the best in everybody, and he is just as much interested in every store, shop, bank or

factory along his line as if he owned the place himself. He realizes that the prosperity of the people is his. He is in partnership with his customers.

Get right—do right. Noonan is right with his employees and with the patrons of his road. Also, Noonan is right with Noonan.

¶ If a man is not right with his family, he is not right with the world. Double-dealing, secrets, side-stepping and ducking, all these things put the skids under a man's prospects and get him ready for the chute.

President Noonan is the high-noon of frankness; he lives right out in the sunshine. He has two hobbies: one is health and the other is railroading. He carries a hundred and twenty pounds' pressure, but never uses more than thirty. The rest is reserve.

¶ No matter what the subject is, you can talk it over with this man without embarrassment, and that is exactly the way his people and patrons feel. So here we get the secret of the success of this wonderful property: It has a soul.

If you are a student of human nature and given to character analysis, you would say that President Noonan is, first, a human being, not a railroad official. He is the average man, endowed by his parents with a strong and vigorous body, and an active, hungry mind. He has evolved and grown with the years. Life to him is opportunity. At a guess I would say that his genius for details and concentration is a gift from mother to son.

He is doing things in a big and colossal way as his Mother did in the line of housekeeping, for business is only housekeeping extended and multiplied.

The good housekeeper is industrious, economical, orderly, systematic, sympathetic—her business is to serve.

The Mother gives her life for her family; she dedicates her life to her loved ones. And when you get a man who has the genius of mother-love, and can apply this same divine endowment to business, you have a business general.

President Noonan does not lie on the sunny slopes of Parnassus and dream of things.

He never boasts of what he is going to do, and it is only by cross-examination that you can get him to speak of what he has done. He looks to the future.

I would not say that his general policy of treatment of his men is a selfish one, yet at the same time it is the policy that pays. It is enlightened self-interest.

Mr. Noonan is the friend of his employees; he does not call himself an official—he, too, is an employee of the company.

¶ Down at Bradford, Pennsylvania, I heard a story. I give it as it was given to me by a man who knows all the facts—just a little cross-section of life.

A certain conductor took a train out of Bradford every morning at seven o'clock for Buffalo. One morning, as he was taking up tickets he came across a seedy-looking individual who carried in his hands an adze and a big monkeywrench. This man told the conductor that he had no money, that he had been out of work for three months, but that he had just heard of a job that was open for him in Buffalo, and he gave the name of the man who was to give him the job.

Incidentally, this man was well known to the conductor.

The conductor listened to the man's tale patiently, and then frankly said: " Look here, friend, you know perfectly well that I can not carry anybody without their paying fare. It would be a positive infringement of the rules."

Said the man, " I have no money, and I have got to get to Buffalo."

" Well," said the conductor, " I will pay your fare out of my own pocket; you give me your address and you take mine, and when you get your first week's pay send me the money."

" Well, really," answered the man, " that is more than I expected; but now that you have been so kind with me, I will tell you, I

have just one dollar." And he reached in his pocket and pulled out a silver dollar. " Here, take that."

" No," said the conductor; " I will not take that money—it is n't enough to pay the fare. You pay me all or nothing."

" Take it," said the man; " I don't need any money right away when I get to Buffalo; the boss will put me up in a boarding-house, and I will get along some way. Keep this dollar for yourself."

To stop the argument the conductor put the dollar in his pocket.

¶ It was a plain case of knocking down. The conductor was called in, admitted the facts, and was discharged from the employ of the company.

Three months went by, and the papers in the case were sent to the office of William T. Noonan, president of the railroad, who looked the papers over and sent for the man. The ex-conductor came, but he was n't the same happy, self-efficient individual that Noonan had known.

The man had not only lost his job, but his nerve was gone, too. He was only a wreck of a man, a derelict floating on the sea of time. Noonan shook hands with him, took out the papers in the case, and said, " Well, I guess you took the dollar all right."

" Sure, Mr. Noonan."

" And you did n't turn in the cash fare out of your own pocket? "

" No, Mr. Noonan."

" And you are out of a job. But I know you were not in the business of ' knocking down.' "

" Mr. Noonan, I certainly was not. Here was a temptation, a peculiar one. It came to me unawares; it was pushed on to me."

" Well, we all make mistakes," said the railroad president; " I have made a few myself. The thing to do is not to make the same mistake a second time." And as Mr. Noonan talked to the man he began tearing up the papers and throwing them into the wastebasket.

"Look here, Mr. Noonan—what are you doing, tearing up those papers!"

"Because," said Noonan, "we do not need them any longer," and he threw the last handful of bits into the wastebasket, and said: "Go get measured for a new suit of clothes; you have lost about fifty pounds, and the old duds will no longer do. Go back to your run on Monday morning." And he led the man to the door and shook hands with the astonished, speechless individual.

The man stumbled his way down the stairs, managed to find the tailor-shop, got his new suit of clothes, and today is back on the job, a bomb-proof individual doing good work.

The Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railway is "the road that did the thing before it had to."

This railroad is Human, Scientific, Efficient and Artistic.

What I mean by "Human" is that its owners and its employees, from president to trackwalker, are actuated by a desire to serve humanity.

We are told that things sometimes break down because the human agent fails.

Realizing this, the managers of this railroad are intent on having the human machine built up to a point where safety and efficiency prevail.

Sentiment plays a big part in successful business. Business is a game. Dollars are merely the counters.

He who has eliminated sentiment from his cosmos takes no joy in the game. And "No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en," said William Shakespeare, and William knew!

Laughter, love, good-cheer, courtesy, friendship, are all very tangible assets in making the wheels go round. This railroad is scientific, because its operations are founded on the physical laws that have been tried and tested. ¶ Science is the common knowledge of the common people, classified.

Science knows the things that will not work. Science knows the breaking strain of materials; how long wood will endure; knows that water runs downhill; also, that water will destroy your roadbed if it is not drained properly. Science knows the secret of concrete, of pure water, of complete and rapid combustion. Science knows how to make steam and how to use it.

Efficiency is the ability to do the thing thoroughly and well, to do it effectively, economically, and at the very time that it should be done.

Efficiency turns on the ability to utilize to the best account the passing moments.

"I know the value of time," said Napoleon, and as long as Napoleon knew the value of time, he was successful. But when he got lime in his bones and the saltness of time went out of his system, Blucher got there first, and a new page in history was written.

The Artistic relates to beauty, just as efficiency relates to use. Use and Beauty are twin sisters.

William Morris said, "Art is not a thing—Art is a way!"

¶ Art is the gracious, kindly, generous, beautiful way of doing things

Beauty is harmony, and harmony has a distinct influence over our lives.

Flowerbeds, lawns, shade-trees, graciously winding roadways, cleanliness, order, decency, are all essentially artistic.

The next time you ride over the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh, just go into the observation-car and take a seat on the rear platform, and note the artistic quality of the scene that will meet your view.

Ballast is lined up in straight lines, not scattered all over the right-of-way.

All mileposts, you will observe, are of concrete, and are built as if for eternity.

You will find the grass cut, the weeds removed, and never will you find grass or verdure between the rails. Grass is beautiful but not in the streets of a city, or on a railroad that is doing business. ¶ All rubbish, worn-out ties, litter of every kind and sort, is picked up religiously by the trackmen and burned.

The right-of-way tokens art and beauty.

In this matter of keeping railroad property in superb condition, England has set us a pace. I know of nothing in America, however, that is up to the English standard, except the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh.

The excuse has always been that we have no time to clean up. "We 'll get around to this after a while. The first thing is to do the business."

But you have heard me say that if you want things done, you will have to call on a busy man—the other kind has no time.

And here we get one of the busiest railroads in America, which is yet the most artistic.

When you ride over the Great Northern out in Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana, all along that line of three thousand miles you will see great herds of white-faced cattle, droves of hogs, and shaggy-legged, big Clydesdale horses.

The white-faced cattle are referred to as "Jim Hill's cattle," for this is the Jim Hill country.

Jim Hill has supplied just one thing, and that is opportunity. And as the spirit of James J. Hill animated that empire of the Northwest, so does the spirit of William T. Noonan animate the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railway. This railroad supplies a spirit, and it gives opportunity.

Here is a line extending from Rochester to Pittsburgh, three hundred thirty-one miles, and from Buffalo to Pittsburgh, two hundred eighty-seven miles.

When you ride horseback three hundred thirty-one miles, it is quite a distance. But when you ride in a luxurious railway-

train, leaving Rochester or Buffalo by daylight and reaching Pittsburgh before supper, it is only a little way.

That is n't much of a trip, is it?

And then with the telephone you talk from Rochester to Pittsburgh with your friend, also you talk with anybody and everybody along the line.

All of the trains on the B. R. & P. are despatched and controlled by telephone. Of course there is a telegraph, too; but the telephone is the thing.

There are telephone-booths every few miles along the right-of-way —beautiful concrete telephone-booths, where you can go in and talk with the despatcher.

And it was the foresight, the business genius, the tireless energy, and the right intent of William T. Noonan that has cemented this railroad and the people along its line into a whole.

Noonan himself does not admit any such influence on his part —he swears a halibi. He says: " We believe in co-operation, commendation, and intelligent criticism. Always we are on the lookout for some man who is doing some task especially well, and then we reward him. You call it altruism; I don't, it is simply business."

Rarely any one is ever discharged from the employ of the B. R. & P. He is promoted. Always and forever Noonan is looking for opportunity to promote the worthy; the business is a search for talent.

History is mostly a record of fights. Business is a record of boosts. ¶ Business builds, constructs, enlarges, bridges the rivers, tunnels the mountains. Business sets people to work and pays them what they are worth. The big railroadman takes out the seventy-pound steel and puts in one hundred; he creosotes the ties, paints the stations, replaces wooden platforms with brick pavements, tears down old structures and builds better, replaces wood with steel, and steel with concrete; replaces dirt with

cinders, and cinders with stone ballast. He gives opportunity to the laborer, encourages genius, helps initiative, joins hands with the inventor, co-operates with farmers, works for better schools, for school-gardens, for playgrounds, good roads, concrete sidewalks; removes the rubbish, plants trees, shrubbery, flowers, waters the waste places, drains the swamps, knows what the factory-men and the businessmen are doing all along the line; gets in touch with them, clasps hands with them, eats with them, laughs with them, talks with them, advises with them, knows their wants, and sympathizes with them in their problems; settles contentions and settles them rightly. The B. R. & P. is a citizen of every town, city, village or township through which it passes.

It is a taxpayer, and it is interested in everything that makes for human happiness and social betterment. Nothing that is human is alien to it.

There are two ways for a traveling salesman to make money: One is to sell the goods, and the other is to work the expense-account ☙ ☙

There are two ways for a railroad to make money: One is to play the stock-market, and the other is to sell the only thing that a railroad has to sell, transportation.

The owners, officials and employees of the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railway are not financial jugglers. They have one object, and that is, to serve the patrons of their road in a way so that the railroad and its patrons will prosper.

I have said that the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railway is peculiar, different, unique, individual, and unlike any other railroad in America, or, for that matter, in the round world. The first item that differentiates the B. R. & P. is pronounced harmony among the stockholders, officers and employees.

Second, is the very fortunate situation of the railroad which links a trinity of growing, expanding, evolving cities—cities that

are filled with an eternal discontent, where good buildings are being torn down in order to build better.

Buffalo is essentially a manufacturing city, and a city of homes. It does not depend on any one particular line of manufactories. If hard times hits one particular trade, it lets some other go free.

Buffalo is the greatest horse-market in the world. Its packing products run into many millions. It handles fifteen million pounds of fish yearly. Its lumber interests aggregate two hundred fifty million feet a year. Iron ore is handled to the extent of two million tons. The coal traffic is very great, for here coal is transferred to boats that feed the fires that make the copper country of Lake Superior possible.

Ten million tons of coal are handled in Buffalo between Maytime and Maytime.

Soap, steel, linseed-oil, flour, automobiles, carriages, freight and passenger cars, leather, and in all, two hundred different industries, are represented in Buffalo.

The population of the city in Eighteen Hundred Eighty was one hundred fifty-five thousand. In Nineteen Hundred Fourteen it was five hundred thousand. In Nineteen Hundred Twenty-five it will be a million.

Rochester is the most healthful, cleanly, sanitary, hygienic city in America.

Parks, flower-gardens, beautiful front yards and beautiful back yards here prevail. The nursery business first put Rochester on the map. Rochester roses are world-famous. The planting of trees, flowers, producing fruits and forestry in its various forms, has been carried on at Rochester for seventy-five years.

Once Rochester was called " The Flour City," now it is called " The Flower City."

Nevertheless, the wheat-grinding industries are very important still ☙ ☙

Rochester makes more cameras than are made in all the cities in the rest of the world combined.

Rochester makes thermometers, protectographs, electrical apparatus, exquisite machinery and valuable commodities of a thousand forms.

The death-rate of Rochester is very low, something like eleven per thousand, which is, say, one-half the death-rate of the City of London. Rochester is a building, growing, evolving municipality, where industry, harmony, beauty, order, enterprise and high intelligence prevail.

The city of Pittsburgh is unique among the cities of America. Pittsburgh makes more steel rails than any other place on the American continent.

It is also the home of the glass industry. Electric apparatus, air-brakes, locomotives, steam-engines, brassware, bronze, white lead, pottery, leather and paper, and food-products of five hundred and fifty-seven varieties, are here produced.

In England I once heard Pittsburgh spoken of as " the place where George Washington lives; " in Scotland, they call it " Andy Carnegie's Town " also, it is the city that made Crosse and Blackwell jealous.

No city in the world has produced wealth as fast as Pittsburgh.

¶ None has banking facilities according to population equal to Pittsburgh.

Coal is portable climate. The cold of Canada is mitigated by coal carried over the B. R. & P. to Rochester, and then transferred in the same cars across Lake Ontario.

The steamship *Ontario*, built of chilled steel, carries thirty cars of fifty tons each, and travels Winter and Summer. This sturdy boat is owned by the B. R. & P. The part of the boat that accommodates passengers is beautiful, luxurious and complete. Passengers here would not be aware of the fact that the boat is run primarily to carry freight, were the fact not called to their

attention. The B. R. & P. serves the business interests of these three great cities.

When men are building, the business of transportation prospers. ¶ The B. R. & P. is happy indeed in its geographical relations. It goes through a country passing rich, where there is climate and weather, and these things make for unrest, noble discontent, and energy plus.

Some one has said that a committee is a body of men who take three weeks to do a thing that one man can do in an hour.

President Noonan is not hampered by orders. He knows the desire of the owners, and one purpose animates him, and that is, to carry out the wishes of the stockholders.

Too many cooks spoil the broth in railroading, just as in gastronomics

Mr. Noonan knows that, in order to please the owners, he first must please the patrons.

Also, it is commonsense policy for a railroad to be on good terms with its neighboring lines.

Scrappy railroads that indulge in red-headed competition make both patrons and stockholders pay for the fun.

There is a rivalry as to service, but there is always a cheerful interchange of traffic and facilities.

This road is on good terms with its neighbors.

Mr. Noonan's attitude is that of a friendly, broad-gauged, good-hearted neighbor.

However, I imagine that if you wanted a short-arm jolt, Noonan might accommodate you. But the sense of justice and fair play is strong in the heart of this man.

The policy of the road is centered in his convolutions, yet at the same time there are understudies for every position.

Mr. Noonan is big enough to know that the institution that leans too heavily on an individual is not properly managed.

There is no office on this road, no position, and no job, that

could not be quickly filled if the man who fills the place should drop out of the game.

You will notice that the employees of the B. R. & P. are earnest, responsible, contented, and altogether a heroic type of man.

¶ The cheerful, generous policy pays.

President Noonan says, with Marshall Field, "The patron is always right."

This is enlightened self-interest, because it makes for peace, and peace makes for prosperity.

Angry, tired, unreasonable men create just their own sort of an atmosphere.

If a patron wants information from the B. R. & P. concerning a rate to Keokuk, Iowa, he gets that rate, and is told exactly how much it will cost to ship the commodity.

We can all remember the time when, if we asked the rate to a certain point, we were told that it was thirty-three and a half cents per hundred pounds to the Niagara frontier, to the Mississippi River gateway, or to the territory covered by some Freight Association.

You will find that a B. R. & P. man does not pass out general, gaseous information. He will first find out from the patron what the man wants to ship, then the weight of it, and he will figure it all out on a pad and tell you what it will cost to lay the case of eggs down in the town where you want it to go.

This policy has made friends, so you will find, even in competing points, that the B. R. & P., nine times out of ten, has the preference

In the management of railroads it has been found that the best way to maintain boilers is to put good water in them.

Heat applied to water makes the wheels go round.

The B. R. & P. has bought many thousands of acres of land which are used as a watershed, and the water is collected in dams with concrete core walls, so that today the B. R. & P. has

in reserve over seven hundred fifty million gallons of pure water for engine use.

The B. R. & P. believes in H_2O, but not in their capital stock. Water that comes from the clouds is soft water. It can only be contaminated by going through the air or through the soil and rock.

Hard water is impure water that has taken up the qualities possessed by the geological strata through which it has passed. The plan of catching rain-water over a vast acreage and holding it in reservoirs is much cheaper than to purify it and soften it by a chemical process, although this plan is also carried on to a certain extent by the B. R. & P.

The dams built by the B. R. & P. have cost many hundred thousands of dollars.

It is a permanent investment. These dams are built to last a hundred years at least, and in fact, every building now being built by the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railway is built to endure and be serviceable at a time when every man now employed on the road has turned to dust.

The B. R. & P. builds for the future.

This kind and method of building reacts on the employee. It spells permanency, and to every B. R. & P. employee means a lifelong job.

This permanent plan of building is mirrored by the steel and concrete signal-towers that I saw were being erected along the line of this railroad.

Not long ago, in Boston, a wooden signal-tower was burned, through the well-meant intention of a switchman to thaw out water-pipes with a torch. He thawed the pipes out all right, and the tower was reduced to ashes in twenty minutes' time. The burning of that tower crippled the service of the railroad for a month, and practically two hundred trains a day were put out of commission for a week.

The new signal-towers now being built by the B. R. & P. have no wood in them.

Even the doors and window-frames are steel. The floors are concrete and the roof is tile. The telephone-booths are of similar construction. Fence-posts of concrete are also being manufactured in a big way by this company. So that it is only a question of time before all wooden fences and wood for building purposes will disappear. No wooden platforms are being erected. Steel and concrete and brick are the goods.

Also, it is well to know that the B. R. & P. gives preference when buying to the products of the brickmakers, the cement-makers, and the steel-makers who live along the line. Mr. Noonan believes in reciprocity.

The average tonnage per train on this railroad has doubled in ten years, with the trains on the road less time.

Grades have been reduced, curvatures eliminated, and electric signals and telephones are lessening the dependency upon the human agency.

Railroading is a twenty-four-hour-a-day proposition. Supervision at night is just as necessary as during the day, and a little more so. There are many efficiency tests in line with education, and the training has been steadily and constantly going on on this road.

This high degree of efficiency, this preparedness, is a very tangible asset and is indicated on the balance-sheet at the end of the year. As there is no advertisement equal to a well-pleased customer, so there is no method of traffic solicitation equal to a service thoroughly well performed.

Representatives of the B. R. & P. who call upon the patrons do so for the purpose of co-operation, and they advise as to the best method of accommodating the public.

On the B. R. & P. red blood takes the place of red tape; friendship eliminates friction.

Every engine is given its proper rating, and no more is expected from an engine than it can do; any more than we expect a man to do the things for which he is not trained and fitted by natural endowment. The B. R. & P. has the largest number of cars per mile of any road in the United States.

It costs about as much to pull a car that is half-filled as one that is loaded. Loaded cars on this road are the rule.

The equipment of this railroad is in use. Its aim is to keep the engines and cars in a high degree of repair, and to keep them busy ❧ ❧

The elimination of friction is politic, symbolic and actual on this road.

All engines have flanged lubrication, which means a lessening of wear and a reduced cost in the running.

This railroad goes through the center of the coalmining district of America, and yet the B. R. & P. was the pioneer in fuel economy. Its employees are educated to the fact that the music of pop-valves and the making of a tremendous smoke token waste of materials.

I hold in my hand a little book giving the cost-price of six hundred different pieces of material that are used in operation and maintenance ❧ ❧

These books have been distributed to every employee and every clerk on the B. R. & P., from section-hand and errand-boy up. Prizes have been given from time to time to those who pass the best examination as to cost of materials.

How many educated men do you know who can tell you the cost of a railroad-tie, a fence-post, a magneto, a pump, a piece of hose, a shovel, a sledge-hammer, an ax, a hand-car, a dynamo, a spike, a locomotive, a Pullman car, a freight-car, a passenger-car, a pane of glass or a paper of pins?

When we know the value of a thing we are a little slow about chucking it in the wastebasket or transferring it to the

scrap-heap. But even a scrap-heap is a valuable product to the B. R. & P., for here there is no standing in with the junk gentleman. The Reclamation Plant among many roads is a brand-new thing. On the B. R. & P., it has been in operation for several years.

In some institutions there are rules "that are made to be broken," but on the B. R. & P. rules are followed up. Quizzes are held in cabooses, stations, offices, out in the open every little while, to discover whether the employee has the rule at his finger-tips or tongue-tip.

Men who go on trains are "fit." And the engines that are sent out from the roundhouses of the B. R. & P. are also "fit." Stalled engines, leaky boilers, and tired, nervous men are not to be found on this road.

The town of East Aurora is six miles from Jewettville on the B. R. & P., and seven miles from Orchard Park on the same line. I often ride over on horseback to these villages to catch a train. Sometimes I go in an automobile, and if I am in a hurry I walk.

¶ For several years, I have noticed the peculiar and individual spirit that animates the B. R. & P.

Not so long ago, I thought I would like to take a good look at the "Central Plant" himself—the President of the road. So I called President Noonan up from East Aurora by telephone, and I got him on the line. His answer was, "You are a neighbor of ours! Come over and see me any time."

The railroads of this country have been well hammered by the genus muckraker and his companion in arms, Calamity Jake. Thomas Brackett Reed once said that when he had ten men apply for an office, and he, through necessity, gave the office to but one, he made nine soreheads and one ingrate. Just why, when we bestow a benefit on an individual we get his ingratitude, I am not sure. Some day I will take the matter up with Ali Baba and we will analyze it.

In the meantime, it looks to me as if the ingratitude of so many people towards the railroads was on account of the benefits that the railroads have bestowed on the country. When we begin to pound, we keep it up and get the habit, for we never forgive the people we have injured.

Personally, my work for the past twenty-five years has put me in close relationship with a great number of railroad officials. As a class I believe railroadmen average quite as high in point of intelligence and right intent as do lawyers, doctors, preachers, schoolteachers, grocers and even editors.

Railway officials, however, are men, and men sometimes make mistakes

But railroadmen have it bred into them that they can not afford to make the same mistake twice. And all railroadmen know that ex-parte, arbitrary methods are a poor policy.

The British Admiralty allow a captain to lose one ship and they never wink an eyebrow. But when he loses two, it is assumed that he is getting the habit, and they relieve him.

In spite of the busy muckraker, I think it is growing into the consciences of the people of America that the railroads have not received a fair deal.

But now there seems to be a return of the tide, and if I can help along this movement toward fair play just a little, I will be glad

The Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh is a railroad that co-operates with its patrons, and that looks out for its employees. This railroad prospers, just as the people prosper who live along its line.

It is a railroad that has kept in advance of public opinion; kept in advance of statute law. Every betterment demanded by the Interstate Commerce Commission has been foreseen and discounted by this company. Steel equipment, electric headlights, dining-cars, even on local trains, parlor-cars,

observation-platforms, stone ballast, telephone service, and one-hundred-pound steel—all are here.

Yes, and something else, and that something else, is "Humanity"—call it the Golden Rule if you wish. And the best part is, it is a commonsense policy that pays!

J. A. Secor and E. A. Rumely

THE business of searching for oil in the bowels of the earth, and pumping it up, is practically in its infancy. All we have endeavored to do, so far, is to bring up just enough oil to supply our needs.

The volatile element in petroleum is naphtha or gasoline. The pitchy substance, the asphalt, has to be removed in order to get a quick, clean combustion.

Then by mixing a certain amount of air with the kerosene, liberating just enough of the oil at a time, a quick ignition can be accomplished.

In the use of steam for running a steamboat, ninety-five per cent of the power is lost.

For instance, if a steamboat is soon to sail, she has to begin firing up eight or ten hours before she uses her steam. All of this time fuel is being consumed. Water is not heated directly from the fire, but we heat steel and the steel heats the water. Then we run the steam through pipes in order to turn certain machinery

¶ Forty-five per cent or so of the potential power in coal goes up the smokestack. Another forty-five per cent is lost in friction and the process of making real power out of heat-units. Only ten per cent gets to the propellers, and half of that is spent in useless beating of the water, leaving five per cent to push the ship on towards her destination.

It was once prophesied that no ship could cross the Atlantic under her own steam, because she could not carry enough fuel to meet her requirements. And so all steamships were rigged with sails, and steam was once used only when the wind was not favorable.

The problem yet in transportation is to get an engine that will

carry its fuel on its back. And so the smallest quantity of fuel in point of bulk and weight is what the world demands. Many experiments have been made in the matter of fuel.

In Watt's time no one knew the value of a square foot of coal in heat-units. Neither did we know anything about how much it costs to transform heat into light, or heat into power. It was all guesswork, cut and try.

The fuel now that gives the quickest results with the least loss is kerosene.

The engine that ignites kerosene instantly and that liberates its power so that it is used at once, this is the principle of the oil-engine ❧ ❧

The great need of the world was an oil-engine that, in clean combustion, regulation, durability, light weight and amenability to control, would be equal to the best steam and gas engines.

And the perfection of this invention is the proud achievement of John A. Secor, one of the World-Makers. Secor started, in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-five, two broad lines of investigation which he carried on simultaneously.

The first was the problem of engine design, that is, the adaptation of the internal-combustion engines to various economic uses. ¶ The second was to analyze the internal-combustion engine, and lay down and uncover basic principles underlying the successful use of any liquid fuel, including the heavy products of petroleum. ¶ Gas is something permanent, such as city gas, which can be piped and transported.

A vapor is a temporary gas which will go back to liquid, like steam. The constituents of steam, hydrogen and oxygen, are permanent gases until burned.

Secor's work was the taking of a liquid fuel and making power out of it directly without first converting it into a permanent gas, or vaporizing it as a steam-engine vaporizes water and makes it do work on the piston.

Secor's right to reputation is based on two big propositions: First, his stubborn insistence that the oil-engine must not depart from the established practice of the modern gas-engine.

The second big proposition was that Secor himself evolved the principles and invented a mechanism for using oil, without forfeiting the advantages of those engines.

Secor became satisfied, about Eighteen Hundred Eighty-seven, that all of the detracting characteristics of the oil-engine up to that time could be avoided.

All oil-engines up to this time could be classified into three types:

1. The constant-pressure type, or the Brayton engine.
2. The vaporizing type.
3. The high-compression engine.

All had disadvantages; such as imperfect regulation, undue weight, uncertain combustion, etc.

Secor's greatest work with the oil-engine was to lay down the following fundamentals, by the observance of which—and only by the observance of which—any engine can be made successfully to use kerosene, crude oil, gasoline, alcohol, or any other liquid fuel known to humankind:

1. Proper proportions of the fuel mixture at all loads, all speeds, all altitudes and all conditions of temperature and humidity.
2. Thorough and homogeneous mixture of air and oil.
3. Control of the time of ignition, so that the ignition will take place at the proper time with relation to the speed of the engine —a thing possible only with the use of the electric spark.
4. Ignition at the proper temperature, so as to secure clean combustion

Having demonstrated the essentials, Secor saw that their realization in practice depended upon controlling all factors in such a way that a variation in any one would vary all the others in the proper ratio.

His second greatest achievement was the patient working-out

of a system embodying all these basic features, and the evolution of an astoundingly simple mechanism for accomplishing the results.

The boiling teakettle told the secret of the steam-engine.

Like the boiling teakettle of James Watt, the plain kerosene-lamp revealed to John A. Secor the secret of perfect oil combustion ❧ ❧

A lamp-burner turned too high furnishes too much oil. This results in free carbon, and a sooty lamp-chimney.

If the lamp-burner is turned too low, there is too little air, the combustion becomes incomplete, and the lamp stinks.

Secor watched the lamp and studied the principles of combustion in the fireplace.

He worked thirteen years in his laboratory to put his discoveries into practical working shape. The automatic control of temperature was gained by means of water admitted in variable quantities as required by variations in heat and power. He then produced an engine with a carbureter that was different. Contrary to the ordinary method, the *proportions* of fuel, water and air, as well as the quantity of mixture, were varied instantly with the changing of the load, or the slightest difference in atmosphere conditions.

Secor put the human hand out of business as a factor of control, by making the engine regulate itself positively and automatically. The fraction of a drop of oil that had to be mixed with air was weighed by controlling the air itself with all the precision of the finest chemist's scales.

Yet the mechanism was only an incident.

Secor's great work lay in his vision, his conception of the underlying elements in the oil-engine's success.

And the engine that he has brought forth to burn oil will burn any liquid fuel on earth without change, because it is designed on first principles.

As for our supplies of kerosene, we look largely to the Standard Oil Company.

The present price of kerosene is from five to seven cents a gallon, and it will be cheaper, probably, before it is higher, although gasoline is bound to go higher.

The Standard Oil Company has been given credit for many things. But nobody has been more surprised than the Standard Oil officials at the enormous consumption of gasoline, which has come about within the past five years. A few years ago gasoline was a by-product of kerosene.

Only from two to ten per cent of the crude oil is available for gasoline

Over fifty per cent of crude oil is available for kerosene.

The demand for gasoline has now made kerosene the by-product.

The people who run the buzz-wagons are the people who make the profits for the Standard Oil Company.

The Standard Oil Company has more kerosene than it really knows what to do with. Hence, the low price of the product.

About fifteen years ago Mr. John A. Secor constructed his first oil-engine. It was a little engine of about five horse-power, and its purpose was to run a dynamo for electric lighting in a country home

This little engine, with dynamo right alongside, supplied a maximum amount of electricity with a minimum of expense. In these points it surpassed any engine ever before constructed

Mr. Edison expressed great admiration for this engine and said, " In my mind, this looks like as near perpetual motion as we will ever get."

Under the engine was a little tank of kerosene. The engine's own motion pumped up the oil and sent it through the carbureter. The purpose of the carbureter is to mix the oil and air in right proportion, so as to get a perfect ignition and an instantaneous transfer of heat into power.

Thanks to scientific engineering it can now be computed as to what is the relative value of a unit of heat to a unit of power.

¶ A good many of these little engines were manufactured by Mr. Secor for the homes of country gentlemen where a small amount of power and light was required.

During the Russo-Japanese War, one of those alert and active little brown men bought one of these engines and sent it over to Japan for use in wireless telegraphy in the field.

This engine did its work so well that it brought an order for a dozen more; and altogether, the Japanese had sixty-five of these engines in use at wireless stations.

The advantages of the engine were its small size, compact build, and light weight. It was easily set up, almost automatic in its running, was safe, and could be managed without the aid of a skilled engineer; and altogether, it was eminently fitted for purposes where a regular stationary engine was not available.

The Japanese carried these engines in motor-boats, transported them on mule-back, and also by man-power.

Here was a great and far-reaching invention. But no matter how splendid an idea is, it has to be applied in a commercial way before it is of positive use to humanity.

This was the real task.

Every new thing has to fight for its life. Every innovation is opposed. The tug of inertia has us all by the foot, and we would rather fight for the old than take on the new.

Beside that, there is the eternal doubt as to the value of the new invention, and the chances, it must be admitted, are all on the side of failure. In the application of electricity, Edison had not only to discover methods whereby electricity could be utilized, but he had to commercialize the proposition and educate the world to its use. When George Westinghouse invented the air-brake, his real task was to convince the railroad world of its value

John A. Secor is an inventor by prenatal tendency. He is also an artist, and a teacher by experience.

The grandfather of Mr. Secor was an engineer in the employ of Robert Fulton, who built the *Clermont,* the first successful steamboat. In passing, let it be noted that Robert Fulton was an artist, who studied with Benjamin West, a Pennsylvanian, who founded in England the Royal Academy.

In an inventor's work there is required something similar to that which the artist brings to bear.

The artist must be a man of imagination. He must be able to close his eyes and see things which the world does not perceive. So the inventor must have the prophetic vision. The machine exists in his brain before he materializes it.

The great thing is the idea, and imagination is the greatest gift of God

John A. Secor is a man of imagination. He is a poet in feeling, he is an artist, and he is an engineer.

Every possible device in a mechanical way is to him familiar. He knows everything that will not work.

He knows the principles of the wheel and the lever and every possible combination that can grow out of these.

To apply power successfully to machinery was the thing that interested him from boyhood. He knew the terrific loss of transforming heat into power by the use of steam.

He sought the Northwest Passage in mechanics—and he found it.

¶ The supreme result of his work was the " Oil-Turn " engine. The thing was an absolute success. It was his own device. It was the crowning achievement of a quarter of a century of study and experiment.

The simplicity of it was a thing that astonished himself and the experts

We work from the complex to the simple, and the obvious is the last thing that we discover.

When John A. Secor invented the method by which heat could be transformed into power at the least possible expense, he made a great discovery; but the next thing was to show the world how to use it.

Here comes in the portable engine.

John A. Secor was born in the city of New York. He was interested in manufacture and transportation, and all of the activities of the world's capitals interested him.

The science of war, also, was a part of his mental equipment. History is the record, not of the peaceful industries and achievements of the plain people, but the story of strong men, fighting for supremacy.

The last thing that John A. Secor thought of was to utilize his engine for agricultural purposes.

This thing never came to him until Doctor Edward A. Rumely sought him out, ten years after William N. Rumely had located him ☙ ☙

Doctor Edward A. Rumely is the grandson of Meinrad Rumely, who began his business career as a blacksmith at the town of LaPorte, Indiana, in the year Eighteen Hundred Fifty-three ☙ Meinrad Rumely was a German with the practical, hard-headed commonsense of a man brought up to earn his living with his hands. Incidentally, he had had a little time to think; and the same high wind that sent Richard Wagner into exile and that destroyed Friedrich Froebel, transported Meinrad Rumely across the sea with a price on his head that meant lifelong exile from his native land.

But every hardship and loss and pang and pain that does not kill you is good for you.

In Eighteen Hundred Fifty-three, Northern Indiana was in the wheat-belt, and being short of work, Rumely set to work to make a threshing-machine, or separator, for the farmers.

The motor was horse-power—six horses going round and round

and round, with a boy in the center, merrily cracking his whip and using up his vocabulary in way of oral exhaust.

I used to drive on one of these horse-powers, and my recollection is that the wind from the thresher always sent the dust in my direction. This I am positive of.

But the whole scheme was a wonderful improvement over threshing with the flail.

Rumely's business increased until he employed a dozen men. ¶ When he had a machine extra it was placed outside of his blacksmith-shop until a farmer came along and bought it. This farmer threshed for his neighbors and made money out of the operation; just as in New England communities, the man who owned a plow went from farm to farm and lightened the labor of hoe and spade.

The business prospered, and Rumely became known as one of the rich men of Indiana.

His threshing-machines were bought by people who lived thirty, forty, a hundred miles away.

Then, the wheat-belt moved on to Illinois, up to Wisconsin, over to Minnesota, and Rumely followed the settlers and sent out salesmen. The business increased, and finally a steam traction-engine was manufactured by Rumely that replaced horse-power

It was then discovered that this traction-engine could be used for other purposes, pulling out stumps, boulders, occasionally for moving houses.

Behind the traction-engine was the threshing-machine and a water-tank; then they hitched on a wagon with a load of coal, and another wagon behind that, when moving from one farm to another. ¶ These traction-engines, however, for the most part, lay idle all the year, until threshing-time came in the Fall. Who it was first thought of hooking up several plows behind the traction-engine, we do not know.

But gang-plows were being made, and four horses, with one driver, were pulling two plows, where formerly one driver and two horses pulled one plow.

If four plows could be arranged under the control of one man, why not six or eight? There were plenty of men to say that four was the limit, just as other men had said before that two was the limit.

And finally we find from eight to eighteen plows hitched behind a tractor, with twenty-eight disk-plows, one man running the traction-engine, the other looking after the plows. And across the prairies they go, turning twelve furrows at one time. Every horse replaced by a tractor meant sixty-five dollars a year clear profit for the farmer.

Here was a tremendous achievement. But it required, usually, one team to haul coal and another team to haul water.

Meinrad Rumely passed away and his four sons came into possession of the business.

But behold, one of these, Joseph Rumely, had a son, Edward A. Rumely, whose ambition was pedagogy.

And so he was educated in a public school, in the high school, in the preparatory school, and sent to college, and then sent across to Germany, the country from which his grandfather had been exiled.

In Nineteen Hundred Five, Doctor Edward A. Rumely, the youngster, aged twenty-five, just out of the kindergarten, so to speak, conceived a great idea.

He had an admiration, of course, for the learned professions, but he felt that there was something bigger, and that was to get to work in his father's business and go in partnership with the farmer; for the farmer lived out of doors, under the skies —he was in partnership with the sunshine, the soil, the winds— and all of the forces of Nature were his.

And so, from educating girls and boys out of doors, Doctor

Rumely would educate farmers to the use of Mechanical Power instead of using animal power and the power of man.

His desire was to give the farmer leisure to think, to grow, to become ∞ ∞

And at this time Fate sent him across the trail of John A. Secor, with the remembrance in mind of all his uncle William Rumely had told him concerning Secor's achievements.

He sought Secor out. He saw Secor's engine, and at once realized a thing that Secor did n't, and that was that the best use of the new power to be gained by the ignition of kerosene-oil was to apply the engine to agricultural purposes.

The Oil-Pull engine dates from the day that Edward A. Rumely clasped hands with John A. Secor.

Both have the aspiring, restless, eager brain of youth. Some men are born old; others never grow up. Secor and Rumely are healthy, animated, loving, working, intelligent men, athletes both, on intimate terms with every good and beautiful thing in the world.

The application of Secor's secret to the farmer's use is the inspired idea of Doctor Rumely.

The M. Rumely Company of LaPorte, Indiana, makes a tractor Oil-Pull engine for the farmer that pulls, say, eight breaking-plows. Behind the breaking-plows comes a disk-plow covering the entire width of the eight furrows. Behind the disk is a drill that sows the seed. Behind the drill is attached a harrow—and the Oil-Pull pulls them all.

Two men supervise this whole operation. The engine consumes one barrel of kerosene a day and one barrel of water.

When this engine goes out in the morning it carries on its back fuel for twelve hours' work.

The cost of the kerosene today is, say, five cents a gallon, and the barrel holds forty-two gallons. This equals two dollars and ten cents, if my mathematics do not fail me. It would cost

as much as this to grease your harness, if you used horses. The cost of doing the farm work is cut in half, and more, figure it any way you wish. Wheat can be produced at a saving of ten cents a bushel. This is not theory. The thing has been done and is being done.

Doctor Edward A. Rumely is not only an educator, a humanist, a man of science, a mechanician, but he is also a financier. And his recent achievement in financing a concern with a capital of twenty-two million dollars reveals his ability. He is in touch with the great moneyed men of the world. They believe in him, because men always believe in men who know what they are going to do.

The M. Rumely Company is manned by able and competent men, for both Secor and Doctor Rumely know that the secret of success lies in getting others to do your work.

When Franklin went to France to borrow money, America had no credit, but Franklin borrowed on his face. He convinced the people of France that he knew what he wanted, and that he would be able to pay the money back.

Doctor Rumely is a man of the Franklin type. He is no bounder. In him there is nothing of the Colonel Sellers. He is starting no goose-farm on the geometrical-ratio basis. He is building on the bedrock of the experience of his grandfather, his father, and the genius of John A. Secor, all aided by the scores of loyal, loving, skilful workers, grown up and educated from boyhood in the Rumely shops.

Secor is now in LaPorte, a part, and a very necessary part, of the great Rumely industry. And LaPorte is on the map in red.

¶ So fast have orders come to the Rumely Company for threshers, tractors and other agricultural machinery that the Rumelys have bought the complete assets and good-will of three other plants: one in Toronto; one in Battle Creek, Michigan, and another in Richmond, Indiana.

So under the direction of Doctor Edward A. Rumely, man of genius, this business is going forward.

That old proposition of being born again has a scientific basis in psychology. Everything that progresses must be born again from time to time. We move from point to point.

The great essay of Professor James of Harvard on *Untapped Reservoirs* has its basis in actual science.

When we want things bad enough, we get them.

We used to read by the light of a pine-torch. Then we had the tallow-dip; and then we had whale-oil. And when whale-oil became scarce, Colonel Drake discovered petroleum, the natural oil. Then we had the electric light.

Always and forever when humanity needs a thing badly enough, we reach up in the air or dig down in the earth and find it.

The most economical fuel now in use is kerosene. Beyond this, when kerosene is gone, we will have alcohol, because science has shown us how alcohol can be produced as long as the sun shines and vegetation grows.

But let us not cross the bridge until we get to it. There is kerosene enough now in sight to last a hundred years, and more.

The success of the Rumelys is in the fact that they are coming in with the tide. They are riding on the crest of the wave. It is the psychologic moment.

High prices demand Mechanical Power for the farmer instead of the power of animals. That is to say, we are going to use the incarnate power instead of the carnate.

In America we do not eat horses, and they do not give milk. Instead of horses, we will raise cattle. Just now it takes three cows to buy one horse. This ratio will eventually be reversed by the Oil-Pull, and thus will we keep famine at bay. Replace a horse with Oil-Pull and you give back to the world five acres of land. The value of a horse is uncertain ; there is always a market for hogs and cattle. More hogs and fewer horses will

be the rule. There is one branch of agriculture where the Oil-Pull will give to the world millions of acres, otherwise unavailable ❧ ❧

This is in the districts where "dry farming" only is possible. Much of this land is ten, twenty or fifty miles from the nearest railroad. The land must be plowed extra deep; and besides, in the "Campbell method," each plow must carry an attachment that makes a little blind ditch beneath the furrow. Here a special amount of power is required. It is killing work on horses; and besides, the heat is often intolerable for the poor beasts.

When it comes to drawing the wheat to market from such farms, the Oil-Pull that pulls a dozen heavily loaded wagons is the only really practical form of transportation.

The burden of farm-life used to fall upon the woman. Her work began very early in the morning and continued until long after dark at night.

Beside her own immediate family to be cared for, there was the ubiquitous hired man, with his classic appetite.

In harvest-time and when the threshers came, there was a small army of hungry men to feed.

If she wished to go to town, the horses, usually, "were all in use." She was chained to the soil, as the galley-slave of old was chained to his oar. If she was dispirited, dull, yellow and sad, and at times reason tottered, who can wonder at it?

But as the Oil-Pull will liberate the horses, so will it liberate the women on the farm. The army of hungry harvest-hands will be eliminated—fewer men will do the work. She will share in the general prosperity. A man in debt and hard pushed for cash can make things mighty uncomfortable everywhere, and especially on a farm. Prosperity tends to decency. Farmers' wives will have better husbands as the dead lift of labor lightens.

The beautiful little city of LaPorte, which for many years has moved along slowly, complacently, satisfied, with other towns

and cities growing up all around it, some surpassing it, is now experiencing a rebirth.

Towns and cities, just like individuals, have their fallow years and their years of plenty. Every man who does big things is born again, and again.

LaPorte is being born again. The hum of industry is revolutionizing the town. Pavements, skyscrapers, art-galleries, libraries, modern hotels, parks, driveways, school-gardens—every good and beautiful thing that invention and Nature supplies will be the proud possession of LaPorte.

LaPorte means the door; this town was the portal to the prairie, when Michigan City, only a few miles away, was the head of navigation on Lake Michigan. LaPorte is older than Chicago. And as the city of LaPorte was once the doorway to the great West, so will it be again the doorway, the *La Porte*, the portal to a grander and better civilization than America has ever known ❧ ❧

Doctor Edward A. Rumely and John A. Secor know the secret of getting other folks to do their work. They are combining and utilizing the forces of an army of fine, intelligent young men and women in order to manufacture tools and appliances with which farmers will feed the world.

Only a few months ago I saw three Oil-Pull engines hitched side by side, like a three-horse team, with fifty Oliver plows behind ❧ ❧

The chains tightened and slowly, surely, the Oil-Pull giants started away.

The half-hundred plows caught the soil and turned the furrows, accurately, beautifully, perfectly.

It was a sight to give one a thrill, and many there were in that company who shed tears, so tense was the moment. It was a world event.

In the company watching the performance, stood Joseph D.

Oliver, chief owner and general manager of the Oliver Chilled Plow Works of South Bend, Indiana.

Somewhere I once said that, in my opinion, Joseph D. Oliver is the biggest man in Indiana.

And on the occasion when the three Rumely Oil-Pulls walked away with fifty Oliver plows, turning fifty, deep, sure furrows, Joseph D. Oliver said to me, " Edward A. Rumely is the greatest young man in America."

" Just so," said I.

John B. Stetson

THIS is the life-story of John B. Stetson, told in "tabloid."

Stetson was an American businessman.

He is one of the moderns. I use the word "is," because the influence of a great personality never dies. The influence of the man is with us, and his soul goes marching on. Stetson was a workingman. He became master of a trade at a time when this trade was a synonym for the shiftless, the unreliable, the erratic.

"Mad as a hatter," was a saying that passed as legal tender in the current coin of language.

Lewis Carroll, in that very wise and foolish book entitled, *Alice in Wonderland,* paid his respects to the mad hatter. Various other writers have done the same.

The old-time hatter, like the old-time printer, worked when he felt like it—and a good deal of the time he did not feel like it. He was filled with the wanderlust, and to take off his apron and walk out without excuse or reason was, for him, a very natural thing to do.

When the merry hatter received his pay and left the shop Saturday night, it was quite likely the shop did not see him until along about Tuesday or Wednesday, and then it took him the better part of a day to get his hand in.

It is probable that the particular trade of hatter has been maligned, for the fact is that one hundred years ago all the trades were very much on the same basis.

John Wesley in his "Journal" describes the condition of the potters in England, during his time. Half their earnings were spent for strong drink. None of them owned their homes. They lived in long lines of hovels, from which they were evicted when they lost their inclination or their capacity for work.

They were a brawling, bearbaiting, restless, shiftless, unreliable lot. They had no gardens, no flowers, no books, no pictures—no ambitions, no ideals. Very few of them could read and write. When they attended the meetings of John Wesley they often showed their appreciation by pelting the speaker with mud balls. The places where they worked were sheds or small shops, managed by a man who lived over the factory, or alongside, and looked after his dozen workmen as best he could. The wares they made were mostly jugs for brewers.

As John Wesley rode his old horse," Timothy," through this Cumberland potters' district one day, greatly to his surprise he saw a sight that caused him to rein in his horse and stop and stare. It was a flowerbed in front of a little house.

John Wesley dismounted, tied his horse to the fence, and went inside to investigate. That night he wrote in his " Journal " these words: " He is small and lame, but he loves flowers and his soul is near to God."

The man of whom he wrote was Josiah Wedgwood, the founder of the town of Etruria, and who from making jugs for brewers evolved the art of making vases.

Incidentally, Wedgwood coined the word " Queensware," and made tableware of a sort and kind so that it came into general use among even the common people, taking the place of the old-time metal pot—from which each member of the household dipped and speared as suited his own inclination.

Wedgwood raised pottery from a trade to a fine art. In the process he became rich, and he made hundreds of other men rich. There is not a household in Christendom today where the marks of Wedgwood's genius are not shown.

The daughter of John Wedgwood became the mother of Charles Darwin. Darwin has changed the thinking complexion of the world; but even Darwin, who was an innovator, did not do more for humanity than did Josiah Wedgwood.

John B. Stetson did for the hatter's trade what Wedgwood had done for the potter's.

Stetson made of his trade a business, a profession, a science, an art. He did the thing better than it had ever been done before since history began.

He was an economist, an organizer and a humanitarian. Incidentally, he became rich, and he made thousands of other people rich. He evolved distinct styles, and he made his name synonymous with the thing he manufactured.

The word "Stetson" has passed into the current coin of expression. If a man asks for a " Stetson " in any civilized country in the world, the dealer knows what he wants and will possibly try to pass him out " something just as good." Wherever hats are mentioned and discussed for even five minutes the word " Stetson " is used. If a man wants to express the supreme excellence of a hat he tells his customer, " It is a Stetson," or " Just as good as a Stetson," or " Exactly like a Stetson."

But no dealer, even in his wildest imaginings, describes the hat he offers as better than a " Stetson." The " Stetson " is the standard. It stands for beauty, durability, efficiency, and all that is worth while in the line of hats. It " looks " and it lasts. Stetson made the business of hatting respectable.

John B. Stetson was born in Orange, New Jersey, in Eighteen Hundred Thirty. He died in Nineteen Hundred Six.

His was a life of constant activity. He ran the gamut from poverty and hardship to wealth.

His father was an employing hatter, and a successful one according to the standard of the times. Stephen Stetson lived over his shop and worked at his trade in the good old-time way. It was an age of handicrafts.

All manufacturing was once done in the homes. The entire family worked at the business, and the trade was passed along—whatever it was—from father to son. The sons, the daughters

and the mother all worked too, at the business. Spinning, weaving, glass-blowing, wood-carving, and the making of lead-pencils, cutlery and utensils of every kind and sort were done in the homes ❧ ❧

Each of the great factories of New England can be traced back to its rise when by the kitchen stove the master of the house worked out an idea which took form in a commodity that was supplied to his neighbors, being traded to them for something they themselves made.

Business was barter. Perhaps once a year the manufacturer took a load of his wares to the neighboring fair, and there in his booth sold enough to buy raw stock for a year.

These were the methods continued from ancient times down to the invention of the steam-engine, and for a good many years after the invention of the steam-engine the methods of the home handicrafts still survived.

The complete separation of the home from the factory is a thing which the modern man has seen evolved. Men in middle life now can remember a day when the principal merchant in every town and village lived over his store, shop or factory.

Stephen Stetson was making money, for he had centered on that one thing. He lived in New Jersey, but he had the true New England instincts. He saved, and saved eternally. He worked and he compelled every one else to work, and in his life there were very few play-spells.

When he had accumulated fifty thousand dollars he was accounted one of the richest men in the business. He was fifty years old, and he decided he would retire from business and enjoy himself—not knowing that happiness is a habit, and if you do not get your happiness out of your work you will never know what happiness is.

He did not realize that to retire from work is to retire from life; so he sold out his prosperous business, and the money he had

made in a business he understood, he invested in one he knew nothing about. And the result was that his investments which he had expected would bring him in ten per cent or more without effort, melted away into thin air.

Andrew Carnegie's maxim, "Put all your eggs in one basket and then watch that basket," had not then been expressed. The business that prospers is the business that is managed by the men who built it up.

The elder Stetson passed away, whipped out, discouraged, a bankrupt man, and his sons took in hand the raveled shreds of his business and endeavored to build it up.

John B. was one of the younger children, and the older ones, filled with the thought of primogeniture, naturally took charge. His father had taught him the trade. But education outside of one's trade among the hatters was then regarded as quite superfluous, so the lad never attended school a day in his life. His mother taught him to read and write, and being possessed of a hungry mind he acquired knowledge as the days passed. Life was his school. John B. Stetson was working for an older brother by the day. He made hats, taught others how, sold the product, bought the raw stock—and the brother absorbed the profits and the honors

So we find the brothers separating, and John B. making arrangements to start a business of his own. Then calamity came in the way of ill health. The doctors said John B. Stetson had consumption and that his days on earth were few. He was slight, slim, slender, nervous, active, and the type of person who goes quick—or lasts long, as the case may be.

But John B. Stetson was not to die just then. He studied his own case and he came to the conclusion that he would have to quit the exacting business of making hats and get out in the open. He struck out for the Far West, which then, in the late Fifties, meant Illinois.

Fever and ague were then the one crop of the Middle West. There were not trees enough to absorb the humidity, and the overturned sod created a miasma, and this transformed the prairies into a Campagna of " shakes " similar to that which surrounded Rome. Stetson shook, and shook dice with Destiny. He was burned with fever and chilled with cold, but he had no intentions of going back East. If he was going to die, he would die in the West, and he pushed on across the Mississippi River, through to the rising city of Saint Joseph, Missouri.

Saint Joseph was a trading-post where the parties fitted out for Pike's Peak—seven hundred fifty miles away.

At Saint Joseph, Stetson worked in a brickyard; then he became manager of the brickyard, then part owner. Clay was plentiful and wood was to be had for the cutting. He made money and invested it all in the business.

His brickyard was on the banks of the Missouri. He had made up half a million of bricks all ready to burn, arches complete and filled with wood, fires started, when lo! the fickle and finicky Missouri River went on a rampage, overflowed its banks, rose and kept rising, until it drove the firemen out of Stetson's brickyards ☙ ☙

The water still kept rising.

It put out the fires, undermined the arches, and the bricks made without straw tumbled in a mass.

Soon they were a heap of mud, which the yellow waters of the Missouri dissolved.

Stetson's fortune, the result of two years of hard work, swirled and swam away to the South. Stetson stood on a hilltop and said: " Let 'er go! I am not the first man who has made a fortune and lost it!"

The Civil War was on, and Stetson tried to enlist, but his physical disabilities were too apparent and he was rejected.

There was a party fitting out for Pike's Peak, and Stetson was

invited to become one of the members. He accepted the invitation and they started away on foot, a dozen young men headed for the Rocky Mountains.

Stetson's health was still precarious. His risk, as the insurance men would say, was a hazardous one.

In any event, however, he would not be a care to society. If he died, he would simply drop in his tracks and a shallow grave would be scooped out on the prairie and there he would rest in his last, long sleep.

It was June and the rosinweed rose as high as a man's head, across the prairies. Clouds of wild ducks circled over the ponds. The prairie-chickens drummed on the little hilltops. The blue cranes threw out their sentinels, strutted and called.

Nature was at her loveliest and best.

And so these young men tramped, following the trail to the West, always to the West, and as they journeyed, health and happiness came back to John B. Stetson.

When John B. Stetson started for Pike's Peak, his baggage consisted of the clothes upon his back, a shotgun and a hatchet. His companions, a dozen or so in number, were similarly equipped.

Science, with all its wonderful discoveries, has not devised a better method for eradicating the Great White Plague than that used by Stetson. He was out of doors all the time, under the blue sky, in wind and weather; but best of all there was a purpose, an objective point. They were going somewhere. There was plenty of good-cheer and banter, and so they walked.

But the storms came, and the plains and the prairies were wind-swept. At night they had no shelter.

In this extremity they resorted to a plan of sewing the skins of animals together; muskrat, rabbits, beaver, coyote, were plentiful, but our friends had no method of tanning the skins, and there is a certain, serious objection to using green skins for clothing purposes in the Summer time, that need not here be cited.

Shelter-tents, just big enough to crawl into, were easy enough to make with the help of skins. But these skins were thrown away when the sun came out, and the hope and prayer was that the storms would not again come.

Then it was that Stetson showed his companions an object-lesson in science one fine day as they were sitting on the banks of the stream with their feet dabbling in the water. The thing that Stetson explained to his friends was something they had never heard of, and at once it caused a big argument. Things people have never heard of they usually denounce as impossible. And while they are saying that this thing can never be done, some fellow just goes ahead and does it!

The question turned on securing cloth for shelter-tents. One man made the flat, dogmatic statement that cloth was made by weaving, and that it could not be made in any other way.

Stetson stood out that there was another scheme for making cloth ❧ ❧

All the others denounced him and voted him a theorist; so, to prove his case, Stetson expounded to them the science of felting. This is a branch of knowledge that is as old as glass-making. It goes back to the time of Moses, who led the Children of Israel out of captivity fifteen centuries before Christ. It was known to Homer and Hesiod, for they mention the scheme in their writings. Pythagoras, six hundred years before Christ, made cloth by the felting process, and as far as we know, the first fabrics were made of felt, and weaving came in as an afterthought.

And the world does not yet understand the science of felting, any more than it understands the science of electricity or the making of concrete. All we know is that the thing can be done.

Stetson explained these facts to his friends and received the merry ha-ha, and the doubtful te-he by way of applause. Now here is a story that was told me for a fact, but when I once asked Stetson about it, he only laughed and said I should not believe half I heard.

However, I still believe the tale is sure enough true, and so I give it, nothing extenuating and setting down naught in malice. So here goes: Stetson took some of the skins that his friends had discarded, sharpened up his hatchet on a convenient stone, and shaved the fur off the skins.

He then cut a bit of hickory sapling; sliced off a thong from one of the skins, and made a hunter's bow. With this bow he agitated the fur so as to keep it in a regular little cloud in the air.

Here is a process known to all old-time hatters, but which can only be done by an expert. It requires about as much talent and skill to manipulate a hunter's bow as it does to play the violin. Nowadays the fur is manipulated by a machine fan and allowed to settle, but the principle is the same.

Stetson kept the fur in the air, and then it fell gently by its own weight, and was very naturally distributed over a certain space. As it fell, Stetson, with a mouth full of water, after the manner of John Chinaman, blew a fine spray of moisture through the fur. Soon there was a mat of the fur that could be lifted up and rolled. It was like a thin sheet of wet paper.

There was a campfire near, and a pot of boiling water, and into this boiling water Stetson dipped his sheet of matted fur.

It began to shrink.

By manipulating it with his hands, and rapidly dipping it into the hot water, he soon had a little blanket, woven soft and even of perfect cloth.

The argument that the thing could not be done faded away into the nothingness. Nobody said, " I told you so! "

There was the actual thing—cloth made by the felting process—one of the oldest devices of the human mind.

It was only recently that the microscope showed us that hair and fur are not made up of straight, reedlike strands, but that every individual hair is covered with small hooks, branches or prongs, and that when stimulated by hot water these prongs show a great

tendency to cling to each other and will crawl or creep on after the manner of " tickle-grass." And the youngster who does not know about tickle-grass is to be pitied.

In the good old times when I went to the little red schoolhouse arrayed simply in two garments, a runabout and trousers buttoned thereto, tickle-grass came in as a scientific wonder. You simply started the thing up your trouser-leg and it came out at your collar, or where your collar should have been.

The principle of the single strand of fur is exactly the same as that of the tickle-grass. But the tickle-grass we see with our wide-open eyes, and the other is only manifest by the use of the microscope. The shrinking of felt is caused by the fibers interlocking, seizing upon each other and creeping close. It is a form of physical affinity. Just why it is we do not know, but the fact remains. Cotton does not shrink or creep, because it has n't the feet. And the story goes that Stetson's traveling companions were so delighted with his experiment that they immediately went to work killing jack-rabbits, beavers and skunks and any other of the fur-bearing animals they could get. Then under Stetson's directions they made felt tents that effectually turned the water, to the delight and astonishment of the troopers on horseback and afoot, and in the prairie-schooners, that were wending their way to the West.

Hats then were more or less of a luxury. Indians got along quite well without hats. So did our friends in the pioneer days.

In Winter, the Davy Crockett fashion was in vogue.

The coonskin cap, with its dangling tail, was picturesque and serviceable, but in Summer time it certainly had its disadvantages in way of moths and fleas. If you left your cap unguarded, some hungry dog would probably carry it off.

To amuse his friends, Stetson made a hat out of felt. It was big and picturesque. It protected the wearer from the wind and rain, as well as from the scorching sun.

Besides all of this, it attracted considerable attention. It made the wearer the object of envy, ridicule or admiration, as the case may be. But the ribald ones ceased to revile when a bullwhacker on horseback, gaily seated on a silver-mounted saddle from Mexico, looked upon Stetson's hat with envious eyes and then offered the owner a five-dollar gold-piece for it.

This was the first genuine Stetson hat made and sold.

That it would eventually lead up to a great industry, no one guessed; but it was the germ of an enterprise that was to be worldwide in its influence.

The little band of pioneers reached Pike's Peak, and discovered that life is life wherever you go, and that about all you have is what you carry with you.

A few of those Western miners made money. Some left their bones along the winding way; others died in the diggings. Most of them gambled and wasted their substance, whenever they had any.

Brigham Young's advice to the Mormons was: " Raise vegetables and feed the miners, and you will all grow rich. If you mine for gold, a very few of you will make money, but the most of you will die in poverty."

A year passed, and health and strength had come back to Stetson. He was big and strong, able and ambitious—full of ideas. He decided that he would go back to the East—back to the city that Benjamin Franklin had done so much to make. There he would work out his dream and, if possible, build up a business. He could do this one thing. He was a feltmaker and a hatter. He had the skill of fingers and the talent to do. And so back to Philadelphia he went, with his scanty earnings made in the diggings. Reaching Philadelphia, he had one hundred dollars left. He bought the tools of his trade, rented a little room at Seventh and Callowhill Streets, and started to work making hats. To buy the fur and make the felt was the first thing to do.

Stetson had no credit, but ten dollars' worth of fur was all that was required to start.

He studied the fashions that were in vogue, and made the sort of hat that seemed to be in demand. He peddled these out at the stores of the dealers, one, two, three, half a dozen at a time ❧ He saw, however, that if he simply made hats like those that others were making, working only to duplicate these, he would be but a molecule in the mass. He wanted to do something different—to start a style. And so he made a hat slightly different from that worn by the fashionables. Putting one of these on his head he walked around from dealer to dealer, doffing his hat and telling them he could duplicate it.

The dealers smiled in derision, saying that fashions came from across the sea, and that to start a new one was not to be thought of ❧ ❧

Then he went back to his shop and ironed an extra curl to the brim, and gave the hat a new twist and started out again. He was going to meet the prejudices of the dealers. Again he was forced to return, unsuccessful. Over and over again he endeavored to start his new fashion.

Finally, one day, he went out wearing a hat made of very fine, soft felt. He had made this hat from the finest fur that he could procure, and his endeavor was to make the lightest hat possible. A felt hat weighs anywhere from two to four ounces. This hat that Stetson wore weighed two. Stetson gave a vicious curl to his moustache and a cock that matched to the hat, and twisting his hat over one eye, he started again on his rounds among the dealers ❧ ❧

He assumed a rowdy, Beau Brummel appearance, aping the ultra-fashionables, and as he swaggered into a store his dapper appearence got the attention of a customer who eyed him with approval ❧ ❧

Stetson took off his hat and showed it to the dealer in the presence

of the customer who stood by. The customer became interested and bought the hat on the spot. The dealer gave Stetson an order for a dozen.

This was the first order for a dozen hats that he had received, and he had been working the market for six months.

He hastened back to his shop, took all the money he had, went out and bought the finest fur that he could procure, and started to fill the order.

From this time on he had plenty of work. The margins, however, were very close. Customers would not pay more than two dollars for a hat, and they said that this was such a little one anyway, that it was not worth more.

Every Monday morning Stetson bought ten dollars' worth of fur. The fur came in batches and was carried up the creaking stairways by a lusty Irishman who flopped the bale upon the floor and waited stolidly for his money. The mail during the week brought enough to pay for the fur, but barely enough, and one Monday morning when Stetson opened his last letter that had come to him, he discovered that he had not enough money to pay for the bale of fur that would soon arrive. He knew the Irishman was on the way with his wheelbarrow. Soon he would have to make the humiliating confession that he could not pay. What to do was the thing he was revolving in his mind.

He heard the man come up the stairs. He saw him enter with the load upon his shoulders. The Irishman gave the bale a toss and it fell with a thud to the floor, raising a cloud of dust. And as it fell, the Irishman remarked in a hot-mush brogue: " The ould man says that yez need n't moind about sinding the money for a week or so. Jes' suit yersilf."

And then the son of Hibernia disappeared down the stairway. Stetson sat dumb with surprise; and tears ran down his cheeks. From that day forward he was a believer in what our friend Socrates called the " Demon." Some call it " Providence," others

call it " luck." Stetson never formulated it, but the belief was always his that God was on his side, and that whatever he did would prove to be right and proper and best; that no matter how dark the clouds, light would break through.

This compelling faith in himself and in destiny never forsook him in all his long career.

It was only a few days after his receiving credit without asking for it, that he decided to stake his all on a venture that no hatter had before attempted. The bullwhacker on the plains who had separated himself from a five-dollar gold-piece for a very crude kind of hat, rose before him like an apparition. Instead of depending upon the local trade of the hatters of Philadelphia and haggling with them as to prices, Stetson decided to take all the money he had and make a big, fine picturesque hat for the Cattle Kings

He would call his hat " The Boss of the Plains."

He had gotten a list of the clothing and hat dealers in every city and town of the Southwest, and he would send each of these one of his big hats with a letter asking for an order for a dozen! This would either make or break him, but he believed that destiny was with him. So he spent all his money for material and then ran in debt to the very limit of his credit. He made his big, natural-colored hats, four-inch brim and four-inch top, with a strap for a band—and out went the hat to the West by express or by mail.

Whether the hat, or orders, would ever come back was the question. Two weeks passed and the orders were coming, " Send a dozen hats just like the sample." Some of the men sent cash with their orders, saying that they wanted their orders given the preference.

This gave Stetson a clue. He sent out more samples as fast as he could, making the suggestion that if a man wanted his hats by return express, he should send the money in advance.

This new hat, " The Boss of the Plains," was made of one-grade material and retailed at five dollars; then in finer material to sell for ten dollars; then in extra-fine fur made from pure beaver or nutria. These hats sold for as much as thirty dollars apiece. Money came, and the orders were piling up.

From this time on the story of the business of John B. Stetson reads like a romance. No tale of the imagination written by Sir Walter Scott equals it. Stetson did things that Sir Walter could never even imagine. He introduced initiative into the business. Stetson was a creator, a dealer, a scout of civilization. He marched always in the vanguard, and he introduced patterns which, seemingly, can not be improved on today.

The great business of the John B. Stetson Company has doubled in volume since his death. But the increase has all been by a close application to the methods laid down by the dead chief. Being dead he yet lives.

When a thing is known it ceases to be either deep, strange or profound

But we wonder why, when Stetson sold his first, big, picturesque hat there on the plains of Colorado, the thought did not at once come to him that there was a market for such wares!

The fact was that pioneers were poor. Hats were more or less of a luxury, and the possibilities of the West were to Stetson absolutely unguessed, just as they were to Napoleon when he sold that whole vast territory for a fraction of a cent per acre. It is doubtful whether forty or so years ago any living man imagined the extent of the wealth that now exists in America. Stetson did not know that there was even then a growing class of Western aristocrats, men immensely wealthy from the sale of cattle, who were coming into power.

When we are in the midst of a thing we do not see it. Perspective is necessary; and the thought of supplying a distinctive hat for the aristocrats of the West did not come to him until a certain

fateful day in Philadelphia, when he had tried everything else and only saw hardship ahead.

Stetson could always remember the exact time and spot when it came over him that he could get away absolutely from competition by making a hat for the cattle kings. The name "Boss of the Plains," seized upon him, and to supply this market became the one controlling object of his life. He actually became fevered over it. Subsequent events proved the truth of his prophecy.

Stetson was distinctly a religious man in the highest sense. His love for his work and his workers was absorbing, and his faith was the guiding star of his life. This gave him courage and good-cheer, even in the face of seeming disaster. He knew that all would be well. His firm faith in the Good was a strong factor in his success

The hat known as the "B. O. P." was a modified Mexican Sombrero. It was a sombrero with a college education. The limit of Stetson's business from this on was his ability to manufacture. From making one style he began to make many. The vogue spread, and it became a fixed fact to the man of the West that for service and utility, and to the man of the East that for style, he must wear a "Stetson." A "Stetson" stands for success. Stetson's faith was contagious.

So far as I know, no great business was ever built up equal in volume to this with such a minimum of advertising. Our scientific friends tell us that advertising is an economic waste. This is certainly true. Advertising is telling who you are, what you are, where you are and what you have to offer the world in the way of service or commodity. The only man who should not advertise is the man who has nothing to offer.

At the same time, there is no finer way in the world to waste money than in advertising. Very few advertisers indeed know how much of a return they are getting.

Stetson was the first man to say, "There is no advertisement

equal to a well-pleased customer." He endeavored to make a hat which would so please the customer that he would show it and explain to others where he got it. The Stetson hat in looks and wear proved its worth to the wearer and his friends, and the trade-mark which Stetson was proud to put in it told the name of the maker and where he lived. Thus every man who wore a "Stetson" was an advertising agent for John B. Stetson.

I suppose it need not be explained that a hat is not concealed on the person. It surmounts a man's dome of thought. It occupies the proudest position in all that goes to make up his haberdashery and toggery. In togs the hat certainly occupies first place. The hat is a sort of modified crown. There is a certain tendency in the human heart which prompts the individual to show his social status in his hat. The hat reveals the mood of mind which the individual possesses.

We bestow honors by touching the hat-brim or lifting the hat. Thus we symbol our mental attitude toward an individual. There are people before whom we stand uncovered, and there are others in the presence of whom we stolidly pull our hat down.

William Penn was born with his hat on and never removed it, even in the presence of royalty. Thus did he manifest his ego. And from Beau Brummel, who wore a towering hat with a dinky brim, we run the hat gamut to George Fox, who reached equilibrium in breadth of brim. On Beau Brummel's hat was a fluttering flummery of ribbons of various hues, but the hat worn by George Fox was absolutely without ornament. The Mexican will ride out from his hacienda on a ten-dollar horse and a one-hundred-dollar saddle, wearing a forty-dollar hat and a three-dollar suit of clothes.

The thing that got the eye of the American cattle king was size, simplicity, quality, individuality—something that was unique and genuine.

Stetson, instead of advertising his hats or sending out traveling

men, shipped a sample hat by express to every dealer. Later on, he discovered that the men in a town he sold attracted to themselves pretty much of the hat trade.

The hats for which Stetson received orders when they reached the dealer usually proved to be a little better article than the man expected. Stetson aimed to disappoint his customers on this side. If there were any surprises, he surprised the man by giving him a better hat than he expected. And I heard the designer of today say, " Any hat, moth-eaten or defective, is good enough for a sample, but none is too perfect for a merchant to sell or a man to wear." And the merchant and the wearer know that the hat they buy will be up to the Stetson Standard, regardless of the sample

Stetson disarmed criticism by absolute honesty, absolute integrity and so far as I have been able to learn, he was the first hatter to adopt the one-price system and refuse to sell any dealer who cut or jockeyed prices.

In less than a year after Stetson began to make the hat known as the " Boss of the Plains," he gave up the Philadelphia local trade entirely, and in the interest of economy moved from the business district to Fourth Street and Montgomery Avenue, three miles out. He was clear in the suburbs of the city. The wise ones said that no man could do business so far out of town; others said the land he bought was not worth the money. But the days went by, as the days do, and now the Stetson factory is practically in the middle of the city, and a great deal of the most valuable real estate is still beyond the Stetson works. It became an axiom in the minds of the people who knew Stetson that wherever he bought real estate prosperity would follow.

When the Stetson factory was built in the suburbs, it was a three-story building one hundred feet long and thirty feet wide. It was beyond the needs of the concern, but Stetson's prophetic vision saw it filled with happy, prosperous and intelligent workers.

The first thing to do was to transform the shiftless, indifferent, impulsive, drinking, tramp hatter into a reliable and earnest individual ❧ ❧

It was discovered that the men who were saving money soon evolved a degree of integrity and intelligence which the tramp hatter did not possess. Some of the men planned for building homes. This idea grew and from it sprang the Stetson Building and Loan Association.

If Philadelphia is " The City of Homes," Stetson made use of the favorable local conditions to encourage his men to build or to buy homes of their own, and in the years of growth of the business, this idea, worked out through the Building and Loan Association, developed to such an extent that a large portion of the Stetson employees became householders in their own right. These homes were so numerous and so attractive in their varied types that they drew the attention of the United States Government, and the Bureau of Labor made a special study of the results of the operation of the Stetson Building and Loan Association, displaying facts and figures with numerous pictures of houses in an exhibit at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

The apprentice system adopted by Stetson was absolutely unique. He paid the beginner a fair wage, with an understanding that if the boy remained during the apprentice period he would receive a fixed bonus for every week he worked. Here was a chance to learn a trade and secure a snug saving at the same time. It was a master-stroke in binding to him able and reliable men. This idea grew and was worked out later in all departments in a big way. Today ninety per cent of all the employees in the great factory, in which fifty-five hundred people are working, are sharing in the profits of the business through a system of bonuses. Starting many years ago, Stetson offered on Christmas a small bonus to be paid the next Christmas to those men who worked continuously and faithfully throughout the year. While, the first year, not a large

percentage of the men earned the bonus, the result was sufficiently satisfactory to induce the offering of a larger bonus the following year and the extension of the plan to the workers in other departments. Week-workers who had been on the job throughout the year received a bonus of a fixed amount per week, and the piece-workers a percentage of what they earned during the year. This percentage is in some departments as high as twenty per cent, so that the employee who has earned during the year one thousand dollars receives two hundred as a substantial Christmas reminder of his share in the prosperity of the business.

When last Christmas I saw fifty-five hundred happy workers gather in the great Stetson auditorium, all singing heartily in the intervals of receiving their bonuses, it was clear that Stetson had made life worth while.

The secret of the success of John B. Stetson turned first on meeting the market with a quality and style of hat such as was in demand. The next thing was managing the workmen so as to evolve about him a big Stetson family, a family of happy, healthy, effective workers.

A JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF JOHN B. STETSON is no misnomer for a visit to the Stetson factory. Stetson so thoroughly identified himself with the life as well as the work of the factory that it may well be called his home.

Stetson was on friendly terms with all his people; called them by their first names; shook hands with them when they met; took a friendly interest in their affairs.

When the gathering of physical years came upon him and the multiplied number of employees made it impossible longer to continue the personal contact with each, he still maintained his general interest and activity.

He was always a stickler for fresh air and sunshine. This idea had been impressed upon him in a tragic way through his close call from death by tuberculosis. Always he loved the sunshine. His offices

and factory were flooded with light. He urged his people when they built houses to build facing the South and the East, and was often on hand to suggest, advise and encourage.

John B. Stetson was too busy to go to a doctor, so when need arose his physician came to see him in his own office. Thinking of others, Stetson got the habit of bringing in such of his employees as needed treatment. This idea, like all of his, enlarged. His own physician's services were outgrown. Specialists in various lines were called in. A day came when Stetson found that if he was to have an office to call his own that was not a clinic and dispensary he must make other arrangements. And he built a hospital

Nor would he confine this to the relief of his employees only. Its benefits were free to all. Twice has the work of the hospital outgrown its building equipment, and today a modern building with a staff of thirty physicians and unsurpassed facilities is ever ready to cure or relieve the ills not only of the workers in the Stetson factory but of the community surrounding it.

The prevention of illness has been even more effective. No expense in building and sanitation has been spared to make workrooms comfortable and healthful. The history of the business has been a constant succession of tearing down old structures and building new to secure the maximum of light and air. Figures show the result. The Secretary of the Beneficial Association pointed out to me that, while years ago to meet the sick and death benefits an occasional extra assessment was necessary in addition to the regular monthly dues, no such assessment has been made in the past seven years. From the regular dues a surplus has accumulated, so that these dues are now frequently passed. Through sanitation and careful filtration of water, typhoid has practically disappeared and tuberculosis is no longer the hatters' bugbear.

And through this unselfish—or if you please to call it, selfish—interest in his workers, the tramp hatter disappeared from the

Stetson factory and there grew up a big band of healthy, strong, intelligent people.

Then came in organization, a division of labor, with department heads, and these department heads were his marshals. They were paid a goodly wage and given an interest in the business.

No employer of labor ever got more loyal service from his helpers than did John B. Stetson. The Stetson people, instead of planning or scheming for ease and how they could get out of work, turned their attention to helping the factory. They felt they were part of the concern, and to cheat the institution was to cheat themselves. The employer who can bring to bear this consciousness in the mind of the worker has achieved a great victory over human inertia. Stetson believed in his people and they believed in him. He diffused an atmosphere of good cheer, of ambition, wherever he went. His business grew and he grew with the business. Stetson was always giving money, but he took good pains not to give so as to pauperize the individual. The amount of money he gave away no man can compute, for he kept no record of it himself and did not remember it, but like all men who give much he was occasionally victimized.

He made it a habit whenever there was an increase in the family of one of his workers to send congratulations, and at the same time a substantial recognition. He loved babies. He doted on children. He would often go out of his way across the street to pat some youngster on the head and give him a quarter. The children would follow him in the streets and call him by name, and sometimes he would carry a baby in his arms to relieve a tired mother.

It grew to be the custom that when a baby in the family of his workers was a year old the mother would come around to the factory and show her darling to the chief. No matter how busy he was he would go out into the hallway and greet such a mother, and the rule was to give her a dollar and wish her happiness.

Attached to his office in later years was a big waiting-room, and and in this room every forenoon was a goodly group of callers who came for their blessing, and a bit anxious for the substantial part of it. Stetson would go out from time to time and clean out the room by shaking hands with everybody and starting them all on their way. There were occasional repeaters, but Stetson overlooked little things like that. He never sent any one hungry and empty-handed away.

On one occasion a woman with a baby in a shawl appeared as usual. Stetson shook hands with her, patted the baby on the head, gave her a dollar and started her off down the stairs.

In about fifteen minutes another woman appeared with a like youngster in her arms. Stetson was intuitive. His was the feminine mind. He simply knew things because he knew. This time, without thinking, he said to the woman, " Have n't I seen you here before? "

And the woman said, " No."

He followed up the question with another, " Were you not in here an hour ago or less? " Then he said, " I have seen this baby before."

The woman, abashed, admitted that she had borrowed the baby from her neighbor.

Stetson never blamed anybody for anything, except laziness, not even for lying. He used to say, " Nothing but the truth pays." Yet censure was not in his heart. He never converted himself into a section of the Day of Judgment.

He heard the woman's confession that she had borrowed the baby. Then he laughed, shook hands with her, gave her the dollar, and said, " Go off now, and when you come back here again bring a baby of your own."

Man, like Deity, creates in his own image. When a painter paints a portrait he makes two—one of himself and one of the sitter. If there is a sleazy thread in your character you will weave it into

the fabric you are making. A Stetson hat was a bit of Stetson character.

Stetson hats looked like Stetson—they were unconventional, natural, generous, genuine. They reacted, too, on the wearer. The word "Stetson" not only stood for hat, but for a certain style of hat, and a certain type of man. No cheap, apologetic, sneakerino tightwad ever wore a Stetson—it would n't fit him ❧ Stetson stood for The American Philosophy, devised by people who live on the Fortieth Parallel in America. This philosophy reduced to its simplest terms means work, love, laughter, study and play, mixed in right proportions and taken ad lib.

Stetson believed that only the busy person is happy, and that systematic, daily, useful work is man's greatest blessing.

"This country is built on business," said Stetson.

We are a nation of workers, builders, inventors, creators, producers. ¶ We are the richest country, per capita, in the world; and our wealth has all come from the farm, the forest, the factory, the mine, the sea.

We have dug, plowed, pumped, smelted, refined, transported and manufactured. We did not inherit our wealth, neither have we laid tribute on other countries as did earlier civilizations.

The word "education" sometimes stands for idleness, but The American Philosophy symbols work, effort, industry. It means intelligent, thoughtful, reasonable and wise busy-ness—helping yourself by helping others. Only the busy person is happy. Systematic, daily, useful work is man's greatest blessing.

The world's greatest prizes in the future will go to the businessman. The businessman is our only scientist, and to him we must look for a Science of Economics that will eradicate poverty, disease, superstition and all that dissipates and destroys.

It is a great man who focuses on his business and instead of putting the whole world straight looks after just one individual, and that is the man right under your own "Stetson."

John B. Stetson was a business general. He did his work through other men. He knew the business of hatting, and he knew the human heart better. He knew the consumer and the dealer, and he knew the workmen who manipulated raw stock into forms of use and beauty.

He knew how to captain these workers for his own advantage and benefit—and theirs. He knew how to transform indifferent, slipshod, faulty, foolish human clay into men of worth. He knew how to take a man who was not a friend to himself, and by being a friend to him, make of him a man of integrity.

To influence an individual who does not know how to economize his own time, or save his money over against the day of storm, and make of this man an economist who will save his money and buy a home and pay for it and have money in the savings-bank, and conserve his health so as to enjoy his treasures of books and music and flowerbeds and vegetable-garden, and to be on good terms with his neighbors, and best of all with himself—to appreciate Nature and all the manifold beauties of this wondrous world, this was one of the achievements of John B. Stetson, done over and over again.

John B. Stetson was one of the great organizers of the world. All men who succeed in a masterly way owe their success to their ability to manage and control the efforts of other people.

Napoleon succeeded through his marshals, and this fact he made no effort to conceal. He bound men to him with hoops of steel. He fired them with his own enthusiasm and filled them with his own purpose. He loved them and they loved him.

Bertrand followed his master into exile at Saint Helena, and was servant of the man who once ruled the world until this man passed away. Bertrand, remaining on the spot, guarding the grave, refusing to leave Saint Helena even when the master had turned to dust, gives us an object-lesson in loyalty that we can never forget

Ella Flagg Young

ELLA FLAGG YOUNG is Superintendent of Public Schools in the city of Chicago. She was recently selected to take the place, which up to her time has always been filled by a man—a male man.

Her salary is ten thousand dollars a year, which was the amount her predecessor was paid.

She has charge of a property valued at fifty million dollars. She looks after six thousand teachers, and two hundred and seventy-five thousand children. She hires and fires six hundred janitors. Mrs. Young is the widow of a schoolmaster; but this did not weigh in the scale in her selection to the office.

She is sixty-four years old.

The fetching powers of a widow, I am told, are in abeyance after fifty, and she then goes in on her merits, accepting no favors nor giving any.

Mrs. Young was born in Erie County, York State, within a few miles of the village of East Aurora.

This probably accounts for it.

She has served the state as a teacher and inspector of schools for forty years. Her ability is not a matter of conjecture: it has been proven

She is the only woman I know of in the world who gets ten thousand a year—and earns it. There are plenty of women who spend ten thousand a year. Last month a lady alimoniac in New York City was granted an allowance of Thirty-six thousand a year, but this award was not based on her earning power.

It was given simply because her former husband had the money. And he did n't earn the money, either. He lay under a cocoanut-tree and the cocoanuts fell on him.

But for society or a community to hire the alimoniac, just

mentioned, at three dollars a week would be overpaying her. She can not do anything which society wants done.

Mrs. Young, however, is in another class. She does a man's work, and very rightly gets a man's pay. Whether she would get a man's pay for doing a man's work if she lived in New York State is a question I respectfully refer to my old college chum, the Honorable Charles E. Hughes.

Mrs. Young has great executive ability. She is also judicial and diplomatic. She has a wide sympathy and an active imagination, without being lacrimose or maudlin in her emotions. She makes her points and holds them. She has ability to decide, and is usually right. She is a seer and a prophet, for she realizes the needs of the future. Yet she is a true Fabian and always is willing to accept what she can get, even if it is not all she would like.

She has the letting of lighting and heating contracts, also contracts for repairs, and in some instances building contracts. Millions of dollars pass through her hands. The thought of graft is too far removed from her to be imagined. This could not have been said of any of the male candidates for the place. Her intellect is high; her purpose noble; her character beyond reproach. She has every quality which the position demands, and one more than any genus male could muster—that is, the outlook of motherhood ❧ ❧

So why should n't she have the position? It 's a foolish question to ask, since nobody has hinted otherwise.

Nobody has carped at her having the position and doing the work, but Veritas, Old Subscriber and Pro Bono Publico have all carped and sneezed at her having a man's pay.

It is quite probable that Veritas, Old Subscriber and Pro Bono Publico all wear whiskers, and no man with whiskers in this rapid age of the automobile should be seriously considered. Mrs. Young fills the arduous position, and the pay she receives is none too great. It would be twice as much if I had my way. In this

thing of teaching, as a people, we are very small and niggardly. When we get civilized we will set apart the greatest and best men and women in the land and we will pay them enough, so that the offer of a pension will not be an insult to their ability to exercise the Savings-Bank Habit.

The world needs more of this strong, able, hopeful, loving type of folk like Ella Flagg Young—people who have initiative, and who are able to carry responsibility.

Woman was the first home-maker—naturally she is a builder, while man, naturally, and through centuries of habit, is a destroyer. Most of the school-teachers under Mrs. Young are women. It seems but commonsense to suppose that a woman would know more about their needs and requirements than a man. It also seems to be a commonplace to assume that a woman would know the needs of children better than a man. That a woman should be penalized on account of her sex, and be compelled to do a like service as a man for half the pay seems a barbaric policy.

Illinois is proving herself the Succor State. It is surely a short-sighted economic policy that would deprive a woman of the right to take a big and responsible position simply because she is a woman, as we occasionally do in New York.

A woman is a human being. The Divine Intelligence plays through her, exactly as through a man. Among the lower animals the female is often vastly superior to the male in many ways.

Among humans, she will show herself the equal of man in every line of social, economic and industrial endeavor—when given equal opportunity.

Very many male men live on a low mental plane for the lack of the help of women with brains. But woman, as a whole, will never be the equal of man in mental reach until she is given the right and privilege of using her powers.

The race did not develop as long as we were thanes, serfs, villeins

and chattels, looked after, controlled, repressed and suppressed by soldiers and priests.

The first requisite in growth is freedom. And with freedom must go responsibilty. Let woman do anything along the line of the world's work which she can do, and let her be paid the same for a like service that we pay to the genus male.

In all that goes to make up mental worth, to decide wisely and execute justly, the Chicago Superintendent of Schools has just as much ability as the Governor of the State of New York.

And yet when it comes to having her political preferences recorded she is debarred, and in the eyes of the law is a perpetual minor ❧ ❧

The only reason she can not vote is because she is a woman. And John Temple Graves says that the reason women should not be allowed to vote is because they can not bear arms.

John comes to his conclusions first and then skirmishes for proof, later. And any old proof is good enough for a prejudiced man. Women bear children, and bear responsibilities; and women are amenable before the law exactly the same as men. Yet we do not give her the right to express her choice as to whether she shall be electrocuted or be hanged. Neither do we let her say who shall be chosen to decide finally how she shall die and when.

Men have a few things to learn, one of which is that we gain freedom for ourselves only by giving it to others.

Andrew Taylor Still

IT was about the year Eighteen Hundred Fifty-seven that Henry Ward Beecher entered his pulpit one Sunday morning, and announced to his congregation that he wanted a thousand dollars to buy Bibles for poor people in Kansas. He said the matter was absolutely imperative, and he would not go on with the services until the money was raised

The Plymouth Church congregation had faith in Henry Ward Beecher, so they simply raised the money as a matter of course.

And the next day Henry Ward Beecher took the thousand dollars, and bought Sharpe's rifles and shipped them to Old John Brown in Kansas.

One of these "Bibles" was given to Major Pond, and he, in turn, presented me the document, after he no longer had use for it. I have it now, with his initials cut on the butt, with several notches adjacent. Just what these notches stand for, I do not know

Another of these Bibles was given to a young medicus, Major Andrew Taylor Still, who was surgeon to the troop of which Old John Brown was in command. The first time I heard of Doctor Still was from the lips of Major Pond.

We were out barnstorming the one-night stands, and when topics of conversation ran short, the Major always talked about either Henry Ward Beecher or Old John Brown.

Major Pond had followed the footsteps of John Brown from Pennsylvania to Ohio, Ohio to Iowa, Iowa to Kansas.

These fighters for freedom had no commissary, and they took no prisoners. They lived off of the country. They were all pioneers, at home in the open, and even when alone were in good company, for they were on good terms with the stars, with the clouds, with

bee-trees, deer, flowing springs, raccoons, opossums, and the entire world of happy, exuberant, lavish Nature.

Doctor Still was physician to that whole "deestrick." He was twenty-eight years of age when Pond first met him, and Pond was only twenty. So between them lay the gulf of years, for a boy of twenty regards a man of twenty-eight as a veteran.

Surgeon Still once set a broken wrist for young Jim Pond, and thereby was he fixed in the memory of the man who was to become lecture manager for Henry Ward Beecher.

The homely, commonsense skill of Major Still in ministering to the afflicted, the sick or the injured, commanded the great respect of Jim Pond and everybody.

Major Still was a man of education.

Incidentally, he could go out and bring back a deer when no one else knew where the deer were.

The other day I saw a picture of the Reverend Abram Still, father of Andrew Taylor Still, reproduced from an old daguerreotype. As I glanced at this picture, I involuntarily said, "John Brown." There was something essentially alike in the countenances of these two men—lean, homely, earnest, intellectual, stubborn—their high-combed hair bristling with the essence of honesty

Call them religious fanatics if you please. In any event, they were men of high-power potencies.

And then, at the same time, I saw a picture of Mrs. Martha P. Still, the mother of Andrew Taylor Still—a strong, earnest, noble woman, with a square head and a firm jaw, fit mate for a man who was to fight not only with the elements, with poverty, with stupidity, but who was also to make a great fight for human rights

It is a splendid thing to be well born.

The parents of Andrew Taylor Still were people with personality, plus. They had health, physical strength, mentality.

Andrew Taylor Still was born in the year Eighteen Hundred Twenty-eight, near Jonesboro, Lee County, Virginia.

Look this up on the map and you will find it is in the Blue Ridge Mountains, a part of the country which even yet is off the beaten track of civilization. These Virginia mountaineers were descendants of royalty, and some of this royalty was sent out of England for England's good. It was a matter of the survival of the fittest, and in the mountains they formed a law unto themselves.

¶ Abraham Lincoln was of the same breed—long of limb, lean, sinewy, bony, possessed of tremendous physical strength, moving slowly but surely toward the goal.

This is the essential type of the Virginia mountaineer. Abram Still was a Methodist preacher, a circuit-rider, whose fortune was to live all of his life on the borderland of civilization.

Whether Andrew Taylor Still had ever gone to school or not, he would have been an educated man, in the sense that he was a well-balanced man. He knew the laws of health intuitively, and had the ability to take care of himself. Self-preservation is the first law of the mountaineer.

But his parents were sticklers for " schooling." They believed in discipline, and certainly they did not spare the rod. One of the penalties for poor spelling was to be obliged to sit on a horse's skull, and nobody knows how many sharp points there are on a horse's skull until he has sat on one. And just remember that the days of underclothes have come since the boyhood of Doctor Still. Perhaps this was the beginning of the Science of Osteopathy, or the Science of Right Adjustment of bones to tissue.

In the year Eighteen Hundred Thirty-seven, Abram Still was appointed by the Methodist Conference as missionary to Missouri. Missionaries then were physicians to both soul and body.

¶ Population moves on parallel lines East or West. Virginians moved into Tennessee and Kentucky, and then pushed on through Southern Indiana and Illinois to Missouri.

Abram Still was the first Methodist preacher in Northwestern Missouri. The country was unsurveyed and unmapped, and, for the most part, there were no roads—only trails following the path of deer and buffalo, over which the Indian tramped in moccasined feet.

The preacher built a log cabin in the woods, with the help of his family. And this log cabin was a school, a church, a doctor's office and a home, until other buildings could be built.

Down at La Plata was a school conducted by the Reverend Samuel Davidson, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. The Methodists did not think much of the Presbyterians, but Mrs. Still was intent on giving her children educational advantages. So Andrew was bundled off through the woods, all of his worldly goods tied up in a red handkerchief, headed for the center of light and learning.

Much to the surprise of young Andrew, he found the Presbyterian preacher a very gentle, kind and considerate man. The preacher and his wife took the boy into their household and treated him as if he were their own son. And he, in turn, helped them. He split rails, milked cows, made garden, took care of the babies, cooked, washed and scrubbed. He was what you call a "handy boy." Of course, he hunted and fished. Everybody did then.

And so the boy grew in body and in brain. He watched the miracle of the seasons, the sugar-bush, the freshet that carried away the bridge, the first Spring flowers that came peeping from beneath the snow on the South side of rotting logs; he saw the trees bursting into leaf, the white hills flecked with blossoms of cherry and hawthorn. There were coon hunts by moonlight, tracks of deer by the salt-lick, bears in the green corn, harvest time, hog-killing days, frost upon the pumpkin and fodder in the shock, wild turkey in the clearing, revival-meetings, spelling-bees, debates, hard cider, occasional fights at the store, barn-raisings, quilting-bees, steers to break, colts to ride, apple butter, soft

soap, pickled pigs' feet, smoked hams, side-meat, shelled hickory-nuts and walnuts, coonskins on the barn-door. Winter and the first fall of snow, with the tracks of wild things to be chased and followed, boots to grease, harnesses to mend, back-logs, and all of the various manifestations of pioneer life, where the days were packed full and the nights were sacred to sleep; when tired Nature rested without waking and the morning came all too soon

Andrew's desire was to be a circuit-rider, like his father, but his experience with the good Presbyterian preacher was a great enlightener, as he discovered that Presbyterians were pretty nearly as good as Methodists. And later he discovered that all denominations were very much alike; it is largely a matter of temperament. Much of the business of the circuit-rider was ministering to the physical needs of the people as well as the spiritual and the mental. In fact, it was not so very long ago that the three learned professions were all incorporated in one individual. So Andrew Taylor Still, along about his nineteenth or twentieth year, decided to become a physician. And so he attended the Medical College at Kansas City, and in due time began to practise with his father and an elder brother who was also a physician.

He became a general practitioner, and every sort of ailment that flesh was heir to he ministered to.

The Reverend Abram Still had gotten into difficulties with his neighbors, on account of his conscientious stand on the subject of slavery. Those early mountaineers of Virginia did not own black men. In fact, they were the first Abolitionists.

Thomas Jefferson owned slaves, but he devised in his will that all of his slaves should be made free on his death. And any one reading the life of Thomas Jefferson will find statements expressing his dissatisfaction with the " institution." Thomas Jefferson had a goodly trace of the mountaineer in his own composition.

But he got mixed up with the planters and fell heir to a big estate on which were located a good many of the dusky chattels.

¶ But Abram Still was not so unfortunate. Andrew Taylor Still was an Abolitionist by prenatal tendency. He drank it in with his mother's milk.

Missouri was the great battle-ground of the abolition idea in the Fifties, and the whole family of Still found it very convenient to move out of Missouri into Kansas, in order to save their epidermis free from puncture.

Young Doctor Still practised almost all over the Territory of Kansas, and, naturally, he got into the border war, which evolved into a civil war, about the year Eighteen Hundred Fifty-five. The slavery and pro-slavery bands were arrayed against each other. Whether Kansas should be " slave " or " free "—that was the question.

Doctor Still stood for freedom, not only for himself, but for other people, white and black.

And when Old John Brown reached Kansas, along about the year Eighteen Hundred Fifty-seven, that he should run across Doctor Still was quite the most natural thing in the world.

When the first Kansas Legislature was convened, in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-seven, Doctor Still was one of the members.

The question of slavery, like everything else, seems to be a point of view. Those who owned slaves looked upon the Abolitionsits as " nigger thieves."

Their argument was that if the Abolitionists did not want to hold slaves, they need n't, but that they should not interfere with those who did.

It was a wonderful experience of Doctor Still, as fighter, practitioner, army surgeon. He helped begin the Civil War five years before Sumter was fired upon. He ministered to friend and foe alike. If there was any fighting to be done, he fought. He fought for the thing he believed was right and true and just; and where

there were bones to set, starving people to feed, and sick people to minister to, whether they wore the gray or the blue made no difference, he was there. Always and forever, Surgeon Still was on the side of humanity. He was a human being. He was right on the firing-line—and he has been there ever since.

But the one thing that this man was to do to impress humanity was to come later. The Science of Osteopathy then existed in his mind only as a germ. He was a doubter by nature, and curiously enough, according to the Law of Paradox, a doubter is a man with faith plus. In order to progress, you have to have faith that there is something better ahead, and naturally you doubt the perfection of the present order.

Doctor Still, happily married, had settled down to farming and practising medicine.

Only a man living much by himself, on the borderland of civilization and with the beautiful indifference to all that had been done and said before, could have broken up the ankylosis of orthodox medicine.

Doctor Still was a Naturalist. Every plant and herb and root and flower and leaf that had medicinal qualities was known to him. He pinned his faith to the simple things.

And we must remember that this was a time when all physicians practised palliation. If they could relieve a man from pain, they congratulated themselves that he was cured.

Doctor Still had imagination enough to see that behind the symptom was the cause. And he was always searching out the reason why.

I believe he is the first man in history to frankly say that, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as disease.

These individual, specific things that we call disease, six hundred of which, or more, are recorded in the books, are only symptoms of certain conditions.

Let a man violate the laws of Nature, be under-nourished, overfed,

disturbed mentally, or let pressure of bone play upon the arteries, thus disturbing the circulation, or bone press upon nerve, and this individual may have one or a dozen of these so-called diseases.

¶ Fever, chills, pneumonia, cold in the head, granulated eyelids, lumbago, Bright's disease, rheumatism, colic, croup, measles—these things all trace back to some specific, individual cause. And what this cause was, Doctor Still made it his business to ascertain.

¶ From Eighteen Hundred Sixty to Eighteen Hundred Seventy-four he thought, studied, observed, compared, and finally there was worked out in his mind a clear and specific science, which is now known as the Science of Osteopathy.

On June Twenty-second, Eighteen Hundred Seventy-four, having written out his thesis, he gave it to the world.

It was a great white milestone on the pathway of progress.

The science of medicine dates to Hippocrates, who lived in Athens during that wonderful period known as "The Age of Pericles."

Before Hippocrates, medicine and priestcraft were one. Incantations were a big factor in the healing art. The belief was general that sickness came from a devil taking possession of the human body. So hideous sounds and disgusting smells played their parts in driving out the intruder who had jumped the cosmic claim. Hippocrates seems to have discovered that certain poisons had a direct chemical effect. He had four powerful drugs that brought about an effect that he could definitely foretell. These were a purgative, a diuretic, a diaphoretic and an emetic. In the giving of these drugs, cause and effects could be followed. It was sequence and consequence; and thus far was it scientific.

The giving of poisons was founded on the old fallacy that the person was possessed of an evil spirit; and the whole intent of the nauseous or poisonous drugs was to smoke the intruder out—to make it so unpleasant for him that he could not stay on the premises

All down the centuries, for twenty-five hundred years, we have seen the outcrop of this superstition. Occasionally, here and there no doubt, there were physicians of commonsense. But the voices of such come to us only in pianissimo.

It was a very presumptuous thing for a doctor, educated in an allopath school, to renounce his Alma Mater, break fellowship with his brothers of the profession, and declare that the entire science of medicine, so called, was founded on a superstition.

This is practically what Doctor Still did in the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-four. It was no hasty generalization. His conclusion was long in ripening, and he hesitated for a good many years about putting forth the edict.

Only a man born and bred in pioneer times, amid pioneer surroundings, would have had the courage and the hardihood to have thus burned his bridges without thought of a ferry or subway. If needs be, he would stand right out alone in the open and fight it out. And this is exactly what he did. And behold, everything in the way of vocabulary was heaved in his direction. He was renounced and denounced as a fanatic, an ignoramus, a renegade, a rebel.

Doctor Still, however, kept right straight on the even tenor of his way. Instead of giving his patients prescriptions, written in bad Latin, and mystifying them with terms and language they did not understand, he talked to them plainly in words the import of which they understood. He took the patients into his confidence, kindly, gently, surely. He allowed them to state their case and explain their symptoms, as Doctor Still understood perfectly well that this was a part of the healing process.

Doctor Still realized that we are dual in our nature. Man is made up of matter and spirit.

When the spirit leaves the body, it is dead; but as long as the spirit inhabits his house of clay, it is more or less master. Mind is king

And so Doctor Still did not deny the influence of spirit over matter—a thing which the old medicine men had practically done. He was no metaphysician—and a metaphysician is a man who hides his opinions even from himself.

The old schools of medicine had been so diligent in deceiving people that in the course of time they deceived themselves, thus proving the dictum that the punishment of a liar is that eventually he believes his own lies.

The schools of medicine have been built on textbooks written largely in medieval times ☙ Lectures were given explaining these textbooks and the students were marked for proficiency on their ability to memorize what they were told in lectures and read in books. Any departure from what had been taught in the book or the lecture was penalized.

Thus was there a direct apostolic succession of ignorance, deepening as it went down the ages. The business of every doctor seemed to be largely to protect and fight for the things that he had been taught. He did not understand them or comprehend their import, but he based his knowledge on what the book said. If you doubted the truth or the accuracy of his statements, he proudly referred you to the particular page and paragraph in the book. That was sufficient.

But it was n't sufficient for Doctor Still. He took exception to the books. The first item in his plan of diagnosis was to get the patient into a relaxed, hopeful frame of mind, where faith would play its perfect part.

Thus he allowed the patient to explain, and although he might know, beforehand, all that the patient had to tell, he realized that he was a sort of Father Confessor to the stricken.

Then having gotten the man into a relaxed condition of body, gotten rid of tensity, fear, apprehension, he began his manipulations. He found the sore spot, and then discovered for himself why this spot was sore, and usually he found that there was a

pressure of bone on artery, which disturbed the circulation. His business then was to adjust the bones in a scientific way so as to relieve this pressure and equalize the circulation.

One thing sure, he discovered that pressure on nerves or arteries would produce a disease. Gradually he discovered, after treating a great many thousand cases, that these so-called diseases dropped into certain general types. So gradually the manipulation of the bony structure of the body grew into a science, and the relief of the stricken followed. But Doctor Still bore in mind that commonsense was the first item not only in the healing art, but in living a life.

To be well, a man must be on good terms with his wife and his children and his neighbors. He must think well of himself and think well of Nature. He must love horses, cows, poultry and pets; and the more he was interested in the great seething, breathing world of out-of-doors, the better his chances were of keeping well. But beyond this, a man's body is a mechanical contrivance, and if the articulations are displaced or abnormal, there would certainly follow a wrong adjustment, and this maladjustment would cause disease. ¶ Osteopathy is simply the practice of commonsense. The obvious is the last thing that men learn, and especially learned men, for learned men are mostly learned only in the science of books, not in the world of Nature.

A good Osteopath must not only know the science of adjustment of the bony structure of the human body, but the more he knows of life in general the better fitted he is to practise the healing art. " They little know of England who only England know."

The man who knows only one thing does not know that.

Had Andrew Taylor Still been merely a physician, versed and deeply learned in all that the books taught, he never would have evolved the Science of Osteopathy. It was hardship, deprivation, obstacles, difficulty, that forced him back on his own inventive genius

Doctor David Starr Jordan has said that the value of college is in inverse ratio to the extent of its equipment. This merely means that where you do too much for a youngster he will never do much for himself. Creation, invention, the necessity of making your own tools and living your own life, are great factors in education

I have known Doctor Still for a great many years. I have heard him lecture. I have seen him in the clinic. I have burned brush with him in the clearing, and discussed many themes, walking over the fields and through the woods and down by the creek. Doctor Still is always more interested in life than he is in medicine. He is more interested in health than in disease. He does not look for the abnormal. He has the ability to keep in his mind the ideal of perfect health, and toward this end he is always working. When he writes or speaks, he is talking about health, and his plan always seems to be to open the sluiceway, to dynamite the rocks in the channel, to clear a pathway through the woods. He is moving toward a certain definite point, and that point is health and happiness.

The pathological is more or less abhorrent to him, and in conversation he is always talking about the wonderful things in Nature—about livestock, steam-engines, machinery, and education through co-operation of head, hand and heart. Health is his hobby. Medicine is only incidental. Here we get a great, big, broad and generous view of the world. I do not think that he ever realized the amount of opposition that the launching of Osteopathy would bring about. He was simply indifferent to it. He was a fighter by nature and the thing he fought for was human liberty, the right of the individual to live his own life, according to the dictates of his own conscience.

So it was that he broke loose from the world of medicine and launched a science of his own.

At the same time, Doctor Still has never been dogmatic in his

attitude of promulgating Osteopathy. He realizes that it is a science that is in progress, that the whole thing is more or less fluid. He does not want to ossify it or crystallize it. He simply tells what he thinks is true, and relates what he has found in his long and varied experience.

Originally, he had no intent of founding a school. He was living a life, and his defiance of the old-school methods was simply an announcement that thereafter he was going to treat patients according to his highest light.

And the patients came to him in wagons, on stretchers, hobbling on crutches and canes; and thousands of them left their crutches and canes and braces piled up in his front yard. If people could pay—all right; if people could n't pay—all right! Doctor Still was n't much of a businessman so far as money was concerned.

It was about the year Eighteen Hundred Ninety that Doctor Still conceived the idea of founding a school of medicine, and this was done simply in self-defense.

At this time Doctor Still lived in Kirksville, Missouri. He was a farmer and physician. People were coming for hundreds of miles to be treated. It was more than a local craze. Those who were cured went away and proclaimed the glad tidings. People came in such crowds that they sort of took possession of the town. Doctor Still had taught quite a number of young men how to perform the manipulations, and essentially they had gotten his idea and methods fixed in their minds. They became experts, so to speak, in the science of right adjustment.

Some of the young men and women who had been cured were anxious to learn the art and go out and practise it. And so a little one-room cottage was secured, where lessons were given to these disciples daily.

Doctor Charles E. Still, son of the " old Doctor," had taken a turn in various colleges and hospitals in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston. Now he buckled right down to business

with his father and worked sixteen hours a day. So the business grew. Soon the little cottage was too small, and a lecture-hall was erected. Other buildings were built in due course.

In Nineteen Hundred, Doctor George M. Laughlin, who had married one of the daughters of Old Doctor Still, was given an interest in the School. And it was a lucky day for Osteopathy, for Laughlin is a man of rare ability.

Recently I made a little journey to Kirksville and spent a very happy two days mixing with students, professors and patients. The Kirksville School of Osteopathy now occupies a dozen buildings or more. There are two magnificent brick structures, with offices, auditorium and lecture halls, and something like fifty rooms where treatments are given.

There is never a loss for patients. Daily clinics are held, and the professor making the diagnosis and giving treatment lectures to the class. Every kind and condition of stricken humanity that can be imagined is to be found here—young and old, rich and poor, learned and illiterate, they come for treatment.

No place in the world offers such opportunities for the study of the healing art as Kirksville.

Various other colleges and schools, founded on so-called similar lines, have been started in various parts of the country since the School was founded, twenty years ago. But Kirksville is the home of Osteopathy. It is the home of Doctor Andrew Taylor Still, of Doctor Charles E. Still, of Doctor George M. Laughlin and of Doctor George Still, a highly skilled surgeon, a nephew of the Old Doctor. These four men, ably assisted by E. C. Brott as business manager, have built up this institution.

There are more than seven hundred students in attendance. About one-third of these are women. And I was interested and pleased to note that women, for the most part, are the best students of Osteopathy, and, as a rule, make a decided success of the profession.

Women make good physicians. The great welling mother-heart is able to extend its ministrations and look after the needs of a great number of people.

Osteopathy does not pretend to know all about it. No school of medicine is so wholly right it can afford to say that all others are wholly wrong.

There is good in everything, otherwise the thing could not have existed at all. Recognizing this, Osteopathy seeks to make use of every idea, every appliance, every invention, that can be of service to stricken humanity.

At Kirksville is a complete chemical laboratory. There is probably as fine a hospital equipment as can be found anywhere in America, with skilled men to operate when the needs demand.

Of course, the main thing in Osteopathy is the " right adjustment," and this, in the vast number of instances, brings relief. This is the secret of Osteopathy, if there is any secret in it, which of course there is n't, because it belongs to everybody and anybody who can comprehend, absorb and utilize it.

I noticed that these students at Kirksville had not been " sent to college; " they had gone of their own accord and free will. Many of them, doubtless, have made sacrifices in order to avail themselves of these educational facilities, and so they improve their time. The loafer does not get in, at Kirksville.

I had the pleasure of speaking to the entire school body, and I noticed the wonderful receptive spirit that the students possessed. They were a very healthy, happy, strong, earnest, good-natured lot of men and women.

In no college where I have ever spoken—and I have spoken in schools, colleges and universities all over the United States, in England, Scotland, Ireland and France—have I ever seen a more earnest, receptive, commonsense lot of students.

They are drilled, not only in the science of healing, but are likewise taught the necessity of keeping well themselves.

As a body, doctors are not very good insurance risks. They are apt to overstimulate, overeat and underbreathe, and if not driven out by the necessities of their work into the open, they will sit around a red-hot stove and read musty books and medical magazines devoted to the mysterious, the abnormal and the unusual

The Osteopath is a very good-natured man. Also, he is a hard-working man.

Osteopathy is not only a profession; it is also a business. If you benefit people and bestow upon them a service, they should pay you for it. Charity has no place in the modern economic world. A service that is not paid for is not appreciated.

One thing sure: Osteopathy does not poison, corrupt and kill. And I believe that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it results in a positive benefit.

Opening up the articulations, relieving undue pressure, bringing about a complete relaxation—all mean bettered circulation and consequent natural elimination of the toxins that the body has accumulated and should throw off. The upright position was not the original intent of Nature. When man began to walk on his two hind feet he put one over on the Dame, and she has been punishing him ever since by occasionally giving him a crooked backbone

We are only well and happy and able to think, to work, to love, to endure, to succeed, when the spinal column is able to do its perfect work.

I notice that Osteopaths do not talk about " curing " people. All that the good physician can do is to allow Nature to play through the human organism. It is Nature heals.

What we all want is to be a good conductor of the divine current, to cultivate the receptive mind, the hospitable heart, and have bodies that are fit dwelling places for the Holy Spirit.

We are bathed in an Ocean of Intelligence. The world is Spirit.

Spirit takes material forms, and one of these material forms is the human body. The human soul seems to be a part of the Great Spirit, partially segregated, as it were, in the individual body. Our business is to allow this divine spirit to play through us. So the happy, relaxed, generous mood is always the healthful mood. Take off the pressure of hate, the stricture of jealousy, the weight of woe, and a great good follows without fail.

Pressure of bone on nerve, of articulation on artery—these hinder the free flow of the secretions.

The " manips" simply put the machine in good working order, so that Nature has her way and can do her perfect work.

We are a part of Nature—in fact, we are Nature. Nature is our Mother; and the more we love Nature, the more we understand Nature, the more we move with Nature, the happier and better we are. ¶ The penalties of life are for disobedience of the laws of Nature. The blessings of life come from being one with the Universal Mother.

No man can hope to explain the Science of Osteopathy in a single little book like this. What I am endeavoring to do is to give a general impression of the work of Andrew Taylor Still and his very able helpers who are carrying on and extending his ideas ❧ ❧

That these strong, able and commonsense men and women have carried the science of Osteopathy beyond what the Old Doctor ever anticipated, is no doubt very true. This the dear old Doctor, himself, to me acknowledged. Doctor Charles E. Still, the practical head of the School, is a very sturdy, efficient and honest type of man. There was a livestock show on in Kirksville the day I was there last." Doctor Charlie " and I attended the show, and discussed horses, mules, hogs and sheep with the farmers. I noticed that Doctor Charlie had the respect of every one. His neighbors believe in him—his family believes in him—and he believes in himself. He is a man who has nothing to hide. He is

approachable, friendly, kindly, generous. He is at home anywhere, with all sorts and conditions of men. He is a man to respect and admire ❧ ❧

We sat on the veranda, in the beautiful October sun, and looked off on the dying foliage that deepened into the reds, the browns and the russets, stretching away miles on miles on every side. "The year is dying," said the Old Doctor. "Perhaps we all are dying ❧ ❧

"I am well past eighty, and the great work down there goes on without me. It seems to go on even better without me than with me. And yet I take a hearty interest in it.

"All of those boys and girls that come here to study are my children. Only a few of them I know by name. Once I knew every student here, and a good deal of his history. I called him by name as we passed. This is not so now. The business is growing beyond me, and I feel that I could pass away and the work would still go on.

"This does not sadden me. I have killed the Black Wolf of Death. The other name of this wolf is Fear, and Fear is in all the pens of the lambs of God. In all religious denominations you will find the element of fear and horror at thought of death.

"I have seen many people die, I have stood by the bedside and told the man that he would tomorrow at this time be a corpse, and I have never yet known an individual who was stripped for eternity who knew anything of life after this. It is all belief, hearsay, guesswork.

"I know, however, that where we keep the body in good working order, so that all parts grow old together, there is no fear or dread of death. Death is as natural as life, and just as good. I am ready and willing to go, confident that the change will be a higher step, and that my spirit will live somewhere, in some shape, and that the Great Power that has cared for me all these years here will never desert me there.

"The Great Architect of the Universe is on our side—He is one with us, and I am ready to receive all changes that this Great Architect thinks are necessary to complete the work for which man was designed.

"Man's business is this: Know thyself, and be at peace with God."

George H. Daniels

GEORGE H. DANIELS, the man who inaugurated the Empire State Express, was small in stature and had red hair, although he objected to being called red-headed.

Daniels was born in Tazewell County, Illinois, not of his own choosing, but if he had chosen he could not have done better. His father was a country doctor. He ran away to war, lied a little about his age, was accepted and sent to tide-water to help protect the City of Washington from the visitation of Mr. Johnny Reb.

George's agility and intelligence won him a position as " pilot's monkey," that is, servant to the pilot, on a blockade runner on the Potomac.

The work of this blockade runner was to keep the channel open. Very seldom did she make a trip when the lead did not snap against her boiler-iron sides, marks of respect from gray-clad snipers on the shore.

On one such trip the pilot fell dead at his post, a stray bullet having found his brain. Daniels took the wheel and carried the boat through in safety. He knew the channel and had made a map, all his own, of the river from Washington to the open sea. He was given the dead pilot's place, and served for four years. A part of his time he was paid one hundred and twenty dollars a month for extra hazardous services.

He was offered a captaincy, but refused to give up the wheel. He said he liked to hear the spit of bullets around the pilot-house. It made him realize there was something doing.

At the close of the War, he became a station agent for the Northwestern Railroad at Elgin, Illinois, having in some way " learned the key " at odd times, for Daniels was always learning something, even to the day of his death.

At Elgin he boarded in the family of a war widow. Now this widow had a beautiful daughter who worked in the Elgin Watch Factory. Between working in the watch factory and keeping boarders the widow was able to pay off the mortgage. She grew fairly prosperous; and decided to make a trip to Buffalo to visit her kinsmen.

Before going she had a quiet talk with her tall and lissome daughter, giving her good advice as to conduct and housekeeping. Among other things she cautioned her not to allow any familiarity on the part of the station agent, he being small, red-headed and without pedigree or social station—only railroad station.

The daughter promised.

The mother started away on her journey.

When she reached Buffalo a telegram was handed her. It read thus, " Come home quick—station agent getting familiar," and duly signed with the daughter's name.

The good mother was sorely perplexed and agitated. She decided to return at once, but no train left for ten hours.

Just before she was to take the train back another telegram was handed her. It read, " Don't bother to hasten your return—have married station agent." All duly signed.

These facts were given me, not by Daniels, but by the mother herself. And then she added, " And I have had that red-headed man on my hands ever since."

Daniels had a fine affection for his mother-in-law, and she for him. Both were great jokers. " What is home without a mother-in-law?" George would say. And the old lady would shift her knitting needles and come back with, " What is home without a red-headed son-in-law? " and then they were even. I need not add that the mating was a very happy one. Mrs. Daniels was nearly a head taller than the little man, and he was very proud of her. " We are a distinguished couple," he used to say—" just see how people turn and look at us. She married me for my money."

Which being explained meant that she never could have married him for his good looks.

He used to call her " Lady Elgin." And she surely was a royal personage, both in carriage and intellect.

Uncle George was always fond of a joke. And we are told by Henry James that the basis of the joke is sensibility. Daniels had sensibility, and a trace of sentimentalism in him that few suspected ❧ ❧

One Christmas he presented me with an Elgin watch. I already had a pretty fair watch of another make, but he said he was ashamed of a friend who did n't carry an " Elgin." He said a man's watch reacted on his character and an uncertain watch that you turn ahead every night and back in the morning, evolves an uncertain man.

Daniels owned a farm near Elgin all of his life, and used to call Elgin his home.

This love of his youth was ever fresh in his heart.

When his beautiful wife passed away the light of his life went out, and he did not long survive.

But from their urns their spirits still speak to us and tell of a love that never grew old.

How much of Daniels' power came from his love? Ah, most of it I should say, most of it.

Fred Harvey

FRED HARVEY? Do you know the name? If not, then your education has been neglected.

Fred Harvey used to run a restaurant. He ran it so well that the Santa Fe Railroad folks got him to establish a line of Restaurants along the road from Chicago to California, and also down into Texas. Some say that the Santa Fe made Fred Harvey, but the fact is, Fred Harvey had a little something to do with making the Santa Fe.

Twenty years ago, railroad travel was attended with much discomfort. You might get something to eat at the eating-houses, and you might not. You might have time to eat, and you might not—you took your chances on soggy biscuit, muddy coffee and impossible pies. The term "eating-house" was somewhat ironical. As for the West, Fred Harvey changed all this. When a train stopped at a place where there was a Fred Harvey Eating-House, you knew there would be ample time for a meal—the train would not leave until ordered to do so by the Restaurant Manager—you would not be overcharged, and everything provided would be of the best—absolute cleanliness, order, system, courtesy would prevail.

Fred Harvey set a standard of excellence! It is a terrible thing to acquire a Fred Harvey reputation.

Wendell Phillips, after speaking in public for twenty-five years, was once to lecture at the little town of Le Roy, New York. A man I know was to introduce him. This man noticed that Mr. Phillips was a bit agitated.

"Can it be possible, Mr. Phillips," said my friend, "that you who have spoken so long in public, are nervous about appearing before an audience?"

"Young man," said Wendell Phillips, "the trouble is, I have

spoken too well. Any man who has ever done a thing excellently, is always nervous afterward when asked to do it again, because much is expected of him."

Where the name, Fred Harvey, appears, the traveling public expect much. It may be on the desert of Arizona, a hundred miles from water, but if it is a Fred Harvey place, you get filtered spring water, ice, fresh fruit and every other good thing that you can find at the same season in the best places in New York City or Chicago. How the miracle occurs you do not know—it is a Fred Harvey concern—that is enough!

The manager of a Fred Harvey Eating-House must be in accord with the Fred Harvey System. He must be intelligent, quiet, alert, courteous. Everything about the place must reflect decency, order, thrift, cleanliness, good-cheer, system.

The girls at the Fred Harvey place never look dowdy, frowsy, tired, slipshod or overworked. They are expecting you—clean collars, clean aprons, hands and faces washed, nails manicured—there they are! bright, fresh, healthy and expectant—Extra Choice! And so this man, Fred Harvey, has educated thousands of young men and women, and showed them how to meet people, how to serve them without boring them, how to speed them on their way in gladness.

Fred Harvey is dead, but the standard of excellence he set can never go back. He has been a civilizer and benefactor. He has added to the physical, mental and spiritual welfare of millions. Talk about "commercialism;" well, there is nothing finer. No sermon can equal a Fred Harvey example—no poet can better a Fred Harvey precept. Fred Harvey simply kept faith with the public. He gave pretty nearly a perfect service. I did not know Fred Harvey, but I know this, he must have been an honest man, a good man—for the kind of a business a man builds up is a reflection of himself—spun out of his heart. Man, like Deity, creates in his own image.

I take off my hat to Fred Harvey who served the patrons of the Santa Fe so faithfully and well, that dying, he yet lives, his name a symbol of all that is honest, excellent, hygienic, cleanly and useful ❧ ❧

Fred Harvey has passed away, but his spirit abides, and his soul goes marching on.

The Santa Fe runs three fine passenger-trains across the Divide, daily, each way. One of their trains carries a diner, the others stop for meals. They actually stop, stop long enough so you do not have to do ostrich stunts in fletcherizing. The dining cars on the Santa Fe are under the Fred Harvey management, which means that they approach perfection, but I purposely took a train that stopped for meals.

The anticipation of getting to Majove, Needles, Kingman, Ash Fork, Albuquerque, Las Vegas, Trinidad, Hutchinson, Emporia, broke the journey up into delightful intervals. We travel in life from point to point; from season to season. And on life's little journey it lubricates the way with joy to know that you will soon reach a place where hospitality, good-cheer, good things and good order await.

At Fred Harvey's you are always expected. The girls are ever in their best bib and tucker, spotlessly gowned, manicured, groomed, combed, dental-flossed—bright, healthy, intelligent girls—girls that are never fly, flip nor fresh, but who give you the attention that never obtrudes, but which is hearty and heart-felt. The manager is always a well-bred gentleman, becomingly grave and dignified, well-fed and fairly fat as befits mine host, the honest Boniface in charge.

And this in the Desert, afar from fashion, supposedly the wild and woolly!

You note the immaculate linen, the shining silver, the dainty fruits and flowers, and the tempting and abundant eatables, and your heart is full of admiration for Fred Harvey, great and good,

shy and modest, industrious and persistent, restless and brave, who set the world such a pace in catering that the effete and dreamy East can only imitate it.

Richard Cobden, of corn-law fame, said that the ratio of marriages had a direct relationship to the price of corn. Good men are best reached by way of the cuisine, rather than through appeals to the cerebrum. Fred Harvey has exercised a direct influence on vital statistics

I have it on reliable authority of Mendelssohn himself, Tourist Agent, that a Fred Harvey girl lasts on the Desert only about six months, when she forfeits her pay, marries a millionaire mine owner or ranchman, and they settle down and are happy ever afterward. The first boy is always and forever named F. H. At various places along the route the Santa Fe System has built hotels that are in charge of the Fred Harvey Folks. These hotels are not only superb in service, but are models in way of classic architecture. They serve the traveling public, and they are objects of education to all the people who live in the vicinity. The Santa Fe hotel at Hutchinson, Kansas, is modeled after the general style of Hampton Court. Thus we get a noble specimen of Sir Christopher Wren's work on the prairies of Kansas. Hutchinson is a thriving little city, the center of a rich and progressive district, but it would be a hundred years before any private individual or local company would or could build a hotel equal to this.

The railroad company builds for the future.

These men with prophetic vision now that the traffic will eventually warrant the expenditure, even if it does not now. They set their stakes and the world comes to them.

Thus does the Octopus do for civilization what your detached and individual citizens never can do for themselves.

The Uganda railroad has done more to civilize Africa than all the work of all the missionaries in two thousand years.

Mankind is changed through a change of environment. The railroad brings the market to your door.

It takes your surplus products, and brings the money back. In olden time the fort was built on the site of the camp; then the booth and bazaar centered around the fort; and from this grew the city.

Now the cities spring up along the railroads, without the painful processes of destruction, conquest and violence.

The railroad stands for peace, plenty, prosperity—work, education, civilization, enlightenment.

Always and forever, when railroads are prosperous they are building hotels, depots, bridges, and extending their lines. The schoolhouse and the railroad go hand in hand. When the railroads are buying equipment, we all thrive.

When the box cars, empty, line the sidings, and the engines are dead, and the incense of commerce no longer rises from the shops, then the railroads conserve, hold back and hedge.

Soon interest defaults, notes go to protest, we lay aside the plans for our new house, your wife turns the old black dress, you cancel orders, hustle to get " an extension," the bread line forms and hell is to pay.

How silly and short-sighted is the policy that would kill initiative and destroy the animation which creates and upbuilds!

SO HERE ENDETH "OLYMPIANS," THE SAME BEING VOLUME TWO OF THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF ELBERT HUBBARD, GATHERED TOGETHER, PRINTED AND BOUND AS A MEMORIAL TO THEIR BELOVED FOUNDER BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOPS, WHICH ARE IN EAST AURORA, NEW YORK. MCMXXII